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EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



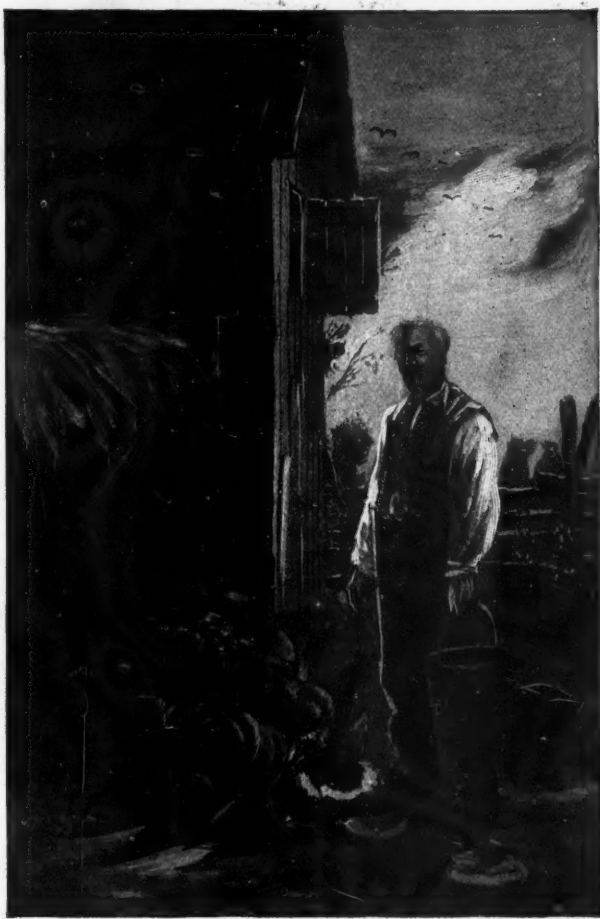
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As he leaves the house, bare-headed, and goes out to feed the stock

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THE CAMPAIGN ORATOR IS ABROAD IN THE LAND. PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT PUBLIC MEN POSED AS THEY APPEAR ON THE STUMP IN THE CLOSING DAYS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

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NUMBER ONE



Affairs at Washington

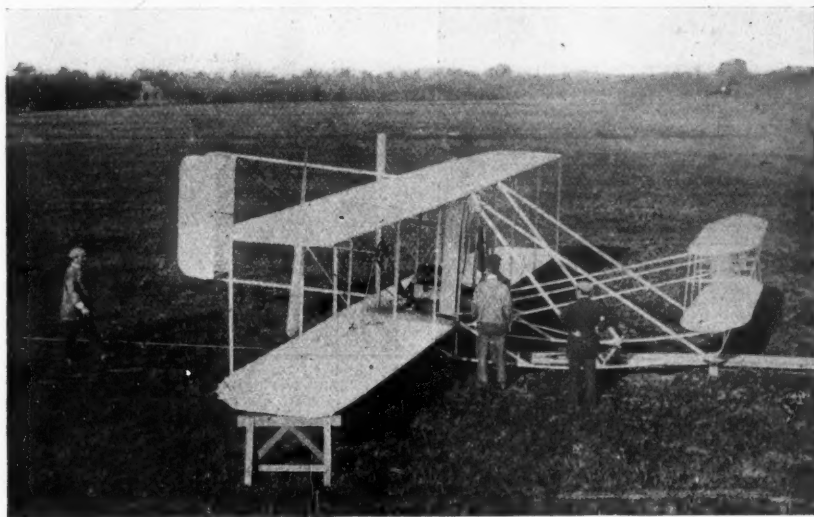
By Joe Mitchell Chapple

WITH the advent of dirigible airships and aeroplanes, all sorts of fantasies and fancies inspire thought and conversation at Washington these autumn days. Now that aerial navigation has become an accomplished fact, 1908 becomes a memorable year

mark the place where a noble soldier—
aeronaut—hero—gave his life for his country.

* * *

When Orville Wright made his test flights in September, he continually broke all pre-



THE WRIGHT AEROPLANE

in the world's history, and Fort Meyer will henceforth be regarded as the historic spot where man first successfully and completely asserted his ascendancy over the most tenuous and unstable of elements. The death of Lieutenant Selfridge in the accident of September 17 was a sad climax to the experiments, but that spot in the parade ground will

mark the place where a noble soldier—
aeronaut—hero—gave his life for his country.

vious records. To maintain a speed of 39.55 miles an hour was not quite up to the record made at Kittyhawk, North Carolina, where forty-four miles an hour was the outside limit, but it was quite fast enough for all experimental purposes. The circles made there on the Hatteras beach were larger and did not impair the speed so much as the shorter

turns at Fort Meyer. Fifty-seven times the great iron bird swept about the fort, almost describing the figure eight in the air, and indicating a control which appeared supernatural, as the machine hovered and alighted on the earth with its engines still puffing, chugging and capable of farther flight.

The aeroplane has come to stay, and its



CAPTAIN THOMAS S. BALDWIN
Airship "California Arrow"

influence will be felt in peace and war. Mr. Wright insists that it could carry an enormous charge of high explosives and drop it in the smokestack or on the deck of such an ironclad as the Dreadnought, with such terrible effect as to revolutionize all naval warfare. For this and like reasons the army and navy departments of every nation have been keenly interested in these trials, and have been greatly excited by their outcome.

* * *

IN the future it will be impossible to write a letter from Washington to the "folks at home" without some mention of the trips of airships. It would be difficult to describe the intense and thrilling interest of the twenty-five spectators who, with the army officers, witnessed Orville Wright, the "sky sailor"

smashing his own and all other records. By his series of phenomenal flights at Fort Meyer, Mr. Wright secured the prize of \$25,000 offered by the government.

With that quiet modesty which indicates true greatness, Mr. Wright hardly seemed to realize that he had demonstrated a great principle, by proving the fact that it was possible to remain in the air as long as the machinery keeps going; and had clearly proved that greater success is now merely a question of mechanical perfection and developed power.

Lieutenant P. Lahm, aeronaut of the signal corps, was taken for a spin around the drill ground, which must have had for him all the novelty of the first automobile ride.



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ORVILLE WRIGHT

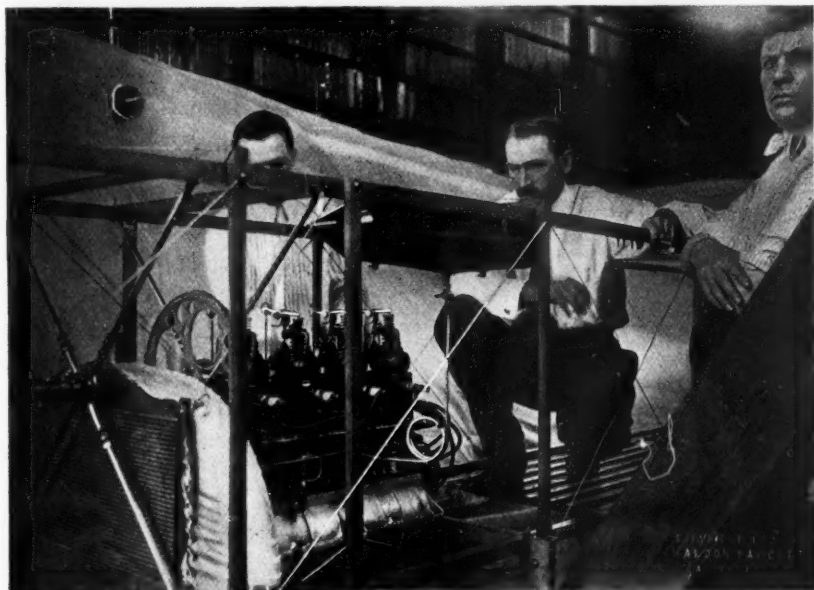
Who navigated the Wright Brothers' Aeroplane in the United States Government tests at Fort Meyer, Virginia, and kept busy for a month smashing all aeroplane records, realizing the dreams of the sand dunes of North Carolina

Of all summer events that thrilled cosmopolitan Washington, none excited more general and intense interest than the world-record-breaking flights made by Orville Wright and Captain Baldwin.

AS the years advance the halo of pleasant memories that gilds my personal experiences in the harvest field glows softly sweeter and more poetically dear. Astride the leading horses, with a McCormick reaper in tow—cruising to and fro through a sea of golden oats. How's that for a figure without a mixed metaphor? Starting out in the early morning, with the circled sun just peeping above the horizon, how long and warm the days were until the noonday lunch! The monotonous click, click, click of the reaper

along. The six "binders" kept up their "stations," knotting each succeeding bundle with a band of straw, casting it jauntily aside for the shockers.

The noonday lunch under the trees! How good the sliced meats, white bread and golden butter, home-made pickles and cold coffee tasted, and never was drink more palatable than the "switchel"—magical brew of molasses, ginger and water—that we drank from a jug stowed in a shock. Perhaps we dozed a little before it was time to start in



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CENTER SECTION OF THE KEEL OF UNCLE SAM'S NEW DIRIGIBLE BALLOON

G. H. Curtis, inventor of the motor, in stooping position in the operator's place beside the engine; Lieutenant Foulis on the left; Captain Baldwin on the right

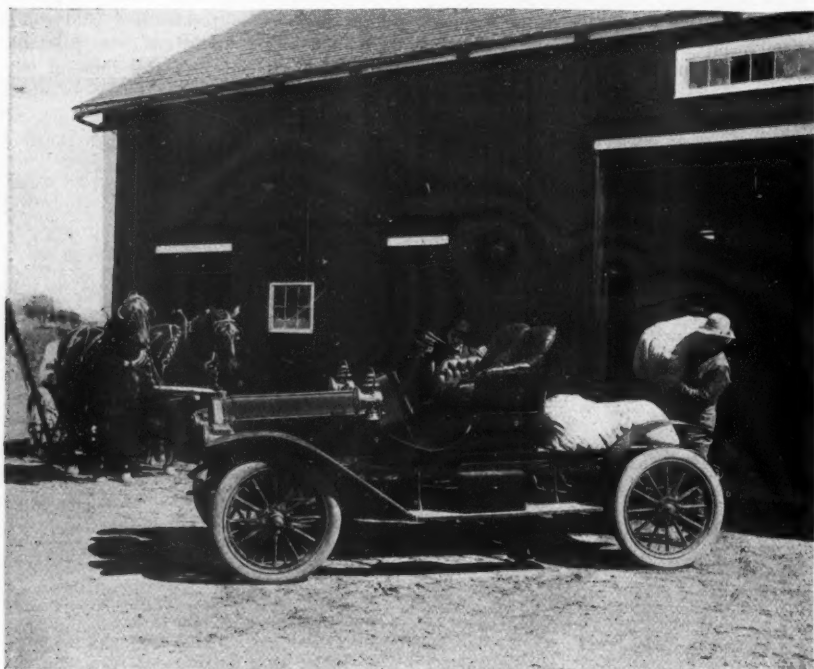
tempted a wish that "something would happen" in the way of a break-down, that there might be a chance to rest my legs. It was not at all like riding in a Fourth of July procession or at a coronation or on some other fête day. That tall, raw-boned "Hippy" had nothing of the Arab steed about him in pace or appearance; and the saddle of superimposed gunny sacks seemed to ossify into hard lumps as the day progressed. Sweeping around the field, how the great swaths fell, the golden stalks seeming to nod to the sharp-toothed reapers as it moved

on the long hours of the afternoon that made me wish all the time that the great orb of day could be made to drop quicker into "Sunset Land." How slow the last rounds seemed as the reeking horses slowly wound their way around the last squared "circle," fighting flies that followed in swarms the clicking reaper.

Time never hung heavy as we rode home in the old wagon box, jolting along the country road; the "chores" were soon dispatched, and what a relief it was to stretch out in the old attic under the roof and dream of that

sun that would assuredly rise on the morrow, look down on a long day's work and set once more in the evening of another day. There was a wage of fifty cents a day to dream over, and long before it was earned I had spent

time permitted to go upon a farm and do farm work. There is a constant demand each year for thousands of helpers during harvest time, and the best thing many a father could do for his son—far better and



"NO MORE RICKETY-RICKS OF THE OX-CARTS"

many times the amount of my harvest savings in imagination, with the chums at home.

What a rich flood of memories come to the some time farmer's boy as he wanders to and fro in the old fields—the old trees and osage orange hedge seemed like old companions of golden harvest days. Now I have confessed in the remembrance of the weariness of those hours, but I still remember that it was an unfailing source of grief that my birthday always came when I was bound to be in the harvest field. Yet there I felt a pride in being able "to go harvesting." How to make a knot and bind a bundle—how proud I was when I first learned to make a bundle that would enable me to take a station and receive two dollars a day! Indeed I am inclined to a settled conviction that every boy is deprived of his birthright who is not at some

more healthful than a costly trip to the shore or the mountains—would be to pay the boy's expenses and let him go off and have an experience in the harvest field.

* * *

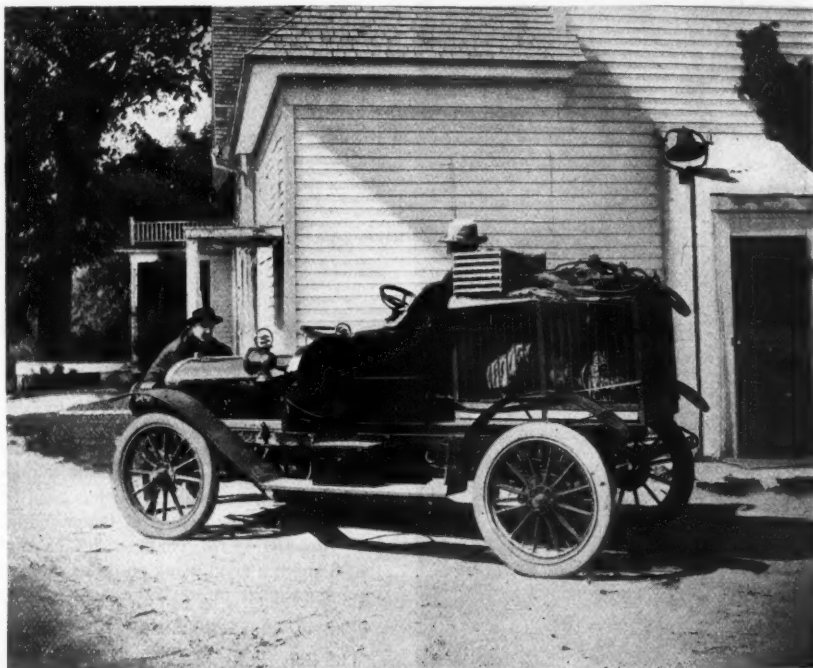
*"When the frost is on the pumpkin and the
"odder's in the shock."*

IN the records of the Agricultural Department we find the information as to the immense harvests of our country. In baronial times it was customary to grow only sufficient "corn" to supply the baron and his immediate retainers, but now the mere surplus of the American harvests feeds half the world. This is the keystone of our American prosperity and progress, whether incarnated in the building of cities or the reaping of the fields.

In the handsome new marble building of the Agricultural Department are preserved the archives of the great American farms, which indicate, that with the high prices of products and the bountifulness of crops, the farmer of today is likely to enjoy to the full the fruits of his labor, and that there has also been for the last quarter century a decided trend toward making farm life more popular among young people than it has been in the past.

The time is coming when country life will attract the farmer boys and others from low-priced positions in the city back to the soil. The loneliness and dreariness of farm life are passing with the telephone and rural free delivery. This is all embraced in the

Memories of my own days on the farm are often recalled as I travel about the country and observe the wonderful advances made in the methods of agricultural life within the past ten to twenty years. On the prairies of Dakota many farmers are using automobiles; the same is true of Oklahoma and other sections of the West. The automobile is playing a star part in the agricultural development of the country. One sees loads of milk cans gliding over the roads on the way to the dairy, or the tons of wheat going at a pace of thirty miles an hour; indeed, a strange contrast to the rickety-rick of the ox-cart, ploughing its way hundreds of miles into Chicago, as it did fifty years ago. The automobile is used for utility, whether it be to carry the



"CHICKENS IN THE COOP GO WHIZZING BY"

action of President Roosevelt in appointing a commission to report and investigate on how to make farm life even more attractive to the boys already on the farm and to those who are struggling for a mere pittance and bare existence in the overcrowded cities.

good wife herself with poultry, butter and baskets of eggs to exchange on Saturdays, when everybody "went to town" for a social meeting and day of "trading." The tonneau of the automobile holds the produce and she is soon free with hours to do her "shopping"



SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE WILSON

now, where years before it would have been necessary for her to devote nearly the entire day to going and returning for "trading" with old Beany Brown at the corners.

As the farmer follows the plough, and turns

the sweet-breathed sod, he realizes that it is little short of miraculous that, in a few months, from this same soil shall come the fruitage and crops of harvest. No sooner are the early crops out of the way, than feed corn, turnips and many vegetables are planted. The ways and methods of farming of today, though similar in purpose to those of bygone years, are becoming constantly more and more practical. In the South one sees the hillsides ploughed in terraces, to save the killing labor of drawing the plough up hill, and also to prevent the crops being washed out by heavy rains. These and many other important changes speak of the development of the farming of today, which has been largely brought about and popularized by



IN THE BERKSHIRE HILLS OF MASSACHUSETTS

the Agricultural Department. It has been estimated that at least ten per cent. is gained to the country by the modern methods introduced at the suggestion of the department. In many instances where land has been considered utterly unproductive, better methods have apparently so changed its character that it yields a good living on crops suggested by a knowledge of soil values.

* * *

The importance of aiding American farmers to ascertain and use the best methods for producing crops cannot be overestimated, in view of the fact that this is the chief industry of any great country. Other lands may have their arts and handicrafts, which are the finished products of generations of skilled workers, at whose taste and beauty the world stands amazed, but there has never been a marvel equal to the wonder of the tremen-

dous wealth produced by the farms of the United States. It was noticeable at our international expositions that city and foreign visitors were always more impressed with the agricultural displays than with any other operation of American industry. Another peculiar thing is that American farmers travel about much more than in any other country. It is not uncommon for a farmer raising wheat in Dakota to spend his winters in California giving his attention to tropical fruitage, with

the task of his department, which is to collect the necessary funds to carry on a great national campaign. With something over \$170,000 in the treasury held over from four years ago, he had "enough to begin house-keeping."

Mr. Terry, his office assistant, sits opposite, with a large journal, in which he records the contributions, giving equal prominence to large and small sums—one full line to each. By means of this book, Mr. Terry keeps his



PICKING COTTON IN OKLAHOMA

a view to future development. Such broadening of the ideas and purposes of our country population must greatly promote the success of American farming in generations to come.

* * *

ADJOINING the office of the chairman of the National Republican Committee at No. 1 Madison Avenue, New York, is that of the treasurer, Mr. James R. Sheldon, who looks the part of a captain of industry who has come at the call of his party. There is a quiet strength and all the elements of a forceful personality in his greeting, and his clear blue eyes sparkle as he briefly outlines

chief thoroughly posted, and it will also prove an important feature in the closing of the campaign, showing all receipts and disbursements of the funds, and demonstrating that a political campaign can be conducted on a strictly business basis.

In selecting Mr. Sheldon for the important office of treasurer, the National Republican Committee made no mistake in believing that they had secured the "best man for the job," not alone because of his intimate connection with the chief business interests of the country, but because they required a man who had a long-sustained record of success and achievement. The Advisory Committee appointed

by Chairman Hitchcock and the division of his working force in the several states will give Mr. Sheldon an efficient organization wherewith to secure the best possible results.

* * *

EVEN during the hot months of midsummer the justices of the Supreme Court contemplate the docket for the early fall,

Railroad against the United States, and Faithorn against the United States; the New York Central will also appear against the United States in a case which grew out of the criminal suit for rebate on sugar rates. As a matter of fact, a great deal of legislation for the coming session of Congress will hinge upon the decisions of the Supreme Court on the October docket.



THE DAIRY MAIDS AND DOLLY VARDENS ARE ONLY IN POEMS NOW

which is especially large this year. A large number of cases are set for the October term, when they will be submitted as speedily as possible after the opening day.

Two cases that will attract national interest are those of Harriman against the Interstate Commission, and of the Interstate Commission versus Harriman, both of which proceedings arise from questions submitted by the commission which Harriman refused to answer when propounded to him in New York. The decision will define the limit of the commission's authority in regard to probing into railroad financial transactions.

Other cases will be the Chicago & Alton

Many knotty points are taken up during the vacation season, and are solved in the open air at beach or mountain, for the members of the Supreme Court are favorable to deliberations during the recreation days. When the sombre-robed justices march in stately procession on October first, they will be prepared to approach some of the most important questions that have come before that body for many years past, and that will have much to do with the final legislation credited to the Sixtieth Congress.

There will be more direct popular interest in supreme court decisions than for many years past.



HON. WILLIAM H. TAFT AND FAMILY

Helen Taft

Charley Taft

Mrs. Taft

Robert Taft

Hon. William H. Taft



HON. J. S. SHERMAN, VICE-PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEE, AND FAMILY—FOUR GENERATIONS

Hon. J. S. Sherman

Sherrill Sherman

R. U. Sherman

Thomas Sherman

Mrs. E. S. Babcock

Ellen Sherman

Mrs. Sherman



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VIEW OF THE WHITE HOUSE FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT BUILDING

EVERY day, except Sunday, there is a throng of visitors at the executive mansion, curious to see "how the first lady of the land keeps house," as one young lady remarked. Entering through glass doors into a spacious lobby, the visitors soon drop their awed and timid demeanor. In the state dining room, which is also used by the President and his family, the trophies of the President's hunting days attract the first admiration of the visitors. The table, prepared for the family, has the "President's

chair" at its head, and this simple domestic arrangement is a contrast to the resplendent proportions of the crescent-shaped table which fills the greater portion of the room, and which is used at diplomatic and state dinners. On the walls of this room are Gobelin tapestries costing \$40,000; but the glory of the scheme of decoration is the heads which adorn the frieze, representing the big game of the country, most of them killed by the President himself. At the east center of the room is the majestic moose head sent

from Alaska; directly beside it is a bear's head with open mouth and ferocious expression, which is said to be the original Teddy Bear, which gave the President one of the most thrilling experiences of the chase. A number of these heads have been purchased by the President, to complete the collection which includes big-horns, mountain lions and bears—together an impressive exhibit.

In the Blue Room, where the diplomats are always received by the President, and where

furnishings, the language of every nation represented at the National Capital has been heard. Could they but speak, they would indeed send forth a ghostly echo of the confusing tongues at the Tower of Babel.

Leaving the Blue Room, we come to the cozy little Red Room, with its luxurious and lurid couches piled with gorgeous, downy pillows of generous proportions, and commodious easy chairs. Here President Roosevelt may spend an evening at home, before



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THE NORTH FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE

diplomatic functions and conferences are held, the furnishings are entirely Napoleonic, even to the brass clock on the mantel, presented to President Jefferson by Napoleon, and which still measures the flight of time with impassive face and dignified "ticktack." There is no sign on the azure walls to indicate the door or passageway to the Red Room, used by guests at social functions, and this mysterious doorway seems to appropriately belong to the room where are received the diplomats of the world. Within its circular walls, with all its fascinating

the open fire, with a book or magazine. Possibly he takes a nap or forty winks of sleep in the early evening, as a prelude to a night's reading before the clocks are wound, the door locked and the cat put out, to go to bed. Under the chandelier in this room, Miss Frances Folsom became a White House bride, in June, 1886. The coy blushes of the young lady visitors on this occasion were sweet to behold when they were told that if they stood under that chandelier they would be married within the year. They made mock rush for the charmed spot, while the

young men, with a realization of leap-year, maintained a respectful and coquettish diffidence. Over the mantel in the Red Room hangs the famous portrait of Lincoln.

In the Reception Room afternoon tea is served. Personal friends are here received by Mrs. Roosevelt, and it is also used for semi-public and family gatherings. Here is the famous painting of Washington by Stuart which Dolly Madison saved when the British burned the White House in 1814, by hurriedly cutting it from its frame and



THE LATE AINSWORTH R. SPOFFORD

taking it with her as she fled from the executive mansion.

In the spacious East Room, which one can designate as the general social meeting-point, a pair of great blue Haviland vases, presented to President Grant by the Republic of France, is about the only adornment aside from the famous Steinway piano, valued at \$22,000, embellished with the coat of arms of the thirteen original states in colors on the gilded case, which occupies the position of honor in the east corner of the room.

In the corridor below this floor may be seen the White House china. Here, arranged in glass cabinets, are the dishes used by all the presidents from the time of Washington.

The quaint Colonial designs of Washington, the monogram "TJ" of Jefferson, the stern simplicity of Jackson's dishes, down to the rich gold-webbed plates of the Roosevelt administration, adorned with a seal in colors, are an interesting study in ceramics. The young brides all make careful inspection of this collection, with true housewifely admiration, while the bridegrooms soberly contemplate—and mentally compute—in impressive silence. In this corridor, most appropriately hang the portraits of the women who have "poured tea" as mistresses of the White House table. One may perhaps be pardoned the thought that among all the fair and graceful ladies one sees eagerly inspecting the treasures of the White House, there may be some future first lady of the land.

* * *

IF there ever was on earth a man who lived books, breathed books, loved books and knew books, it was Ainsworth Rand Spofford, librarian of Congress from 1865 to 1897, and later assistant librarian. The magnificent library building which he was largely instrumental in securing for the nation, may well be called a monument to his life and labors. Born in Gilmanton, New Hampshire, the son of a Congregational minister, Mr. Spofford devoted most of his eighty odd years to libraries, and it was always a proud satisfaction to him that New Hampshire furnished the first public library, supported by the people, established in the United States.

Mr. Spofford has been a wide traveler, was a thorough student, a ripe scholar, and a most enlightening and entertaining talker. There seems to be no subject touched upon in books with which he was not familiar. As a library specialist he appeared to have permitted nothing to escape his observation, and a busier man it would have been hard to find. Only the other day I saw him in his room, barricaded by books, intent upon looking up specific and concrete information, and it is unnecessary to say he found it, for his mind was as alert and comprehensive as it was a half-century ago. He scorned physical discomforts, and would fain give no quarter to any infirmity. His recent reply to Tolstoi's essay maintaining that Shakespeare was not appreciated by his countrymen until after the merit of the plays was set forth by Goethe, is an overwhelming refutation of the charge

through its array of facts showing the large number of editions that were published within the first century after Shakespeare's death—a refutation that must convince even Tolstoi himself, to whom a copy was sent; while his later disquisition, "The Migrations of Mankind," sums up in an able and most instructive way the movements of tribes and peoples from the dawn of history to our own land and time.

The books purchased of Thomas Jefferson virtually formed the foundation of the "library of Congress," established in 1801, and Mr. Spofford has done much to make it a library of national and international scope—equal in its functions to the famous British Museum. The stores of knowledge sometimes displayed in the Congressional debates were often due to his ability to point the members to the precise book and chapter where they might obtain the information needed.

* * *

OUTLINED on the future of the precocious new state of Oklahoma is the dark silhouette of an Indian, who, barring misfortune, is destined to become a figure of national importance. This man, C. D. Carter, was born thirty-nine years ago of educated Indian parentage on both sides, his father being of Cherokee and his mother of Chickasaw blood. The place of his birth was near Boggy Depot, an old fort in the Choctaw Nation. The boy grew up under the training and tutelage of his mother, who had been converted and educated by the missionary Methodists. The days of his youth were spent on the wilds of the western frontier with only full blood Indians of his race as his playmates. At the age of fourteen he entered the Chickasaw Manual Training Academy at Tishomingo, and from then until manhood his time was divided between his school duties and work on his father's ranch, near Mill Creek, as cow-puncher and bronco buster. Finishing school in 1887, he began life for himself as a cow-puncher on the Diamond Z ranch, which was located where the beautiful little city of Sulphur now stands. The Santa Fe railroad having been built through the Chickasaw country in the summer of 1887, numerous frontier towns were established along this route. At one of these, Ardmore, Mr. Carter located in the fall of 1888, where he was variously employed as cattleman, clerk, bookkeeper and

cotton man until September, 1892, when he was appointed auditor of public accounts of the Chickasaw Nation. As auditor, more than two million dollars were paid out on his draft, including school funds and per capita payments, yet not one word of dissatisfaction was expressed with his handling of these funds. He has held the position of superintendent of schools, mining trustee and many other important offices in which energy, integrity and ability were the chief requisites, and let it be said to his credit that he emerged



CONGRESSMAN CARTER OF OKLAHOMA

from the maelstrom of tribal politics as one man against whom not one suspicious whisper of fraud has ever been breathed. He is a characteristic man of the people, and his fight for the removal of restrictions in order that his people may build and own their homes especially endears him to the hearts of his constituents, who have elected him to Congress by a majority of fourteen thousand votes. At the request of the various Indian delegations visiting the Capitol, Mr. Carter will be placed upon the House Committee on Indian Affairs, in which position his knowledge of the wants and characteristics of the Indian should make him a most valuable member. The Carter name got into the Indian tribes by the capture of Nathan Carter, when a boy of twelve, by the Shawnee Indians, at the Lackawanna Valley massacre.

THERE are at the present time upward of 4,000 colored people employed in government service at Washington. Of these about 3,500 are messengers and laborers. Some 500 are in the classified service, and many of them take high rank as clerks or specialists in various lines. They are distributed throughout nearly all of the departments and bureaus. The office of the auditor

intelligent young colored woman earned a position upon the same terms in the same branch of the public service, and added still farther to its dismay; but it has doubtless helped to establish the fact that talent must be recognized there as elsewhere in government employ, without reference to race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

* * *

WHILE it is much more of a rarity to find a colored man in Congress than it was immediately after the war period, there are yet a few notable instances of negroes holding high positions in the departmental councils.

Ever since reconstruction days, the offices of the Register of the Treasury and Recorder of the District of Columbia have been held by representatives of this race, except when the Democrats were in power. And several



Photo by Clinedinst, Wash.

MARY CHURCH TERRELL
Member of the Board of Education

for the Post Office Department probably has the largest percentage of colored people in its personnel, though there are a good many in the office of the Register of the Treasury and in that of the Recorder for the District of Columbia. Nearly twelve per cent. of the clerks in the bureau of the auditor for the Navy Department descend from the African race, and some of them are commanding salaries all the way from \$1200 to \$1800, and they do their work well.

Until recently the office of the supervising architect had felt itself immune from intruders of the tribe of Ham; but about one year ago, to its consternation, two bright young negroes, under the competitive tests of the civil service, won a place upon the rolls of this exclusive bureau, and nearly created a panic therein. More recently an



Photo by Paing Studio, Wash.

ROBERT H. TERRELL
Justice of Sub-district Court of District of Columbia

of the responsible assistants are or have been prominent colored people. At the present time the auditor for the Navy Department is a colored man; and during the Harrison administration John R. Lynch of Mississippi filled the same honorable position with credit. He is now the only man of his color holding a position of paymaster in the military branch

of the government. He draws a salary of \$3,500, and is thoroughly capable.

The colored people of the District of Columbia are ably represented upon the school board by Mrs. Mary Church Terrell. She is a woman of unusual talent, a graduate of Oberlin College, a fine writer and public speaker and a lady whose accomplishments would do credit to any race. Her husband, Judge Robert H. Terrell, is one of the justices of the peace of Washington; salary \$2,700; a position calling for a level head and fair knowledge of law.

Four of the most conspicuous positions now held by colored men in the Capital City include the following:

The duty of the register of the treasury is to keep all accounts of receipts and expenditures of public moneys, and of all debts due to and from the United States, and much

along religious, educational and political lines, being in frequent demand upon the public platform in all parts of the country where his race predominates. He is making a popular public official, and acquaintance intensifies his sterling qualities. There is no doubting his African antecedents, as he is so ardently black as to justify the ace of spades to grow green with envy. When former



JAMES A. COBB

Now on the Attorney's Staff for the District of Columbia

routine work for an orderly adjustment of the same. The register's name must appear upon all paper money and other certificates standing for gold and silver. His salary is \$4,000 per annum. William T. Vernon, the present register, is a native of Missouri, but he is now living in Kansas, where he was for a long time a prominent educator. He is an orator of much power,



Photo by Turner

JOHN C. DANCY

Recorder of Deeds for District of Columbia

Secretary Shaw met him for the first time, he is reported to have exclaimed: "Whe-w, but, my! Vernon! you are the *dear thing*, aren't you?" Anyhow, Vernon gives color to his high office in every respect. The assistant register gets \$2,500, and pulls the laboring oar in this office. The place has been ably held for a number of years by Cyrus Field Adams, a native of Kentucky, but coming into the public service from Chicago. His father was a prominent Baptist divine, and for a great many years before the war preached to the freed negroes at Louisville, Kentucky, and started one of the first newspapers devoted to the fortunes of the liberated race. His son took up the calling of journalism, and is a writer of much versatility. Unlike his chief, he could almost pass as a lily white in any community, North or South.

The recorder of deeds for the District of

Columbia is custodian of all real estate records. It is an office of large responsibility and affords a salary of \$4,000. The position has been held for a long time by John C. Dancy of North Carolina. He is a Methodist preacher by profession when upon his native heath. He is a good hand-shaker and friend-maker among his people, and is a natural leader of men.

The auditor for the Navy Department has control of every dollar of expenditure made by the navy establishment of this nation,—amounting in the current year to about \$110,000,000. The bureau comprises about 100 people and the accounts they handle are among the most difficult in the service. Since the opening of June, '07, Ralph W. Tyler of Columbus, Ohio, has been auditor, and is meeting the demands well. For nearly a quarter of a century he has been engaged in



RALPH W. TYLER
Auditor for the Navy Department

daily journalism in his native city of Columbus, having had practical experience in all branches of the calling, news, editorial and the counting room. Mr. Tyler is practically educated, has a pleasing address and careful mental poise, all of which qualities fit him for the making of a wise auditor and will enable him to minimize that feeling of caste which any man of his race must encounter

in the Capital City of the nation. Mr. Tyler is about forty years of age. He is a native of central Ohio, as is also his wife and all their forbears upon both sides, for a number of generations back. It speaks well for Mr. Tyler's tact and worth that he should come to his present position without the opposition of any of the factional elements in Ohio politics.



Photo by Buck, Wash.

W. T. VERNON
Register United States Treasury

Prior to the Civil War it was common for negroes to be messengers and laborers about the public buildings, but the right to hold responsible positions of trust only came to them after the emancipation proclamation was signed by Abraham Lincoln. Thus it will be seen they are slowly coming into some of the higher attributes of American citizenship.

Another and more recent acquisition to the national official family is James A. Cobb, who, several months ago, was appointed upon the attorney's staff for the District of Columbia, a place granting a salary of \$2,000. Mr. Cobb is a young man about thirty-two years of age, a native of Louisiana, and for the past six years a resident of Washington. He is a graduate of Fisk and Howard universities and is a lawyer of promising attainments.

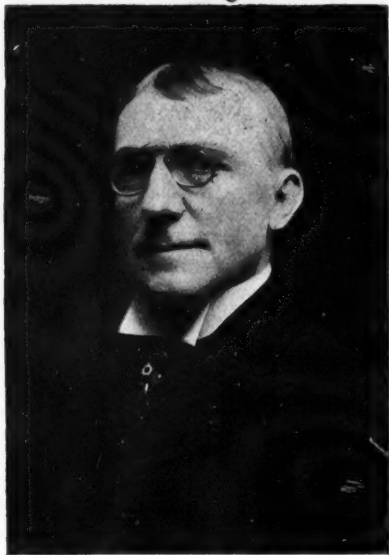
IN one of the spacious leather chairs was seated the ex-governor of New Hampshire. It was late, approaching midnight, when romances glow with double brightness, and the walls are "flecked," as the novelists say, with shadows that call up old memories. The ex-governor told of the time when he was a poor boy in his native village, and his mother did the washing there while he went

did not observe that the cake had been cut; he reached out to take the whole of it, which to his healthy appetite seemed a reasonable supply. The gracious hostess saw the young guest's mistake and leaned over to whisper:

"Take one piece only, Johnny."

The blushing embarrassment soon passed away when he realized that only she had seen his error.

Years passed and this poor boy became later governor of New Hampshire. Passing through his native village one day he learned that she whom he loved, the lady who once lived in the big house on the top of the hill, was ill. Throwing aside all other engagements he drove direct to her home,—not, alas, the stately mansion of old days. He



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

to school between the performance of sundry small jobs.

One day there was a party in the "big house," where his mother sometimes helped, and the little fellow was invited. All aglow with anticipation he prepared to attend his first party, and his bronzed legs well scoured, preparatory to his ascent of the hill and appearance at the "big house," where he duly arrived in the stately parlors clothed in Kentucky jeans. One of the most attractive features of the assembly for him was the presence of the mother of his young chum, through whose courtesy and affection the invitation had come to him.

Among the dainties handed around was a large cake, well frosted, cut in dainty bits, which came first to the lad who had never before been feasted on frosted cake. He was in doubt what to do, and in his excitement



CHARLOTTE WALKER

Playing Agatha Warren in "The Warrens of Virginia"

did not forget to visit a florist and obtain an armful of flowers for the sick woman, whose kindness in former years had never been forgotten—thus the governor of the state sought in some measure to repay the kindness of the good woman who had saved the boy of other days from embarrassment by whispering, "One piece only, Johnny."

Entering the house he found his old friend



HALESITE, HUNTINGTON BAY, WHERE SECRETARY CORTELYOU SPENDS HIS SUMMERS

bed-ridden, after a long illness; the wan face little resembled the blooming countenance of long ago. His old chum had passed away and the mother had lost money, her old home and health, and was the only living member of the once large family. Little wonder was it if that great son of New Hampshire stooped to kiss the fevered brow and told her how he never could forget that frosted cake, and her many kindnesses in old days. They spent a happy hour together, and in the loneliness of her last days the mother who had lived in the big house was cheered by the love of the boy whom she had saved from an awkward moment at a critical period of his young life, when he made his first appearance in society.



NATHAN HALE MONUMENT, HUNTINGTON, L. I.
"I only regret I have but one life to lose for my country"

ONE of the most significant benefactions that have come to the federal government is the presentation of the beautiful Constitution Island by Mrs. Margaret Olivia Sage. This bit of beautiful landscape nestles in the bosom of the Hudson opposite West Point, and its history, as its name indicates, dates back to the time of the Revolution.

The island was purchased from Miss Anna Bartlett Warner by Mrs. Margaret Olivia Sage, widow of the late Honorable Russell Sage, and presented in the name of both ladies to the United States, to be used as a reservation for the United States military academy. The letters which passed between Mrs. Sage and President Roosevelt are documents well worth a record in the archives of the nation, telling as they do a story of patriotic generosity that is inspiring.

"LAWRENCE LONG ISLAND, Sept. 4, 1908.

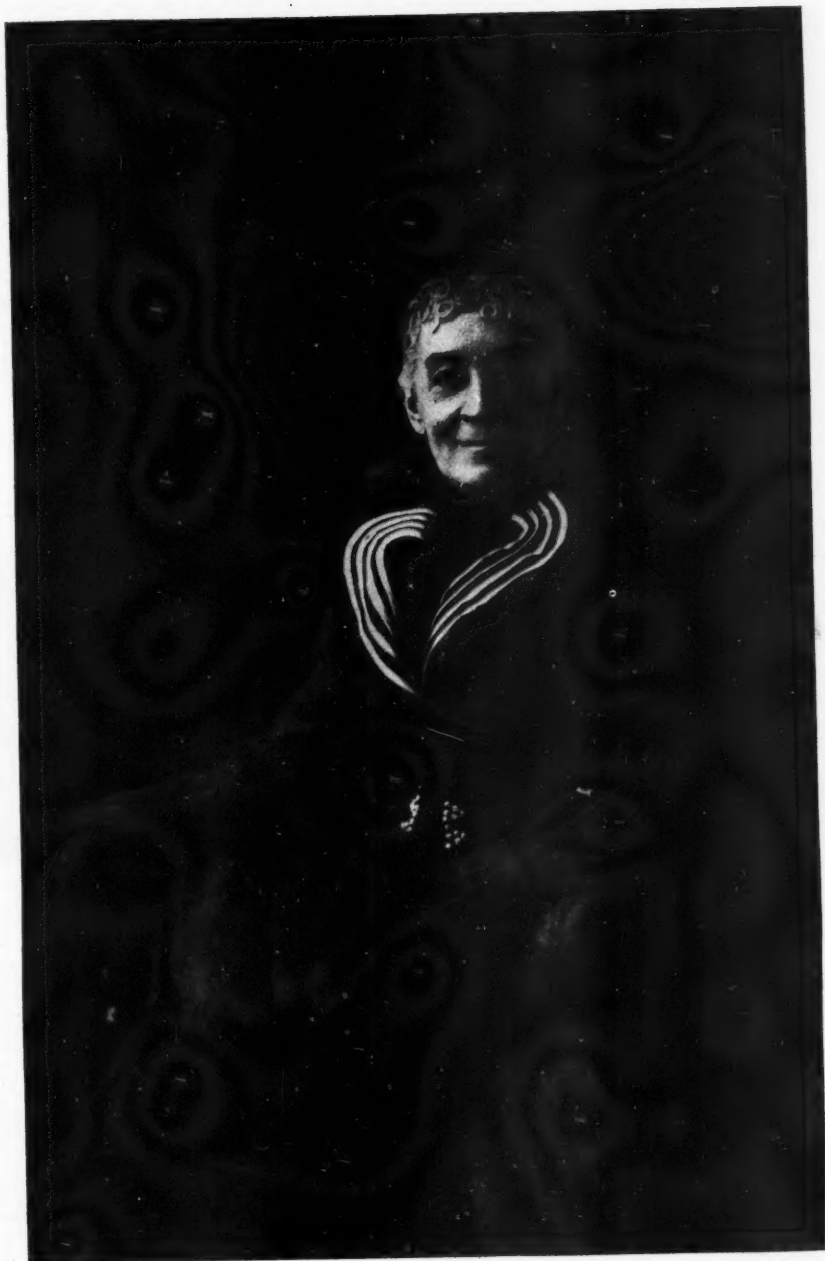
"The President:

"Sir—I take pleasure in tendering as a gift to the United States from myself and Miss Anna Bartlett Warner, 'Constitution Island,' opposite West Point embracing about 230 acres of upland and 50 acres of meadow, the same to be an addition to the military reservation of West Point and to be for the use of the United States military academy.

"My attention has been called by Captain Peter E. Traub, one of the professors at West Point, to the importance of adding this island

to the West Point reservation, and to the unsuccessful efforts of successive administrations of the military academy and secretaries of war to secure the necessary appropriation to purchase it.

"In historic interest it is intimately connected with West Point. It formed during the Revolution a part of the defences of the Hudson River. Upon it are now the remains of some ten breastworks commenced in 1775 by order of the Continental Congress and completed later by Kosciusko. The guns mounted upon the island then commanded the river channel as it rounded Gees Point, and



MRS. RUSSELL SAGE

to the island was attached one end of the iron chain intended to prevent the British warships from sailing up the Hudson. Washington's life guard was mustered out on this island in 1783.

"It is distant only about 300 yards from West Point, and in its present natural condition forms an essential part of the landscape as viewed from the West Point shore. The occupation of the island as a summer resort for profit, or its use for manufacturing purposes, would, in the opinion of the West Point authorities, be extremely detrimental to West Point, both from an esthetic and from a practical standpoint. Moreover, its acquisition is desirable for the future development of the academy. Purchase of the island by the federal government has been recommended both by Honorable Elihu Root and Honorable William H. Taft as secretaries of war, as well as by the board of

in parting with the island at this price, she becomes with me a donor of the property to the United States government.

"I am prepared to execute a proper deed whenever I am assured that my gift will be accepted for this purpose, and that any necessary authority has been obtained from Congress or from the State of New York so as to vest in the United States the same jurisdiction over the island which now exists over the military reservation at West Point. My deed will be accompanied by full abstract of title and will contain no conditions except:

"First—That the island be for the use forever of the United States military academy at West Point, New York, and form a part of the military reservation of West Point, and (pursuant to the covenant in Miss Warner's deed to me, which runs with the land), 'that no part of it shall ever be used as a public picnic or excursion or amusement



CHAIRMAN FRANK H. HITCHCOCK AND PERSONAL STAFF ON SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK. They unfurled Taft flags. Reading from left to right, Walter F. Barnum, James T. Williams, Jr., Frank H. Hitchcock and Theodore L. Weed

visitors of the present year. Bills appropriating \$175,000 for the purchase of the island have been repeatedly before both houses of Congress, and I find that such a bill passed the Senate in 1902, but was never brought to a vote in the House.

"Miss Warner has received repeated offers from private parties of a much larger sum than that for which she was willing to sell to the United States government, but had steadily refused, from patriotic motives, to accept them, in order that it might ultimately become a part of the West Point reservation.

"Under these circumstances, after conference with friends officially connected with the military academy, and with Miss Warner, I have become the owner of the island in consideration of the same amount for which Miss Warner has been willing to sell to the United States, upon the understanding that I offer the island to the government for the use of the United States military academy at West Point, so that it shall form a part of the military reservation.

"In view of the great pecuniary sacrifice to Miss Warner

ground operated by private enterprise, individual or corporate, for profit'; and

"Second—That Miss Anna Bartlett Warner have the right to reside as at present on Constitution Island, in full possession of her house and the gardens appurtenant thereto during her natural life, and to the use of such spring or springs from which she now gets her water supply, together with the right to pasture her cows and horses and to take such firewood as will be necessary while she resides on said island; it being clearly understood that these reservations in her favor are restricted to her own life only.

"It is a great satisfaction to me to be thus able to carry out the great desire of Miss Warner's life, and I am sure that her unselfish and high-minded refusal to sell Constitution Island for other than government purposes will be a tradition dear to the heart of every West Point graduate.

"Respectfully yours,
"MARGARET OLIVIA SAGE."

"OYSTER BAY, NEW YORK, Sept. 5, 1908.

"My dear Mrs. Sage—Through Mr. DeForest I have



SENATOR JOSEPH M. DIXON OF MONTANA

In Charge of the Speakers' Bureau at Chicago. Senator Dixon is something of a Spellbinder himself and very popular in Montana

just received your letter of September 4. I wish to thank you for your very generous gift to the nation, and I have written Miss Warner thanking her. I have sent your letter at once to the secretary of war, directing him to see that whatever action may be necessary, if any such there be, whether by Congress or by the state authorities, in order to consummate the gift, may be taken. Permit me

now in behalf of the nation to thank you most heartily again for a really patriotic act.

"With regard, sincerely yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

"OYSTER BAY, NEW YORK Sept. 5, 1906.

"My dear Miss Warner—I have written to Mrs. Sage thanking her, and I write to you to thank you for the sin-

gular generosity which has prompted you and her to make this gift to the nation. You have rendered a real and patriotic service, and on behalf of all our people I desire to express our obligation and our appreciation.

"With regard, believe me, sincerely yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

* * *

THIRTEEN new members of the United States Senate talk of organizing a thirteen club at the opening of the Congress. Among those sworn in at the last session, and a conspicuous member of the last thirteen, is Joseph M. Dixon of Missoula, Montana. He was a member of the house and was especially interested in irrigation. The two great reclamation projects which especially interest him are the Huntly and Sun River districts in Montana, where about \$9,000,000 will be expended.

Smooth-faced and pleasant in address, he was chosen by President Roosevelt to act as his conscience in the settlement of the Northwestern Indian muddles. And no one really knows Joe Dixon except to trust him.

Senator Dixon was born in North Carolina, Speaker Cannon's native state. He is a type of the young man whom Horace Greeley had in mind when he uttered his famous saying "Young man go West." In his home town, Missoula, Senator Dixon is very popular, and the town is as proud of its senator as of its reputation as the "Athens of the Rockies," for there the state university is located; and it has long been considered the intellectual center of the inter-mountain land. Senator Dixon has charge of the Speakers' Bureau at the Chicago headquarters of the Republican National Committee, and to see the calm and placid way in which he signed up "spellbinders" for the fall campaign was to him a task as graciously accomplished as hearing a class of young ladies practice elocution. When his sparkling blue eye kindles an approval, you know there is a contract to be signed.

* * *

SEATED in one of the big chairs in the lobby of The Arlington a few days ago, I found Congressman John Emory Andrus of Yonkers, New York, one of the most faithful and tireless workers in Congress. Not without some difficulty, I finally persuaded him to give me some particulars regarding his career, which cannot but prove to be interesting reading. For persistent endeavor under adverse circumstances, which has been

finally and fully crowned with sterling and splendid success, it would be difficult to find in Congress, or out of it, a more inspiring and noteworthy example of what may be accomplished by a man who starts out to be "the architect of his own fortunes" than that of the gentleman who so ably represents the Nineteenth Congressional District of New York.

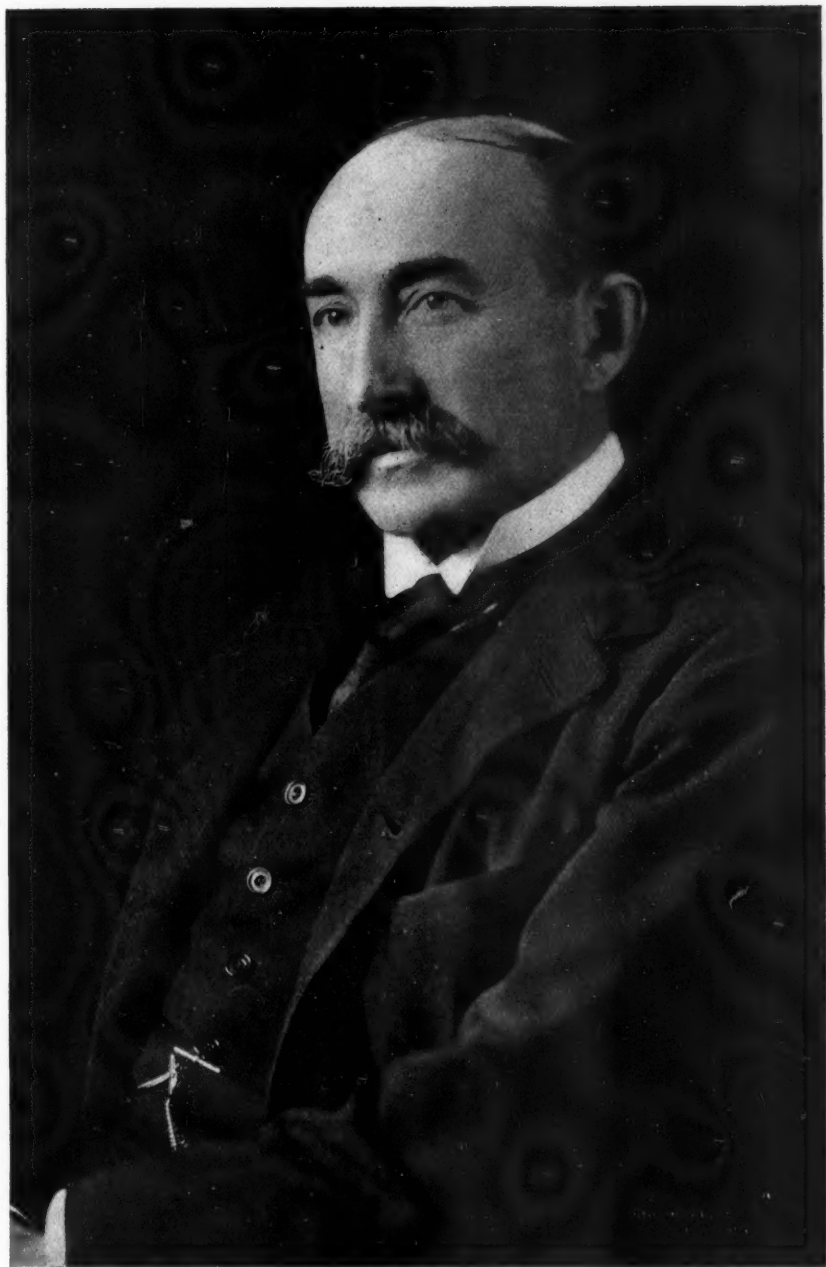
The story of his early struggle to obtain an education at Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, and of his life immediately following his graduation, reads like fiction and should form an inspiring chapter of American biography of especial interest to the young men of the present day.

Mr. Andrus is the son of a Methodist preacher. He spent a portion of his early



CONGRESSMAN JESSE OVERSTREET
OF INDIANA

life on a farm, and after having accumulated a little money determined to satisfy his ambition to attend the oldest Methodist college. He started out, with his worldly possessions in one small trunk and less than thirty dollars in his pocket with which to meet the expenses of his college course. By means of stage coach, he journeyed from Delhi, New



JOHN HAYES HAMMOND, THE NOTED MINING ENGINEER

Known in four continents. He is president of the League of Republican Clubs, and is a college mate of Judge W. H. Taft



WILLIAM J. BRYAN, JR.



MISS GRACE DEXTER BRYAN

York, to the Hudson River. Coming down the Hudson on the night boat, he got what rest he could by sleeping on his trunk, and found, upon reaching New York City, that the Connecticut River boat would not leave Peck's Slip on the other side of the city until evening. In order to save expense, he attempted to carry his trunk across the city unassisted, but, at the corner of Church and Chambers Streets, met an Irishman with a hand-cart, who was looking for a job. A bargain was soon made whereby the two agreed to join forces for the day, Andrus promising to drum up customers for his Hibernian partner. The first customer refused to trust them with his goods, until Andrus left his watch as a pledge, but, after finding them to be honest and efficient, became interested in their venture and aided them. Success followed. They were kept busy all day, and at its close divided the receipts, which amounted to seven dollars and fifty cents. The Irishman was anxious to continue the partnership, but Andrus was not to be turned from his purpose.

On the night trip to Middletown, he again

used his trunk for a cot. Next morning he landed, dragged his luggage for about a mile up the hill to the North College, where he was assigned to a bare room innocent of carpet or furniture, in which he began his college life, alone and friendless. Exercising strict economy, he gradually obtained the barest necessities in the way of furnishings, boarded himself for some time and earned what money he could. Of course he succeeded—that followed as a natural sequence.

He graduated in 1862. He applied for a school at Bayonne, New Jersey, and, upon reporting for examination, found forty applicants ahead of him. When questioned by the committee as to what salary he would accept, he retorted: "I am not after salary; I want work." This won for him favorable attention, and he was engaged to teach for the sum of four hundred and fifty dollars per year. Not content with what, in those days, was regarded as a good salary, Andrus sought in every way to increase his income, and it is significant that, at the end of the first year of teaching, he had saved and laid away the sum of one thousand dollars. A



RUTH BRYAN-LEAVITT AND CHILDREN

year later he had three times this amount to his credit.

Four years after graduation, with a capital of ten thousand dollars, he became one of the firm of Reed, Carnrick and Andrus, at that time manufacturing a single medicinal preparation. In 1873 they were doing an immense business, having been the first to exploit that class of medicines known as "elixirs" which replaced, to a great extent, the old extracts and syrups.

Later on Mr. Andrus withdrew from the firm and incorporated The New York Pharmaceutical Association, which manufactures Lactopeptine and its compounds. These are protected by patent and trade-mark. The business has steadily grown until this firm and its products have gained a world-wide reputation. He is also treasurer of The Arlington Chemical Company, whose products, dry and liquid Peptonoids, are equally well known, and holds a like office in The Palisade Manufacturing Company, whose specialties are Hemaboloids, Borolyptol, etc.

Mr. Andrus has never lost his interest in his Alma Mater, where he began and suc-

cessfully won out in his strenuous and manly struggle for an education. He has for years been a trustee of Wesleyan University, and, dating from 1892, for twelve years a treasurer of the board. Years ago he donated nearly thirty thousand dollars for the improvement of the old North College and many subsequent gifts have demonstrated his affectionate regard for the university. He has also served on the board of trustees of Washington University, the Drew Theological Seminary, and has liberally, though unostentatiously, aided many a good cause and deserving institution.

Curiously enough, while his own experience would tend to confirm the current belief that such courage, patience and endurance could not but ensure success, Mr. Andrus strongly expressed his opinion that success, as measured by the acquisition of money, cannot be gained by any certain combination of ability, character and persistent endeavor. He compares the pursuit of wealth to a man ascending in an airship into the uncertain currents of the upper ether. The voyager believes that his ship is navigable and under full control, but he may reckon

without some aerial current which may sweep his ship in a direction he never intended to take. Mr. Andrus seems to think that many a business man inflates his balloon and starts it on the upward journey, and when it is caught in the currents of success and rushes swiftly forward to even greater heights than he dared hope to attain, no one is more surprised than himself. Perhaps other balloons that ascended at the same time may have been caught in downward currents and wrecked upon jagged rocks, chimneys, or in the sea.

When I asked Mr. Andrus for his photo-



MRS. WILLIAM J. BRYAN

graph he demurred, saying that younger and handsomer men would look better than himself in magazine pages, and that gray whiskers were not as attractive in print as the smooth and rounded cheeks of youth; but his listener did not agree with him. Mr. Andrus is a tall man of striking personality, with close-cropped chin whiskers and black eyes. He is always interested in the proceedings of the House, being very seldom absent. He follows the discussions carefully and gives close attention to all that comes up. In fact, one member related to me that, after making a rather pretentious effort one

day at a session where the auditors were chiefly in the galleries rather than on the floor, it was a hand-grasp and compliment from Congressman Andrus that made him feel that his weeks of preparation were rewarded by appreciation. He remarked:

"Congressman Andrus is one of those 'encouragers' who sit back of the scenes and know how to help their colleagues to do their best, and secure sound and practical legislation."

* * *

THE charm of ideal home associations is revealed in the life of William J. Bryan as well as in the career of Judge Taft, his rival nominee for the presidency. The campaign of 1908 has been free from personalities, and a splendid tribute to American citizenship is the honor and favor shown public men who have in turn honored the home ideal. Whether as a young lawyer starting in life, or a grandfather with "the chicks on his knee," Mr. Bryan's home-life has been a worthy example. There is a sweetness and content in the life at Fairview that has won the admiration of all home-loving people irrespective of partisan connections.

The campaign interest has been more directly focussed upon the leading candidates than heretofore. The first tour of William J. Bryan in 1896 when he traveled 18,000 miles speaking in nearly every stopping place set a pace that will encourage the same record-breaking ambition that has infested the aeronautic tests within sight of the White House.

* * *

A HOST of orators will soon be abroad in the land, with texts selected from the party campaign book, telling the people the whys and wherefores of the issues of 1908. Political campaigning this year is set forth by a number of Republican advocates, showing "why Taft should be elected," in calm, dispassionate premises, and President Roosevelt reiterated his opinion conclusively in a letter to the Montana stockmen just prior to the main election.

We are recognized as a government by law, and require for chief executive a man possessing the proved judicial temperament allied with administrative faculty, humane, yet strong, and able to elucidate in

plain, practical words and actions, the many intricate propositions of the law. The chief executive or president, in signing a bill or a measure, should be qualified to pass upon it from a judicial as well as an executive and administrative point of view.

The four hundred decisions written by William H. Taft, while on the federal bench, have been pointed out as proof of his thorough mastery of law as applied to present day problems. His noted decision in the "Narramore case," concerning the laborer who sued for damages on account of an injury sustained while using defective equipment, has become an authoritative rule—not a mere ruling but a *ru'e*—referred to as a landmark, absolute and fixed, an authority immutable.

In this case Judge Taft was called upon to pass directly upon an Ohio statute, which provided a criminal penalty for any injury resulting from unsafe or defective equipment. The contention by the defendant corporation was that the statute was criminal in character, and that when the state had secured its measure of justice, the injured man no longer had any claim for civil damages. Judge Taft held that it was not sufficient to leave it to the person employed to make a complaint in a criminal proceeding, but that "the full spirit of the legislature contemplated that the injured man should be allowed to sue in damages for compensation for the injury which he had individually met."

For years corporation attorneys have tried to break down the *rule* established in this case, which has now become as familiar to those considering the cases of injured employes as the rule in the Shelley case is to lawyers dealing in land titles. Judge Taft has made an impression on the jurisprudence of the nation, and this case and others have proved conclusively that when it comes to the inherent rights of labor and the people, his decisions have been most sweeping in the consideration of the public welfare clause of

the constitution, protective of the inherent rights of all the people.

* * *

An appreciation of the massive proportions of the physical and mental reserve force of William H. Taft cannot be gained unless one knows something about his eight years' service as a federal judge in one of the busiest circuits of the country, when he wrote



MR. BRYAN AND GRANDCHILDREN

his four hundred decisions. A number of these are known to the people because of their prominence in American jurisprudence. His splendid ability and determination to give the people "a square deal" in this wide range of cases cannot be gainsaid. The decisions range from patent, equity, real property law, insurance law, contract, federal procedure, tort, interstate commerce law, to admiralty and bankruptcy. His patent decisions alone would make an authoritative reference book on that branch of law. In one of the most

important cases, a voluminous departmental report was simmered down to twenty pages, which indicates something of the terseness that Judge Taft has at command, and the pains he takes with all work that passes through his hands. He has always lived in a legal atmosphere, and the whole family seem to have the same leaning. His father and grandfather were lawyers, his father being an active practising attorney for forty years. His five brothers are all lawyers. From early boyhood almost, the Judge appears to have shown an irresistible genius for the work which he has so well accom-

plished. His passion for research in every decision, shown especially in the patent cases, has acquainted him with nearly every form of machinery, from a stem-winding watch to a turbine motor. He knows that general proportion of mechanical construction usually known only to the expert. He understands the function of cams, pulleys and many other appliances as a rule familiar only to practical mechanics. In simplicity and clearness of statement it is conceded that no one has surpassed the lucidity and plain common sense of these four hundred federal court decisions. His findings in the superior court of Ohio have become statutes. He long ago

pointed out the right of unions to combine and strike for the improvement of conditions of labor and for higher wages and other beneficial purposes, but held that the strike or boycott must be on the person with whom the union had a grievance, and that no innocent third party must be interfered with for the purpose of industrial warfare. Sixteen years later this decision was verified by the supreme court of Massachusetts and other courts.

Judge Taft has held appointments under four presidents, and his experience, reaching out on all sides, includes the duties of a newspaper man, a citizen, a lawyer, a judge and a cabinet officer—an experience that has especially fitted him for the high executive honor for which he has been nominated.

* * *



HON. J. E. ANDRUS
Member of Congress from Yonkers, N. Y.

plished. His passion for research in every decision, shown especially in the patent cases, has acquainted him with nearly every form of machinery, from a stem-winding watch to a turbine motor. He knows that general proportion of mechanical construction usually known only to the expert. He understands the function of cams, pulleys and many other appliances as a rule familiar only to practical mechanics. In simplicity and clearness of statement it is conceded that no one has surpassed the lucidity and plain common sense of these four hundred federal court decisions. His findings in the superior court of Ohio have become statutes. He long ago

THE establishment of a flourishing chain of women's clubs in the Canal Zone, under the name of the Canal Zone Federation, is an event of more than passing importance. With Mrs. George Goethals acting as president, the movement was inaugurated with true American enthusiasm, and the often expressed fear of an unbearable monotony and isolation on the Isthmus has been entirely eliminated. This is largely owing to the recommendation of Miss Beeks, who, on behalf of the National Civic Federation, visited the Zone last year and closely investigated conditions there. Their Welfare Department sent Miss Boswell there to organize. The inception and progress of the work is interesting. Miss Boswell's informal talk at the meeting clearly expressed her reason for coming to the Zone, and while she fully appreciated the importance of the work already being done by women on the Zone in domestic life, she suggested that every woman "has time to be kind," and added:

"We hear a lot about the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Let us prove that there is a sisterhood of women."

It will be readily understood that the women's clubs organized in this spirit will have marked influence for good on the Isthmus. All the women present signified their intention of joining a women's club should one be organized. This preliminary meeting was held last October, and before the twelfth of that month eight clubs had been

organized, seven of which were represented in a meeting held at Ancon for the purpose of establishing a federation. At this same meeting the Canal Zone Federation of Women's Clubs was formed, and Mrs. George W. Goethals was elected president and a constitution adopted.

The quarterly meetings held at Ancon, Culebra, Gorgona, Empire and Colon have been of great interest, and it would be difficult to estimate the valuable work done by this organization, for the members of the clubs form not only a "Home Department," which, among other interests, has considered horticulture and the improvement of general surroundings of the homes on the Isthmus, but where hospitals are located the care of the sick has been considered and nurses given papers before the clubs containing valuable suggestions on home nursing and kindred topics. These features, with the literary entertainments and talks on various matters of general interest, are but a slight indication of the valuable work done by the Canal Zone Federation of Women's Clubs.

* * *

WITH his usual good humor and common sense Justice Brown of the Supreme Court has established statutes which are an indication that this legislative body keeps in touch with the questions of the times. While the justice maintains his personal preference for the companionable and wide-awake horse, he takes note of the "masterful influence" of the benzine buggy. His conclusion is that the automobile has come to stay until some new invention arrives to oust it, in turn, from its seat as prime favorite of the man of leisure.

It has not, however, been discovered that there is any law whereby ordinary wagons and carriages may be compelled to keep out of the way when the chauffeur toots upon his horn. The right of the state to classify automobiles as a distinctive kind of vehicles



From "William Howard Taft, American"

Copyright, 1908, Robert Lee Dunn

MRS. WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

is affirmed, but the justice has expressed an opinion that the regulation of automobile traffic should be left largely to each individual state, rather than arranged by rushing into Congress with hasty legislation of doubtful validity. The learned jurist has expressed his opinion that the future rights of the automobile depends upon the tact and courtesy of the chauffeur and his sponsors, but that

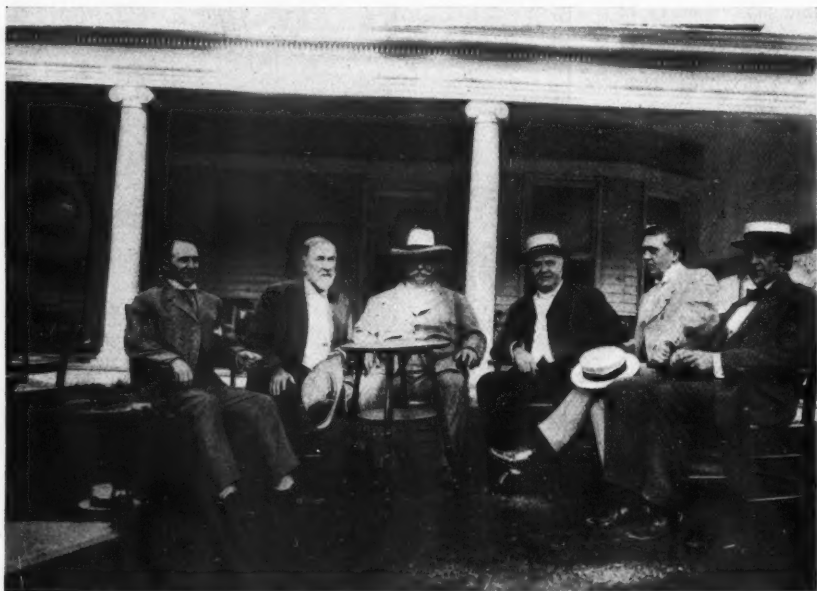
it is rather over-straining the road jurisdiction to determine that the automobile should be placed under national law, on the basis of regulating interstate commerce, because even regular vehicles of commerce are bound to comply with the laws of each state, when these laws do not interfere with interstate commerce.

* * *

PREPARATIONS have already been begun at the Naval Department for a disposition of the ships of the fleet in February,

both men and ships will continue in the best of "fighting trim." The latest reports from Admiral Sperry state that the fleet is in even better shape than when it left Hampton Roads.

These hot days have been busy ones for Admiral Pillsbury of the Bureau of Navigation, who keeps in touch with the globe-encircling navy, and provides it with adequate recruits for the new ships which are being put into service. A splendid record has been made in the recruiting department of the navy, and it is believed that in future there



JUDGE TAFT WITH SENATORS ELKINS AND SCOTT AT HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

when they return from their cruise around the world. The details of this circumnavigation of the globe by the entire fleet certainly marks an epoch in the chronicles of the naval history of the United States.

The plans include a grand review of the ships by President Roosevelt on Washington's Birthday, at New York or Hampton Roads, and within ten days from that event the fleet will proceed to Guantanamo for their annual cannon and small arm target practice. Altogether it looks as though the President's suggestion as to the advisability of "keeping the navy in prime condition," made by him at Newport, is to be followed out closely, and

will be no difficulty in getting all the men required by the service, which must be highly gratifying to those who have worked hard to bring this part of the country's defence to perfection.

One of the most popular documents ever issued by the government is the handsome booklet in colors prepared for the Naval Department by Messrs. Street & Finney of New York, entitled "The Making of a Man-o'-warman." It ranks high as one of the best bits of current literature ever put out by Uncle Sam, and has been effective in bringing up to a high standard the personnel of the new recruits to the navy.



CANAL ZONE FEDERATION'S FIRST MEETING

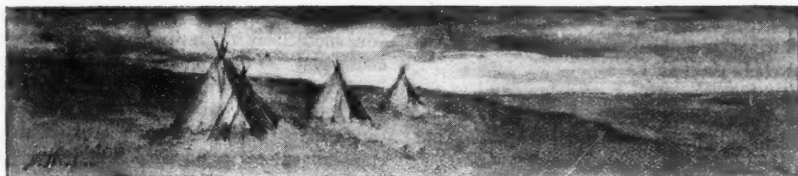
- 1—Mrs. Lorin C. Collins, First Vice-President and Acting President of the Canal Zone Federation, President Cristobal Club. 2—Mrs. W. C. Gorgas, President Ancon Women's Club. 3—Mrs. F. R. Roberts, President Pedro Miguel Women's Club. 4—Mrs. N. F. Morrison, President Gorgona Women's Club. 5—Mrs. J. C. Barnett, President Paraiso Women's Club. 6—Mrs. F. M. Miracle, President Empire Women's Club. 7—Mrs. J. L. Elliott, Vice-President Gatun Women's Club. 8—Mrs. Charles J. Jewett, Ancon. 9—Miss J. M. Beattie, Corozal. 10—Mrs. J. F. McIyer, Empire. 11—Mrs. F. H. Powell, Cristobal. 12—Mrs. E. S. Waid, Paraiso. 13—Mrs. John Burke, Cristobal. 14—Mrs. M. C. Rerdel, Cristobal. 15—Mrs. Ralph R. Wolf, Gorgona. 16—Miss Eunice Browning, Empire. 17—Mrs. Edna Fraser, Pedro Miguel. 18—Mrs. S. R. Calvit, Gorgona. 19—Miss Helen V. Boswell.



Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

MRS. J. C. BURROWS, WIFE OF SENATOR BURROWS OF MICHIGAN





A KEEPER OF THE DOOR

(CONTINUED)

By GRACE KELLOGG

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CHAPTER XX.

Two more days and I came within sight of the encampment. I had thought little as to what my course of action should be. It was evident the maiden was not being ill-treated, yet there was the possibility that she might be considered as a captive, and, according to the custom of many tribes, be given as a slave to the favorite wife of the warrior who had taken her. Or some brave might conceive an ardent admiration for her and there be the necessity of removing her at once.

As for the rescue party under Pokoota, it was due in five days, yet I must not count too greatly upon it, for there was an even chance that Pokoota might never reach the town of the Senecas.

Meantime it was needful that I be unsuspected and unharmed by the strangers, that I be able to strike for her when the hour came. Therefore I took the pocoon-root and the red paint-root and the sumach, and painted my body in a strange fashion not known to my people, but much resembling the style of the court dress in the Sunny Land. Such portion of myself as I could see, decked out in excellent-fitting hose of orange embroidered with marvellous jet rosettes, and doubtlet of scarlet, pinked and slashed daintily with black and brodered about the edge with vernal green, moved me to laughter, while I blushed to imagine the ruff of white that lay on my shoulders and the marvelous collar of gold and rubies that clasped my throat. Aye, even my mokawsons I turned into shoon of black with gold buckles; but

I left my face undisfigured that I might seem the odder, unmasked in a country of masks.

So decked, I approached the camp. It lay in a hollow glade of blue grass, hemmed in by the creek and three round mounds, symmetrical as inverted bowls. Upon each of the two mounds which sat on the bank of the creek with the town between them, stood two rough-hewn pillars of rock on end, with a third slab laid across the top to form an arch. What purpose they served I knew not, yet they reminded me of naught so much as burial-stones. And indeed I learned that the mounds were indeed crypts for the bodies of the chiefs.

On the third mound stood a small stone house, square and flat-roofed. The sun shone on it brightly, reflecting in a dazzling eye from a round polished surface just above the door, where a hanging curtain was flapping noiselessly in a wind which scarce stirred the grasses in front of the opening. Cheerful enough! And yet there was something uncanny about it all: the glaring eye of light, the stealthy flapping curtain, the whispering blue grasses.

I came out of the woods and entered the village between the two nearest mounds.

It was hot midday and the warriors were lying in the doors of the wigwams, smoking and sleeping.

No one moved, but all eyes were alert.

At last an old warrior who wore a magnificent nose-ring of carved silver, rose and said courteously, "Friend, you are our friend."

"Friends," replied I gravely, "Friends, Matchemanito the Bad and all the Heaven-Dwellers greet thee."

With the words I bowed low, and to the amazement of all the tribe, grasped and shook heartily the hand of the old warrior who had greeted me.

The brave drew his hand away gently, and a significant look which rejoiced my soul flashed from eye to eye about the circle. Among my people a crazed man is not merely an object of commiseration, but a being to be welcomed as a guest-friend, and treated with all veneration and solicitude. The old warrior rose at once, and led the way to the town-house. As I was following, brows knit and eyes intent, pondering my next step, he turned suddenly and caught the intelligence in my eyes. His gaze met mine, startled, questioning, accusing. Mine met his defiant, non-committal. A half-instant thus and I had shut down the blank light of idiocy over my gaze—but I knew in my heart that the harm was done.

Nothing was said, however. The old warrior turned back as suddenly as he had wheeled, and held aside the door-flap for me to enter.

There, in great baskets of birch-bark and kettles of brass was the corn and hominy and succotash.

"Oh, my guest-friend," said my host, "there is little in the town-house of the Micosukees. We have no bear-steak, nor sugared venison, nor buffalo like the rich fare to which our guest friend is accustomed. Neither have we bird nor fish; our young men are now out upon the hills and rivers seeking what they may find. We prepare a sacrifice to the sun that he will send plenty to their hands; our maidens are beseeching Matchemanito the Bad that he will not send upon us the Black Famine.

"Oh, my guest-friend, eat. Such as it is, it is thine. Thy coming has gladdened our hearts. Thy presence is welcome to us. We hold thee a precious token from the Great-Hand that plenty shall be in our town-house once more."

He was silent, waiting with cold unsmiling eyes for my reply. Deep in his heart I read suspicion black and deep and silent as pools among the rocks—tschuk! I am white man enough to read eyes that mask and lips that fabricate veils for the truth.

"Oh, saluted one," I replied as politely

and as treacherously as himself, "I eat of your succotash with gratitude in my heart, and no longing for sugared venison. I am but little accustomed to more than roots and nuts. I am a wanderer, an outcast of all men, because that I hold commerce with Matchemanito, who is my lord and master. All men fear me. But in truth, senselessly, for my spirit is well-wishing to all; and, so I have my pittance of food, I harm none. Yet do I remain long with none. The All-Destroyer calls—and I follow on. None harm me nor drive me away, for they fear the vengeance of Matchemanito, and they rightly believe his friendship better sought than his hatred."

I was almost famished by this time. With the sight of the food my appetite had sprung up with violence. But it was impossible to eat till he motioned me to.

He looked at me with something of awe still mingled largely with suspicion and remarked tentatively:

"My brother's breech-clout is of the fashion of the Iroquois."

"My brother speaks truth," I replied readily enough. "Not more than six moons ago the Wanderer took them from the body of a Seneca chief whom Matchemanito slew by his tomahawk."

"The Micosukees have a young captive of the Senecas," remarked my host, watching me behind the mask.

"The young men of the Iroquois are well-trained. He will be but poor sport at the torturing," I said indifferently.

"It is a maiden," returned the warrior, stealthily, watchful.

"Do the Micosukees, then, torture maidens?" I asked.

"In some sort—this one," returned the warrior grimly.

"Is there then war between the Iroquois and the Micosukees?" I asked again.

"O, my friend, there is not, nor is there likely to be," replied the old warrior with a grim half-smile just fluttering his nostrils as he looked at me. That meant that he suspected me of being a Seneca spy and was generously informing me of the fact beforehand that I should never bear tales to the Senecas—a fact of which I was tolerably certain already, that could hardly be helped. Yet if I could compass my designs, I meant to have a certain dearly-loved maiden bear tales and to spare to the Senecas.

I drifted idly into a tale of wars between the Kewanees and the Neponsets. The old warrior listened approvingly, and his suspicions weakened. For how should a Seneca know of the wars of the Kewanees and the Neponsets? In truth, his sagacity was not at fault, for I had but recently become a Seneca.

"Tschuk! Our guest-friend has eaten nothing yet," observed the old warrior finally, and waved his hand more hospitably than he had before spoken.

It was well. I had been strongly tempted to brain him with my tomahawk and fall upon the succotash tooth and nail.

After a gluttonous repast, which my host shared with me, we went out and lay down. I soon slept, deeming it shrewd to let them see how greatly at my ease I was. Moreover, I was in sore need of sleep to keep me sharp-witted and give me the strength to back up my wits when the opportunity to use them came—if it ever came.

I do not know how long I slept. But of a sudden the blood went pulsing through my veins so tumultuously that I awoke fully, though my eyes remained closed—a habitual precaution which has often been of use to me.

"O, little sister," a cold crafty voice was saying: "Behold the stranger who says he is thy friend, and thus claims our hospitality. Dost thou know him, or shall he like an impostor be driven from our camp?"

My head went giddy. I almost caught my breath. A girl held the safety of both of us in her hands.

There was a slight pause, as if she were scrutinizing me. Then came her dear voice, low and child-like in its naivete:

"The stranger is no Seneca. No, nor Iroquois. There is no totem anywhere upon him."

"You know him not?" came the cold driving question, and I guessed how the piercing eyes were fastened upon the face.

"I have said," replied the calm voice proudly, and withal in some ingenuous surprise at further questioning. "The stranger is no Iroquois. Neither has the daughter of the Senecas ever seen this manner of painting. Let him be driven from the lodges of the Micosukees. He hath not said truth if he hath claimed kinship with the Iroquois."

I flung one arm up, muttered a ditty under my breath, lazily opened my eyes and stared up unsurprised and unrecognizing at the

maiden whose eyes met mine with no betrayal in their cool depths. Then I yawned, turned over and went to sleep again.

When I finally awoke it was evening. The Micosukee was still sitting smoking beside me as if he had never stirred, but I knew well that that vision of her had been no dream.

I sat up, yawned, took out my pipe, filled it in silence, and began to smoke. The fires were lighted in the wigwams. The squaws were coming in with baskets of berries which they took direct to the town-house. One stood her crib up on end near me, and it fell forward, not hurting the papoose, yet setting him squalling at a great pitch. I picked up the *gaonseh* and charmed away the youngster's uproar by playfully puffing smoke in its face, and the mother looked around and smiled at me. One of the maidens brought some berries to the old warrior, and half shyly, half boldly, offered some to me. I took a handful and substituted for it in the basket a bauble, of which I had not a few in my pouch, and the girl scampered off in high glee.

While he thought my attention was thus distracted, the old warrior, who was the werowance of the village, made a sign to a stunted little priest painted sickly green, and the next instant, as if she had risen from the ground, Pontiloghah was standing before me.

I paid scant heed to this, for I was chirruping to a not over-shy brown girl with a flat nose and heavy ears.

The old warrior plucked me by the arm.

"The maiden whom the Micosukees will sacrifice to be the Bride of the Sun," he said affably, motioning to Pontiloghah.

I surveyed the girl boldly—Hawenneeyu forgive me!—for his eye was upon me.

"The Fire-God should be pleased. She is fit to be his bride," I said, and turned to catch my new acquisition by the arm—though my heart was dying within me. I pulled her down beside me; a proceeding which she appeared to enjoy intensely, uttering hoarse animal-like cries of delight.

Pontiloghah's eyes were upon the top of the wigwam. She seemed weary and abstracted, like one who is surely to die and has already lost interest in things of life. No one could have done it better than she did, yet her brain must have been in a whirl of conjecture, questioning, and torturing hope.

I was smoking again now, leaning heavily

upon the bulky palpitating shoulder of the Indian girl.

I slept soundly that night. It might be many nights before I could sleep again—unless indeed I should fall into the long sleep.

In the morning I dined with two or three old men and had excellent luck with the plum-stones, my mind being too full of plans to give any thought to the play.

Force was out of the question. I was at present one against fifty, or thereabouts, not counting the women, and at any time the young men and the rest of the warriors might return. I cursed the appetite of my companions that had made her rescuers one instead of six.

Strategy it must be—but what?

Meanwhile I amused the village with some simple tricks of Tschappich, witchcraft, which quite convinced them that I was in truth an ally of Matchemanito's who should be treated with all due respect.

The sacrificial ceremonies were to take place on the sixth evening. The old werowance explained them to me at some length, for we had become quite sociable together.

First there would be the prayer and consecration. Then all the camp-fires would die out and nothing should be heard or seen save the chanting of the priests about the victim and the flaring of torches. Slowly the torches would burn down and out. Then should the priests spring upon the victim and slit and tear her, limb from limb. I cannot write it. It brings the drops of sweat out on my forehead even now, though then I sat and silently applauded the program and laughed grimly now and then in echo of my host.

If one might but see her, speak with her, if only for an instant. I dared not try without excuse. Indeed it would have been useless to try, for she was kept in the stone house on the hill to be the Bride of the Sun, and none might pass the door, not even the sickly green priests with their vile prying eyes.

I had nothing to complain of in my captors. They were a fierce people as those be that worship the Fire-God, yet they treated me with all hospitality and gentleness—which I, eating my heart out in idleness, noticed only as confirmation of my impotence.

XXI.

It was the fifteenth day, and Pokoota's promise was unkept. It had been my for-

lorn hope. It faded with the fading of the sun-glow in the west.

That night about midnight when all the camp was asleep one of the priests came in great alarm to me, and besought me pitifully as I cherished his life to come quietly with him. Ordinarily I think I should have assured him how very little I cherished his scurvy existence and remained where I was. Now the chance of finding some avenue of escape for her led me out with him.

In all secrecy we stole away, and by a detour gained the back of the sacred mound of the stone house. Here he paused to tell me, "The maiden—the Bride-to-be of the Sun—she was ill—she had been seized by a strange devil—it was as much as his life was worth if the maiden die—he—he—happened to be—to be where he heard her—he thought—"

I seized him by the throat and pressed him down backward.

"What have you done to her—what have you done to her?" I demanded hoarsely, almost beside myself with fear. He gasped and gurgled in terror.

"Nothing—nothing—I swear before Manito I only peered within the curtain-flap—nothing more—"

He was telling the truth. I released him reluctantly. We came to the door. I peered within and listened. The maiden was in truth acting very strangely, yet I knew there be madmen and madmen, and for all I knew there might be madwomen to mate with both kinds.

Therefore I said solemnly:

"The Sun mid-high tomorrow she will die. A devil hath his eye upon her and will fly away with her soul. Look!"

I pointed dramatically upward. It was true: a great black-winged shape hovered over the stone house.

The priest shivered and quaked.

"Yes, she must die. You lifted the curtain-flap and the devil's eye fell upon her. Tomorrow by the sun mid-high they will find her beautiful body lifeless, and the devil will cry out from between her beautiful dead lips how that the false priest raised the curtain-flap—"

He was writhing in his skin now like an ugly mottled snake.

"Then will there be no sacrifice to the Sun and the crops will die and the young men will

return empty-handed; and they will seize the wretched priest—"

"Mercy! Mercy!" he shrieked—yet softly, too.

"They will seize the traitorous priest," I went on ruthlessly, "and they will do to him that which they would have done to the maiden—"

He groaned, and collapsed at my feet. I lifted him up roughly, and said:

"Yet because the unhappy priest is also a medicine-man and a brother of mine, and because I would not have the people starve, since I must starve with them, therefore will I save the maiden's life from the devil. Do you listen?"

His eyes were staring at me, vacant with terror, but he nodded his head loosely.

"Then go to the foot of the hill, turn your back on the house and look not back, if you would not have the devil seize her on the instant."

"But if the maiden escape?" he protested feebly.

"Madman!" I cried so fiercely that he staggered backward in fresh fright, "Do you value your worthless life so little that you question me, your savior? Hark!"

We listened, rigid.

From the stone house came a long strange moan, like winter wind crannying about the corners of the lodge, and then a word repeated, "The Eye! The Eye!"

"Do you hear?" I demanded coldly. "And do you still hesitate? She feels the evil Eye upon her already, drawing the soul out through her body. By mid-high sun tomorrow—But you fear lest she escape! Well, I will leave you to watch her."

"No! No!" he groaned in a stifled voice, throwing himself flat and clasping my ankles in an agony of suspense. "Tell me what to do. I will do it."

"It is well. But question me again, or disobey but one finger-nail's breadth my commands and the devil seizes the maiden that instant—"

"I will obey! I will obey!"

"Then bow your forehead to the ground seven times swiftly saying: '*Gishuk nipahumi! Gishuk nipahumi!*' each time."

He obeyed eagerly. One might have laughed at this, it was such child's folly—but the tragedy of life and death hinges on such moments.

"Now," I continued sternly, "Make a sign of the cross, so, toward the spot where each of the other six priests lie hidden in the grass about the base of the mound, and point carefully, for if you miss one of them by a hair's breadth—"

He obeyed, making the unaccustomed sign with painful care, and I noted the place of each of the sleeping sentinels.

"Now," I continued more gently, "You have begun well. Go down to the foot of the mound, bite each of your scurvy wrists till you draw blood, make a cross, so, on your forehead, then throw yourself on your face, and pray without cessation till dawn, as you value your life.

"At dawn rise, come half-way up the mound, and watch the door carefully lest the evil spirit enter while you watch not. Whenever you think you see him coming make the sign I showed you, and he will be frightened away.

"But above all—and this is the most important of all—let no one raise the curtain-flap the width of a grass-blade till mid-high sun tomorrow. By then the danger will be past and you may carry her her mid-day meal. You will find her in a deep sleep, into which I shall throw her that she may not hear when the devil calls her. When I have done this I shall leave her alone. But you need fear nothing. She will not awake till you call. Now go."

He went as arrow from bow. He would obey.

I lifted the curtain-flap and entered. The maiden was cowering in the furthest corner of the hut, moaning and uttering strange words.

"Pontilogah!" I called softly. She sprang forward and laughed softly up at me with mischievous delight.

"Art not afraid like the other medicine-man?" she demanded wickedly.

"Yea verily, but not of thy madness, love," I answered, "of thy beauty."

She stepped back proudly and flung up her pretty head.

"Didst come only with love-talk?" she asked coldly.

"Nay, there is no time for talk of any kind. I am come to take thee away—home."

She started, "But there are those who watch."

"Nay, the six sleep, and the seventh prays."

"But we shall be followed."

"When the sun is high tomorrow. Yes. The more need of haste. Come."

We stole out of the stone house and dropped the curtain carefully behind us.

We crept down the back of the hill. If we could pass the sleepers safely all would be well. If we waked one—well, he should speedily render an accounting to Manito.

We were half-way to the peril of our circle of priests behind which lay the forest and safety, when the moon suddenly burst forth from the louds. With one impulse we both dropped prone in the grass. I motioned Pontilogah to follow me, and we crept slowly down the hill. Here to the right lay one priest, somewhere, hidden in the grass. Here to the left lay one, so close that I could hear his breathing. I had made a poor calculation. Nothing to do but crawl silently on. I motioned Pontilogah to pass me that I might spring upon the sleeper if he stirred. She went on to wait for me in the edge of the forest, while I, having guided her past the sleeping priests, must needs go back to cover our trail.

The cursed moon shone dazzling white upon the mound. Had there been aught waking on that side of the hill I could not have escaped detection. But the six slept placidly on, and the seventh was praying without ceasing on the other side of the mound, overlooking the camp.

Wherefore by the mercy of these circumstances I passed the circle of priests and reached the forest unchallenged.

My eyes sought in vain to pierce the sudden blackness, yet I knew she would not go far within the shadows till I joined her.

"S-s-s," I signaled gently. Cautiously came the answering "S-s-s," from behind a tree on the edge of the shadow.

I sprang forward toward the sound.

"Cousin?" I whispered.

"Cousin, you yet exist," came the suave salute, and the old Micosukee stepped out into the moonshine.

"A beautiful night," said I, clutching at the first words which came.

"A beautiful night," returned the werowance gravely.

"But I was to keep tryst with one of the maidens," I hazarded, "and she is faithless to the promise. My brother has not seen aught behind the hill that seemeth like a maiden waiting tryst?"

He smiled unfathomably.

"The werowance hath eyes too old to spy out trysting maidens," he replied.

A gleam of hope shot through me. Had he perhaps come only a moment before? Had he not seen the maiden Pontilogah?

I glanced aside at his face, but nothing might be read there. Had he seen me on the hill? He could scarcely have helped it. What had he thought if he had seen it? Had I befooled him into believing my madness? I doubted it. And yet—and yet—all this he might have seen, and yet not having seen Pontilogah, and deeming her well-guarded, might not dream that she had already escaped.

My chiefest fear was lest he had not been alone in the forest.

We walked on side by side. I knew there was no escape for me that night. I hoped that she would not wait for me, but would press on homeward. I might slip away in the morning, before her escape was discovered—I smiled as I caught myself cheating myself with the pretty hope.

To be sure there was not a horse in camp and if I could get the start of them—I smiled again.

In the meantime we reached the wigwam which had been shared with me. We sat down and smoked in silence. The werowance did not leave me till dawn. I took this to be a good sign, signifying that he feared lest I should make another attempt to rescue the maiden—a fear which would prove him ignorant that she had already gained the woods.

The sun came up and shone on the stone house and on the priest praying mid-way down the hill. He had learned his lesson well.

Day came softly on.

I watched my chance, but it came not.

Where was the maiden Pontilogah? Did she wait for me in the greenwood, or had she gone on to safety?

They tried to take up a morning meal to the stone house, but the medicine-man would not have it. They insisted. My heart beat fast, but he held his ground doggedly. And the basket of fresh food came back down the hill.

At noon hour I was out and near.

One-two-minutes more and I knew my life would be worth less than a shrunken

kernel of corn. I was minded to see the value drop.

The medicine-man rose with a great shout of thanksgiving which drew all eyes toward him. Then he mounted the knoll and stretching out one hand to the curtain, paused and looked up at the sun cautiously. It was full noon. He raised the curtain. I held my breath. The silence hummed about me. The eyes of the werowance were upon me. Dully I heard the loud cry of the priest. And dully too I saw the maiden Pontiloghah come forth from the door and stand on the brow of the hill, her eyes bright and staring in the broad sun, her hands groping slightly.

I could have laughed aloud, ha-ha! The jest was good. So the werowance had not gone alone into the forest to wait for me! There had been those with him who had seized her and carried her back to captivity.

Another day passed. I was worn to the very bone with helplessness. What could I do? There was no help—no help. And two evenings after this, when the jealous moon should have gone, was to be held the sacrifice.

There was one thing left that I might do. I might try persuasion on the old werowance. It could do no harm. He knew I wished to carry off the girl; and perchance when he knew—

It was folly and worse than folly, but I went to him. I told him the story simply frankly; how she had fled, and I had followed her; and that now he might hold me a willing sacrifice to the Sun-God; but let him send back the maiden to her home. She was not a captive in war; she was but a guest; and she was my greatly beloved.

The werowance smiled.

"Did we wish thy life, my son, we should do it readily, and scarcely in exchange for the maiden's. But we can make no use of it. The Sun-God wishes a bride. In truth it grieves the Micosukee to do this thing, but what would you have? It is the life of one—and that one a stranger—for the life of many—and the many his own flesh and blood. Were it not better so?"

All this was hopelessly true.

"But the maiden is of the Iroquois and the daughter of a Sachem. The Five Nations will come shortly upon her trail seeking swift vengeance from the tribe which has done this outrage."

"What singing-bird will tell of the out-

rage?" asked the old werowance looking through me with clear impersonal eyes.

The question was pertinent.

"Then let me die first!" I cried.

"All in good time—all in good time," he assured me benevolently.

But I knew I could not die while there was yet life in her veins. I should hope to the end. And always Pokoota might appear.

That day I tried to persuade one of the older men to come out hunting with me. I had no plan in my mind, but it was impossible to remain inactive.

He was flattered by the proposal and said, gladly, tomorrow.

"No, today," I persisted, and had a vision sent from Matchemanito as to a great elk off there—vaguely to the West.

He considered.

I elaborated on the odor of fat venison. I smelled it, tasted it, chewed it, eloquently. He decided to come.

The old Micosukee made no objection. Why should he? The Iroquois were many days trail to the north; and as for me, he knew I would come back, drawn to the lode-stone.

We set off amicably enough. My companion was a guileless old chap, proud of the prowess of an arm that had seen its best days a score of years ago. I but hastened him to the happy hunting-grounds a few moons sooner. I had never killed a man in cold blood before—nor ever save in self-defence. Yet now I struck him down from behind and went on with scarcely a thought for the deed. All day I wandered desperate. At night I built me a sweat-house of hoops covered with my mantle and placed hot stones therein and threw water and herbs upon them, and prayed mightily and wrestled with the agony of the torture, crying out to Hawen-neyu. And at dawn, when I came forth, weak and shaken, across my door lay hoof-prints.

I have often run down a deer, and I think could run down any animal in a day but a wolf. But a horse, while he is not so fleet at short distances as a deer, nevertheless has far more endurance.

This I found to my sorrow. I caught a glimpse of my quarry once, a fine stallion, a mare, and a colt, all quite wild.

From dawn to noon I ran them, with only one other glimpse of them.

The sun was high in the mid-heaven. And that night she was to die.

Rage possessed my soul, and I fought like a demon with my slow-footedness.

About mid-afternoon I saw them again, and took a desperate resolve. A horse shot just under the mane, falls, but revives shortly without trace of injury.

I drew on the mare and let fly. The arrow sung, pierced, and quivered in her neck—a finger's breadth too low. She was dead when I reached her. Beside her with lowered questioning noses stood the colt and the horse. They made no move to escape when I came up. I took the stallion away—it was for her—and left the colt still dumbly pushing its soft nose into the mare's rigid flank.

By the time the sun was below the tree-tops the struggle for mastery was over and the stallion and I were one mind and heart, and that mind and heart bent on saving a girl.

The incantation and the consecration were done when we reached the village. We halted in the edge of the forest whence between one burial hill and the templed mound we could see by the fire-light the glade, the empty wigwams, the men and women huddled back upon the edge of the creek, the little circle of priests about the girl who stood motionless before them.

"See, little brother," I whispered in my stallion's quick ear. "Do you see the open space between the opposite hill and the templed mound? Do you see the forest beyond? Thither go we, shortly."

The Sun-God was called to witness that they were about to present him with a Bride pure and lovely to the eye, that his heart might again be turned to them. That he might again cause to thrive the beans and the corn, the melons and the tobacco.

The fire died low, sublimating with its clear glow the form of the girl who stood erect and proud, facing death as a warrior should. As it sank and sank, the loathsome seven caught up torches and set them flaring as they flung their vile bodies in a wild uncouth dance.

The torch-light struck on the awed faces of the braves and the scared eyes of the squaws huddled in silent terror of the supernatural. Now and again it flared in her face and one could see that her dark eyes were large and open and apathetic. I wondered if she realized—I hoped not.

Slower and slower grew the contortions of

the twisting bodies; lower and more tense came the death-chant; the torches flickered and went out, one by one.

"Ready!" I whispered, and the stallion gathered himself together.

The priests drew closer about the girl. The last torch flickered out. There was a hush as darkness fell. Then a loud cry, "Oh, Sun, accept thy Bride!"

The stallion leaped forward—A priest or two went down beneath his hoofs, but the Bride he brushed gently. I caught her up in my arms, and we were gone into the forest.

A deep hush followed.

It was broken by a shrill scream of rage. There arose the out-cry of many voices and a confused uproar of tongues.

I heard nothing more. I held the girl close and lay along the stallion's neck to escape the grazing boughs. We could not long ride so. The double weight was too great for sufficient swiftness. But Pontilogh lay quite relaxed in my hold.

I wondered if she had fainted. I bent farther over. Her eyes were open and dark.

They wavered as I leaned over her, and fixed upon mine unseeingly.

"Who art thou?" she asked in a strange monotone. "Thou shouldst be the All-Destroyer. Art thou a god? Shall I be thy Bride? Thy arms burn me. There was a man, who was to save me, but he is dead—dead in the forest. We are all dead—dead—dead—"

My heart stopped beating. I lifted her up. Better that both of us have our brains dashed out than that this continue.

"Pontilogh," I said gently, as mothers do to fevered children; and as mothers do, I gathered her all against me, and laid her head upon my shoulder, where presently she began to cry softly, so that I feared no longer.

By and by she lifted her head and looked at me through tear-heavy lashes.

"Thou art good to me," she said, "I would I loved thee."

I kissed her solemnly upon the brow in answer, and now that she was her brave young self again, I explained quite soothingly that we were safe, but that she must ride on alone, for swiftness, while I covered the tracks. She must ride home and send back those who should meet me; though there was no danger—no danger—

She looked at me silently for a heart's beat.
 "Be there danger or safety, we share it together," she said quietly.

It was then that an arrow sung and our horse dropped under us.

So.

Well, I had five arrows well-poisoned, and a good string on my bow. I put her behind the horse, and drew my bow ready to aim and let fly.

Now I could make out shadows stealing warily up on all sides. How had they headed us off and surrounded us?

There came a loud joyful cry from the girl:

"Waupeka! Waupeka!" And an answer.

As for me I was too weary to be grateful to Fate just then.

"Pokoota?" I said listlessly.

"Here, brother!" came the response close at hand. I laid my hand on his shoulder. There was small need for words.

We were almost home before Waupeka left his charge and came to walk with me; I, who had relinquished her to him almost without volition.

"Pokoota will say naught of the others. They-who-were-braves—"

There was a pause.

"They were brave men," I said after a time.

Then there rested silence between us.

(To be continued)

THE BODY

THE eyes of me are wrought of night,
 Yet every dawn I find
 Celestial beauty in the light
 With which the skies are lined!

The breath of me is drawn in sighs,
 Yet through the love-thrilled years
 I share the joy of paradise—
 The rapture of the spheres!

The veins of me are small and weak,
 Yet like a starry flood
 The fires of heaven therein seek
 The channels of the blood!

The limbs of me are shaped of dust,
 Yet stronger than the clod
 They bear the soul like weight august,
 Or mantle dropped of God!

Edward Wilbur Mason.

ORION

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

O THOU bold hunter of the jewelled night!
Orion belted with the stars of light!

Bright rover of the wilderness of space:
Great lover of the pleasures of the chase:

What quarry is it falls before thy aim—
Some sunset like an eagle winged with flame?

Or some wild beauty of the sky afar,
The gold-horned moon or silvery falling star?

Thou huntest till the morning like a fawn,
All gently blinds thee with the gaze of dawn.

O soul of mine! immured in night of time,
Thou too art hunter glorious and sublime.

Thou too dost love the chase; in age and youth
Thou stalkest some swift loveliness of Truth.

But thy best trophy—the great light of Love,
Comes when thou seekest not, from God above!

CHRISTENING OF "NEW CYCLOPS"

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

THE hot, arid breath of the wind sizzled the oil in the compression cups and raised blisters on the new paint of "Old Cyclops." A puff of dry steam and oily waste combined to make the atmosphere in the vicinity intolerable. Welden wiped a streak of dirt across his face, spat a mouthful of sand from his lips and rapped the iron sleeve of "Old Cyclops" a vicious whack.

"The man who named that scrap-heap 'Old Cyclops' should be hung to the boom. I wonder what sucker palmed the thing off on Mr. Vincent."

The engineer in charge of the giant steam shovel wiped his grimy hands on his overalls to clear his mind for action.

"She's all that, an' worse," he began. "But she can work at times, an' that makes you feel some pity for her. But she's a worn-out cuss, an' you can't expect—"

"No, Jim, I don't *expect* anything from her," cut in Welden sharply. "I don't expect anything, but this dirt's got to fly. We're here under contract to dig this ditch, an' if every steam shovel and trencher this side of civilization is going back on us what in— Oh, well! what's the use talking. The job's ours, and we're supposed to do it."

"If we could get a new sleeve now, and—"

But Welden walked away without heeding Jim's suggestion. His mind was feverishly active. Here he was on a job that was to make or break him, saddled down with old rotting machinery, and the mercury hovering around the century mark in the shade, and goodness knows what in the sun! Ten thousand cubic yards of dirt moved in three months, and the ditch little more than a shallow gully marked off on the landscape! It was preposterous to think it could be finished in one year.

In his pessimistic mood, the abortive attempts of the puffing engines to cut through the sand ridge made him think of grotesque ants trying to move a mountain. For six months they had asthmatically groaned and

snorted away at their task, and what had they accomplished?

"I can't afford to fail this time," Welden groaned between clenched teeth, "and yet—yet it is an impossible task. There's something wrong. Mr. Vincent has been misled or—or—No, he wouldn't deceive me. What object could he have in that?"

The big contracting firm of Vincent & Company had figured on the job, and had secured the contract for a sum much lower than any competitor. Welden was merely a link in the chain. As chief engineer in the field, it was simply up to him to carry out orders from Mr. Vincent, and those orders proved a herculean task. There had been delay at first in getting the machinery delivered—through no fault of his—and then duplicate parts were missing, and accident seemed to follow accident. "Old Cyclops" had failed him at a critical moment, and the prospects were gloomy.

"If it wasn't for Mr. Vincent I'd chuck it—yes, chuck it, reputation or no reputation," he growled. "I'm no quitter, but this thing is impossible."

Half an hour later he had sent a long telegram for instructions in which a good deal of his pessimism was unconsciously injected. Then, with the help of Jim and six hours of heart-breaking work, he managed to make such repairs on the old steam shovel that it would half-heartedly perform its allotted task. In the midst of his discouragement, the reply to his telegram was handed to him. A long whistle of astonishment, and then:

"Here's for a rest, Jim. Read that!"
The orders were brief and to the point:—

"Henry Welden:

"Suspend all operations. Lay off men and await my arrival. Important developments necessitate this.

"WILLARD VINCENT."

"That means," began Jim stupidly, "that—"

Welden laughed boisterously at the engineer's astonishment.

"Yes, Jim, it means we're discharged, and we can go back to gold prospecting again. Remember the time we spent six months in developing the old placer mine at Gilt Edge Creek until we ran out of funds? Well, we're up against that same thing, only in a little different form."

"I've often been a-wishing that we had that old hydraulic plant down here to scatter this sand. Why, Mr. Welden, we moved ten times as much dirt and gravel with that squinter as we do with these rigs. Why don't they scrap these shovels and hydraulic the gravel bank?"

"Why, Jim, you should know that as well as I do. With water worth a dollar a barrel in this God-forsaken desert, we'd run up a pretty bill for Vincent & Company."

The engineer wiped the beady sweat from his face and growled inaudibly to himself. Welden walked back to his shack pitched in the desert and made out the pay-roll to date.

"I'll accept orders literally, and shut down tonight."

Five days later he stood by the way station, six miles from camp, waiting the arrival of Mr. Vincent. When the train slowed down to permit passengers to alight, a slight figure in a trim traveling suit of some neutral color swung off. No other passenger condescended to change his seat in the hot, stifling cars.

"Hasn't come," exclaimed Welden in disgust. "All my trouble for nothing. 'I'll be—'"

The slight figure was approaching him, and as the champagne-colored veil was partly lifted, he caught sight of inquiring eyes.

"Are you Mr. Welden?"

She seemed to accept his stare as an affirmative, and continued sweetly:

"My father—Mr. Vincent—couldn't come, and I have taken his place. I—I have the money here for the men."

She touched a neat hand-bag with a golden monogram studding it. Welden smiled in spite of himself. Think of her traveling two thousand miles with nearly five thousand dollars tucked loosely in such a contrivance! It was all of five thousand dollars up to date, including his own salary, and the men were eagerly waiting for their money.

He led her to the desert buckboard and

helped her to the hard seat. Fortunately, the afternoon was waning, and the sun was cooling off its rays. Between the jolts of the uncomfortable vehicle he learned the story.

Mr. Vincent had been growing old, and had lately left much of his business to his subordinates. They had figured on digging this section of the irrigation ditch, and in the hurry he had not checked off their estimates. Then when too late the error had been detected. At the contract price, the firm of Vincent & Company was more than likely to be ruined. The job could not be finished, and every cubic yard of dirt moved meant a loss to her father.

"So, you see, father has decided to give it up," she added. "A receiver will be appointed, and he will not get anything for what he—what you have done. But he wanted the men paid off, and he thinks he may be able to get you to stay with the new people who will take it up."

Welden looked into the face by his side, and then blurted out as he clucked at his horse:

"No, I'll quit with your father. He did me a favor once, and I've staid here partly to repay it. I've felt all along there was something wrong. At the rate we were moving the dirt, it would take two years instead of one to cut through that sand ridge. I've been doing some figuring myself, and these old machines here are losing propositions."

"Yes, father said he was afraid they were a little—antiquated," she responded.

Welden did not comment. He was thinking of "Old Cyclops" trying to remove ten cubic yards of dirt when it was rated at thirty.

"If I could do anything, Miss Vincent, I would stay here for your father's sake, without pay, but—"

She shook her head slowly, but with the disapproving smile on her lips there was a tear-drop shining in the eyes.

"How is your father?" he asked abruptly.

"He is not very strong," she murmured. "This—this failure has prostrated him, and I fear his mind will give way under the load."

A look of pathetic weariness crept in her face, and Welden inwardly rebelled at his inability to cheer or help her.

The camp was no place for a woman, but two hundred men contributed their services freely to make it more comfortable for the woman who had journeyed two thousand

miles to pay them off. Secretly they left one-third of their wages in Welden's hand, which he was to return to her when she finally left for the East. They would not touch a cent more—not if they starved. Jim even insisted upon giving half of his wage, and grew angry when Welden refused to accept it.

"It's an even shake, Jim," he replied, "and I can't take more from one than from another."

"But you'll be giving more than a third of yours, I'll bet," retorted the old engineer angrily.

Welden flushed and turned away without replying.

Two days after Miss Vincent's arrival in camp, Jim came into Welden's half-dismantled shack with the astonishing news that "Old Cyclops" had quitted the job in dead earnest.

"She's sunk in the hole she's been digging," he explained. "Got tired of holding up her head, I guess."

"Then that means we'll have to dig her out and spend more time repairing her. We must remember that the machinery is part of Mr. Vincent's available assets, and we can't injure any of it."

They worked two hours in the excavation where "Old Cyclops" had tumbled. Then Welden, in trying to attach a grappling iron to her truck, nearly slipped over his head in a sea of soft, moist sand. When he pulled himself up by means of the derrick chain, he had a queer expression on his face.

"Jim, that sand's wet down there," he said. "How do you account for that?"

"I dunno!" simply and honestly replied the engineer.

"Well, I think I understand it, and I see now why 'Old Cyclops' dropped down into that hole. There's water down there, Jim."

The engineer nodded assent, but with no intelligent light on his face.

"Can't you grasp the situation, you old gold-digger?" impatiently demanded Welden. "There's an underground spring or river down there, and 'Old Cyclops' is falling in it. If we give her a push or two she'll go way through the crust."

When this news broke on Jim's dull mind, he took a new interest in life. Half a hundred men brought up a second steam shovel and trencher and set them to work to dig around "Old Cyclops." But the more they

excavated the deeper the old steam shovel dropped down. Her extreme weight broke through the light crust, and then with a rumble and splash, the machine disappeared from sight.

"That settles it!" exclaimed Welden. "We have found water. In the morning we'll sound the depth and find how much we have."

The examination of the underground spring showed that a perennial supply of clean sweet water bubbled up around "Old Cyclops," and that the source of it was apparently inexhaustible. Welden kept himself close to his shack that day, and he was so busy with his maps and figures that he could not take his customary stroll with Miss Vincent.

Haggard-eyed but jubilant, he emerged from his shack late at night and stumbled over to Jim's abode. Rousing that man from his sleep, he said:

"Jim, I've sent all of the money away—every dollar you and the men trusted me with for Miss Vincent."

The engineer stared at him to see if he was crazy.

"You can call me crazy, Jim, and I won't hit you, but I had to do it," he continued. "See, here are my figures. With these old steam shovels and trenchers, we've moved less than five hundred cubic yards of dirt a day, and when they break down we're losing that much of work through idleness. Now up in Gilt Edge Creek we used to remove twice that amount with our one old hydraulic. If we had three of these old machines working here we could—"

Jim started up and began to dress himself.

"When will the old squirters come?" he interrupted.

Welden laughed.

"I've ordered them to come at once, and I pledged every dollar we had among us to pay the first installment on them."

"Well, I've got a little laid by, and you can add that to the next payment. But I want to see that water again. It might shift and leave us while we slept."

For a good part of the night the two old gold prospectors sat on the edge of the hole and listened to the trickle of the water. For three days thereafter they worked heroically to get things in shape for their new excavating machinery. Miss Vincent, at their urgent request, remained over.

One morning when she opened her eyes

she was conscious of a throbbing and heaving of the earth which greatly mystified her. She lay quietly on her couch for some time, listening. She had spent some weeks once in a mining camp, and the queer vibrations of the earth made her think of that experience. There was the hiss of escaping steam and the rhythmic throb of machinery, with a queer, dull rumbling noise as if the earth was being demolished by some irresistible force.

When she dressed and walked out into the hot atmosphere of the early morning, the whole camp was alive and active, and from the great ridge of sand which had proved the Waterloo of Vincent & Company great clouds of steam seemed to rise. Occasionally spurts of water shot high in the air and formed beautiful rainbow effects against the background of white sand. The sight fascinated the girl from the East, but her quick wit came to her rescue. She had not been unmindful of the attention and loyalty of the workmen, and she instantly divined some foolish attempt on their part to redeem her father's reputation. Certainly the whole camp was in feverish activity.

On the top of the great sand ridge, with measuring instruments and signal flag in his hands, stood Welden. Below him Jim was directing the powerful stream of water from an immense hydraulic, across which they had painted in red, "New Cyclops." The powerful hydraulic was disintegrating the sand ridge like a sea tide eating away a sand bank. Designed to wash away rocks, gravel and sand for mining, the big leviathan found it child's play to bore its way through the soft, yielding sand. The great suction, rotary pump drew its water from the underground stream, and squirted it through the long nozzles with sufficient force to demolish a stone wall. Even as Miss Vincent watched in surprise and astonishment, half the great ridge caved in and nearly engulfed several of the workmen under tons of sand. Welden was waving frantically signals from above, and in reply Jim directed the men in their work below.

Little as she knew about hydraulic mining and dredging work, Miss Vincent realized that something unusual was happening. There was a fascination in this scattering of the sands before the onrush of tons of foaming water. The slow, deadly-monotonous

excavation of the sands by dredge and bucket had dulled the energies of the workmen—so many cubic yards per minute, so many per month, and the sand ridge always towering defiantly before them—but under the power of the new force they ran around like imps in a mimic battle of war. So absorbed were they in their work that not for a long time did they notice the girl watching them. Then a silence followed by a cheer; Jim twisted the nozzle of the powerful arm of the hydraulic and made a grand-stand, spectacular spurt of water. It missed its target and swept the crest of the sand ridge away like a house of paper.

Miss Vincent uttered an exclamation of fright. Jim lowered his frightful engine of destruction and glared through water-soaked eyelashes toward the rising sun. In his careless aim he had demolished the crest of the ridge, and with it had gone Welden.

The force of the water had carried their chief a hundred feet over the ridge, and when they reached his side he was cleaning sand and muddy water from ears, mouth and nose.

"Jim, you scoundrel!" he stammered. "You did that once before on the Gilt Edge Creek, and—"

He silenced his threat, for near him stood one whose ears could not listen to such words. The eyes had such an intense expression of concern in them that Welden felt a queer sensation. He forgot his predicament, his anger at Jim, and his anxiety to hurry the excavation.

"Are you hurt, Mr. Welden?" she asked tenderly, offering a hand despite his water-soaked, sand-covered clothes.

"No, only knocked out by my own medicine," he replied, rising somewhat painfully. "I know now we can get through this sand ridge in half the time the contract calls for, and it won't cost a third what your father figured on. That underground stream and our 'New Cyclops' will turn the trick."

"But where did you get this—this—"

She stammered in confusion, pointing at the pulsating hydraulic.

"Oh, that is an old squirter Jim and I used for mining. We used to knock the roof of mountains off with it, and this sand ridge can't stand against it. She's worth a dozen steam shovels out here, and if the water holds, you can wire your father we'll save the contract for him and make a good profit.

'Old Cyclops,' after all, played a good trick, for it found the underground stream for us."

"If you're no worse, Mr. Welden, I'll start her up again," interrupted Jim, looking longingly at his machine.

"Certainly, start her up, Jim. I never told you to shut her down. Miss Vincent here will help me back to my shack, and later I'll join you."

Half way across the intervening sand stretch, Welden seemed to lean heavily on

his companion's arm, and her willowy form bent toward him to give him support. Jim, squinting sideways, shook his head and muttered:

"It's no place for a woman out here. She'll cause trouble, and then—huh! they're all alike!"

But whether the derogatory remark referred to Welden or Miss Vincent or to machines for excavating sand and gravel, it is not quite clear. Only Jim knew, and he was a discreet man, given to much silence.

A BUNCH OF WHITE ASTERS

By M. C. LENDON

A WINTER evening among the mountains cold and silent and chill. Not a sound to break the monotony of the November gloom save a dull moaning among the pine trees or the occasional call of a lonely bird. At the little farm-house nestling among the Catskill hills, the day had seemed never so dreary. Aunt Dorothea and Uncle Hiram Saunders sat in the living-room of their small cottage and watched through the hazy windows the darkness as it came silently and drearily down, both thinking, no doubt, how like to their own lives, so nearly completed, was the oncoming night. For they were old and feeble now, these two occupants of the mountain cottage; Uncle Hiram would soon be seventy years of age, and Aunt Dorothea had, only a few days back, baked a delicious spice-cake in honor of her sixty-fifth anniversary. Yes, time was fast bringing them to the "sunset and evening star" of life, and soon would come "the dark."

They sat side by side, he with her hand clasped in his, she with her head nestled on his shoulder. Not too aged had they grown to be able to love and st trueach other.

Uncle Hiram was thinking deeply as he gazed upon the winter landscape before him.

He was thinking of Dorothea sitting so quietly by his side, the playmate of his childhood, the tender sweetheart of his boyhood, the loving companion of his manhood, the wise counselor of old age. She had been a good wife to him through all the years, even cheerful and hopeful through fortune's changing scenes. Truly, she had been a good wife to him and a tender mother to Marie —. But the thought of that name brought a pallor to his cheek, a shiver to his frame, a rising sob to his throat.

Marie was their only child in whom every hope of their fond hearts was centered. She had left her humble home in order to win fame in the brilliant city with her wonderful voice. She had left them in anger, for the father had been harsh to her because of "that stubborn vanity of hers"; his words even at parting had been cruel, "you'll live to rue this day, this silly act of yours sometime when your mother's heart is broken, when I am laid in my grave, then you'll wish you had stayed with us." Now, all anger had gone. He only longed for his proud, beautiful daughter upon whom the world was now lavishing such praise.

Her name had brought her back to him

so forcibly that ere he could check himself, he had awaked from the realms of the ideal with a start, and with a yearning found in our world of stern reality he cried aloud, "Marie, daughter—our baby girl!" The silent figure by his side turned her face toward his at that magic word, and whispered, "Father, I want her, I want our child, our Marie! Won't you ask her to come home?"

"Yes, mother, I will," he said, softly kissing her quivering lips. "You know, the white asters by the front window are in bloom now, they're mighty pretty, too, and mother, I'm going to send her a bunch of them to wear in her hair—you know her hair is golden. Don't you remember how her little face always looked with those golden curls around it? And I'm going to write her to come back to see us again just for a little while. I'll tell her how we miss her and want her, and maybe—maybe she'll come."

And the mother answered with a glad smile, "Yes, dear, maybe she will come."

* * * * *

Marie Saunders sat in the elegant parlor of one of New York's most splendidly furnished hotels. Clad in white, her snowy neck and arms glittering with jewels, she looked, indeed, a queen. She was waiting for the carriage which was to convey her to her theatre, for Marie Saunders, the beautiful, the gifted, had become the most famous prima donna of the day. The metropolitan city lay prostrate at her feet, as it were, in wonder and admiration. Night after night she held them spell-bound, thrilling every heart of her vast audience so that now, while barely in the first years of her womanhood, she had won all that ambition could demand, —fame and fortune. Yea, the whole world smiled upon her.

Perhaps tonight, as she sat waiting, she was thinking of this success, for often a smile illumined her features—a sweet, pensive smile, more sad, however, than joyous. Her reverie was broken by the words, "Mademoiselle, your carriage," and carefully wrapping a heavy robe around her bare shoulders, she entered her carriage, silent and thoughtful.

Eight o'clock at Curtis' theatre afforded a scene fascinating in its brilliance. Fashionable New York had gathered there, eager

for one last sight of their favorite. The prima donna would appear before them tonight for the last time of the season before going on her Western tour, and it seemed as if the whole city had turned out to do her homage. Every seat was taken. Gallery and pit presented a sea of faces. Even standing room could not be obtained much longer. Beautiful women and handsome men chatted genially. Gay laughter and greetings resounded on every side, until the curtain rose and Marie appeared upon the stage. First, a hush greeted the famous singer as with breath caught, the audience gazed upon her, then applause loud and long broke forth, almost deafening in its intensity. The prima donna smiled for a moment upon the admiring throng and soon stood quiet and composed until the house had grown perfectly still, then, after a short prelude from the orchestra, she raised her head and stepping slightly forward, glided into a solo which bore its listeners away on the wings of song to a land of tranquil skies, blue lakes and dew-kissed flowers. She sang of Italy with its sunshine, of Switzerland with its mountains, of Scotland with its banks and "bonnie braes." Song after song burst from her lips as time after time she came before the footlights. When the moment came for her last solo, with a sigh of regret the pleasure-seekers realized that they were about to lose their favorite, that her voice would soon charm a people in far-distant lands.

As Marie came upon the stage for the last time, it seemed that she had never been so lovely. The careful observer, however, might detect a change in her appearance. She wore the same robe as at the beginning of the evening, to be sure, her hair was arranged in the same burnished coils, yet there was something different. It was this: instead of the bunch of lilies that had before been fastened at her waist, there lay on her bosom a cluster of pure white asters, not of the hot-house variety, but simple, daintily-perfumed flowers grown in a home-yard out in the open air, fed upon heaven's own sunshine and dew. The lips of the prima donna quivered, her eyes shone with unshed tears, her cheeks glowed with a warm, rich hue as she stood there in all that blaze of light, ready to begin her last solo.

Upon the program the final number was printed, "The Dungeon Song," from "Il

Trovatore," but instead of that weird melody, there came forth in a voice of longing and love the time-tried and world-hallowed words,

"Mid pleasures and palaces
Though we may roam,
Be it it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

Never in all her career had she sung as she did then—throwing her whole soul into the tender lines; the liquid, clinging notes thrilling and filling and lulling the hearts of many who were "exiles from home."

As she sang, Marie could see the home of her childhood among the Catskills where a loving father and mother prayed for her return. Her father's harsh words on the day of her departure were forgotten now. That one message, "Daughter, come back to Daddy and Mother; they need you," overbalanced every feeling of resentment. There only remained a wild desire to go back to the "lowly thatched cottage" again.

As the last notes died away, the prima donna with bowed head and swelling heart left the stage, unmindful of the rising sob followed by a storm of applause which came

from the enthralled audience. She had forgotten her glory now, and only murmured to herself, "I am going home tonight, back to love and duty."

* * * * *

The mountain region again. The self-same cottage nestled among the hills, the same gray-haired father and mother seated near the window at the noon hour looking upon a snow-wrapped world, this time with the sunlight glittering upon it. Not much of their conversation is heard, only this in a low voice: "Mother do you reckon she got the flowers? I wonder if she liked them. Mother, do you think Marie will ever come home again?" A quick knock upon the door, a well-known step across the threshold, a loved voice crying, "Father, mother, I've come to you! I've come home to stay. These brought me back, look!" and she held in her hand a bunch of withered flowers. "Mother, mother," cried the old man, "it's my asters! They brought our darling home!" and amid sobs of joy and kisses of rapture the curtain falls upon them. We leave the three happy in each other, mother, father and daughter in a union made perfect by love.

THE WORLD'S DESIRE

O BEAUTY, thou immortal flame of fire,
Forever dost thou gleam upon the sight:
The wonder thou of men, the world's desire—
A torment and delight!

From the bright casement fair of paradise,
Angel of pity doth Sandalphon strain
To weave in garlands the impassioned sighs
Of souls that strew thy train.

Thy roses fade, but thou thyself dost lie
Safe at the inmost heart of dusty doom;
A million times thy million stars may die,
But thou dost ride the gloom.

Smile from thy height upon the lowly sod;
Smile on the soul of man in age and youth;
O shadow of the awful shade of God,
And light the world to Truth!

Edward Wilbur Mason.

CARMENCITA

By WILL GAGE CAREY

"THE most thrilling ascension?" repeated Antonio Nunez, the celebrated aeronaut to whom I put the query, — "ah, yes; well I remember it, senor. Let us sit yonder in the cool of the garden, and I will tell you of that wild flight through the air; and how I was brought face to face with death, — and Carmencita!" Then seated beneath the luxuriant, spreading foliage of that tropical garden, he told me the story.

"It was not so many years ago this happened, even though I had just started on my career as an aeronaut, for you must know that here in Mexico the science of ballooning has not been so long known as in your own country. I had not made over a dozen or so ascensions, yet I was already known throughout the whole land, and was shown as much honor and was thought by all to be as daring as the brilliant toreadors who came each year from Spain to fight the fierce Andalusian bulls.

"I was travelling through the Guadalajara country, giving exhibitions at various little towns, usually where a *fiesta* was being held; for the promoters had only to advertise that I had been engaged to ascend into the air with my great balloon, and the crowds would come pouring in from all the country surrounding.

"Ah, that beautiful Guadalajara country, senor! The rolling rivers, the purple hills, the verdant plains where nestled the sparkling lakes; but loveliest of all,—the *senoritas* of that country! I had travelled far and wide, but nowhere seen such grace and charm and wondrous beauty. I had never known before what it was to truly love; but now I — *Caramba!* I'm telling the last of my story first!

"I had been engaged to make ascensions at a little town which lay just at the foot of the mountain ranges. A *fiesta* was being held there, and I was to ascend once each day during the entire week. A vast crowd had thronged into the little town; a noisy, boisterous assembly, — carousing, gambling,

drinking *pulque*; making the most of their holiday as though they never expected to see another.

"Few among them had ever seen a balloon. From the moment I began filling the great silken bag with gas they pressed about in their eager curiosity and wonderment, it was with difficulty that I could get things in shape at all. At last, however, the big balloon was nearly full. As I hurried to and fro making the final preparations for the ascension, the crowd suddenly swung back as a magnificent black horse dashed up, and a young girl sprang lightly down from its gleaming back, and with bridle-rein slung over her arm stood watching the swaying balloon, her beautiful dark eyes aglow with animation. Suddenly she gave the rein to a young Mexican to hold, and came over near where I was at work; I paused and stood there spell-bound gazing straight into her face.

"Such a face!

"A clear, delicately-tinted, olive complexion, — full, red lips, now parted in a half-smile of wonderment and doubt, revealing her pearly teeth of dazzling whiteness, and eyes, — great, dark, lustrous eyes into which I gazed and seemed unable to turn away!

"I'm not so handsome as many men, senor; but, somehow, she seemed to have taken a fancy to me—I could tell that much by the way she looked at me; as for myself, I had fallen madly, desperately in love at first sight!

"At that moment the richly-dressed young Mexican who had assisted her to alight from the spirited black horse came and grasped her roughly by the arm, and rebuked her angrily for the looks and sweet smiles she had bestowed upon me. His piercing dark eyes smoldered with the light of intense jealousy and hatred as he gazed in my direction, meanwhile continuing to upbraid the beautiful Carmencita, — for such I heard him call her during his vehement and mad-dened tirade. I would gladly have taken him to task for his manner toward the young

girl, and for the personal remarks he made concerning myself, in his furious outburst; but the moment for the ascension was at hand, and I could wait no longer. I gave the signal to my helpers to cut loose, then as I grasped the handle of my trapeze and soared quickly upward, I glanced at her again. With the sweetest little manner imaginable she laughingly motioned for me to take her along with me, her dark eyes dancing with merriment. '*Yo tambien! Yo tambien!*' (I also!) I heard her say, and the sweet entreaty of her voice thrilled me through and through.

"The roar of a thousand voices reached my ears as I shot swiftly upward; but I heard only those last words of Carmencita, — '*Yo tambien!*' My eyes were fastened upon only one in all that mighty throng. She was sinking away from me faster, — lower, lower, — now I could only distinguish from out the dark mass beneath her little silken mantilla which she waved at me until some one seemed to seize her roughly and hurry her away. At length I felt myself sailing gently along through the air, a thousand feet above the gaping crowd. My head was in a whirl, — but it was not because of the height, señor!

"I don't recall much concerning my flight that day. I remember, however, that I pulled loose my parachute much sooner than common, and floated gently back to earth without mishap. The balance of the day I was busy getting the balloon loaded up and hauled back to town.

"That night a still greater and more tumultuous crowd attended the *fiesta*. Some were playing the games of chance, wildly, impetuously. Others strolled to and fro, laughing, chatting, and listening to the sweet strains of music from the band. I spent the entire evening searching amidst the gay revellers the face that had so impressed and fascinated me; no trace could I find of Carmencita! I concluded that she must have ridden in from some of the outlying rural estates, and had long since returned to her home.

"At last weary and disheartened with my futile search I returned to the *casa* at which I was stopping and retired; but alas! not to sleep for many hours. The vision of that beauteous face floated ever before me, and my mind was wretched with the thought that,

try as I might, I would perhaps never see her again. Ah, señor, you smile? you are of a colder clime; you know not what it is to love — to adore, as do we with natures more intense and impulsive!

"The hour for my second ascension was at hand.

"The big balloon pulled and tugged at the ropes which held it; the crowds surged and thronged about me more eager and excited even than the day before. A moment more and I would be high in the air above them. I stepped back into my dressing-room to leave my sombrero. When I came out again I saw the young Mexican, my rival for the affection of the lovely Carmencita, bending over the ropes of my trapeze. At my approach he straightened up quickly and darted off into the crowd.

"My suspicions were instantly aroused.

"I thought that he had severed some of the strands, possibly, so that the ropes would break while I was in mid-air. I caught up the bar of the trapeze, and standing on the ropes attached, tested them with all my strength. They were strong and firm. What could he have been doing with them then? My suspicions were by no means dispelled, but I forgot the circumstance entirely when I turned again to the crowd; a delicious delirium began stealing over me, — before me stood Carmencita!

"She looked even more radiantly beautiful than on the previous day; but ah, señor, so unhappy!

"Her eyes showed that she had been weeping. She looked frightened and disturbed. The young Mexican approached and stood sullenly by her side. Then I saw how it was: he had warned her, threatened her. She gave him a look of mingled scorn and contempt; it was plain that she resented his manner toward her, for with a defiant little laugh she kissed her hand to me as I gave the signal to my assistants, grasped the bar and swung upward into the air.

"At that instant I heard her piercing scream and saw the flash of steel as he sprang toward her. Then the group where she had been standing seemed but a seething turmoil of riot and confusion. I drew myself up onto the bar and grasped the ropes, — by only a hair's breadth I escaped being dashed to the ground: the ropes had been saturated with burning acid!

"Words cannot describe the horror, the torture of those next few moments.

"I let go of the ropes and sat clutching the bar of the trapeze. My hands seemed to be holding to a bar of molten metal. Still I dared not release them for a second, as the balloon was pitching and lurching in its upward flight so that it was only with the greatest effort that I kept from being thrown from my perilous position.

"At last I could retain my grasp no longer. The acid seemed burning into the very bones of my hands. With the little strength I had remaining, I managed to jerk open a valve to the big bag above, allowing the gas to escape; then the power of my hands left entirely. Unable now to sit upright upon the bar, I was forced to hang by my knees face downward over the yawning abyss beneath.

"What a scene lay spread out below me! The hills, the valleys, the verdant plains; the rivers, — tiny bands of silver, which seemed ever beckoning to me: calling me to drop — drop — drop into their cool, limpid depths! My mind was fast clouding, from the rush of blood; my ears rang with strange sounds, — yet above all I seemed to hear the call to drop — drop, and end my torture!

"The balloon was drifting rapidly now with the wind. I still had sense enough remaining to note that it was floating in a direct line for the beautiful Lake de Chapala, whose great, glimmering surface reflected the blue of the sky like a mammoth mirror. Nearer, nearer I came to that great sea of burnished silver. If I could only hold out until the balloon was over it!

A great weakness came over me. I closed my eyes as I felt myself slipping, — slipping from the bar! When I opened them a second later I saw the glittering waves beneath me. I felt myself swooning,

then plunging head first from the bar, down — down into space!

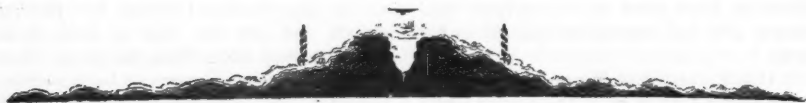
"The shock of the cold water must have revived my senses, though I knew not when I struck them. I came to the surface half suffocated, but with strength sufficient to swim slowly toward the shore. Though it was not more than half a mile to land, it seemed an eternity before I drew close to it; then looking away inland, a sight met my eyes which gave me strength and determination! A black steed galloping toward the water's edge, and leaning far over his glistening flanks, urging him on to greater speed, — was Carmencita!

"A hundred yards from shore I felt the weakness coming over me again; I struggled on, on — yard by yard — then suddenly complete exhaustion came over me; I sank, helpless, beneath the waves!

"When I regained consciousness I was on the gleaming sand by the edge of the lake, with my head in Carmencita's lap, and her beautiful head bending over close to mine. She had arrived in time to witness my last faint struggles, — then had plunged fearlessly into the waves and brought me safely to shore.

"My first inquiries were concerning the tragedy which seemed to be taking place as I was soaring into the air. She told me that the young Mexican, wildly insane with jealousy, had attempted to kill her; he had been grappled with, however, before he could carry out his intention, and the knife taken away from him; but before he could be turned over to the police he had escaped to the mountains.

"That, senor, was the most thrilling ascension I have ever made; there in the beautiful Guadalajara country, — where I came so near to losing my life, — but found, instead, a jewel of priceless worth and radiant beauty — my wife, — Carmencita!"



LEGEND OF THE BLACK BEACH CROWS

By MARGARET E. COFFIN

THE tide had gone out into the wide ocean spaces and the long spits and bars of Useless Bay lay bleaching in the sun. An Indian canoe rested against the outer bar and beside it stood a half-breed girl,—Annita.

Fair Elizabeth, native-born of Whidby Island, guided me across the intervening sand and marsh and presently we stood beside the canoe. In utter silence Annita steadied it until we were seated, then stepped lightly in and paddled away in the direction of Willow Point.

The gardens of Posidon gleamed beneath the clear, still water, and along the southwestern horizon were the Olympics retiring into distance, smoke-blue, soft and vague.

Annita managed her canoe with the deft skill of the Indian and in twenty minutes ran it in-shore and made fast to a fallen tree that lay out on the sand above high tide. She then led the way to a dense clump of dwarf-firs from whence we could look out across a wide bar containing the clam-beds of the south shore.

I was in a quiver of excitement and even Elizabeth's calm face took on a glow of anticipation, for Annita had promised to show us a sight never before beheld by any but the children of the forest.

For some time we watched her impassive face for a sign. At length she uttered a guttural exclamation and nodded toward the opposite side of the bar, at the same time clasping her hands and rocking her body slightly as she crouched in concealment.

Elizabeth and I looked in the direction indicated and saw a file of cleuchmen issuing from the wood and making across the bar to the clambeds. As they advanced they kept glancing back and uttering peculiar calls. As if in answer came a long flight of noisy beach crows which alighted and arranged themselves in ranks and files across the clam-beds.

Annita swayed and rocked in violent agi-

tation. "The souls of the siwashes, the warriors," she whispered, pointing to the stately ranks of the crows which seemed to grow larger and blacker as the lengthening shadows of late afternoon stretched dark across the bar.

The cleuchmen fell to digging clams and tossing them to the crows who snatched them eagerly and rose circling in the air, until directly over some log or rock they dropped their prey to crush it and then darted swiftly down to feast upon its juicy revelation.

As the work proceeded the crows grew eager to impatience, demanding clam after clam in quick succession, even alighting upon the heads and shoulders of the diggers and with sharp commanding cries urging them to speedier effort.

By this time the sun had sunk behind the horizon and the soft disk of the rising moon gleamed white above the flood of crimson light. A rush of cool, landward breeze bent the stiff branches of the firs and brought to our ears the distant murmuring of the incoming tide.

I turned to speak to Elizabeth, but she motioned me to silent observation, and looking again I saw that the digging had ceased and that the cleuchmen were withdrawing into the deep shadow of the wood, while the crows mustered again in ranks and files, but facing outward this time in watchful silence. "Ahgh, ahgh," muttered Annita, pointing toward the outer bar. "The warrior foes!" And far out where the blended lights of evening touched the rising tide we saw rows upon rows of Indian canoes full of armed braves borne steadily in upon the advancing water.

What could it mean? In some alarm I glanced at my companions. Annita sat in an attitude of keenest watching, her head thrust forward, her eyes gleaming. Elizabeth looked out upon the scene with an expression of quiet understanding, and gave answer to my questioning glance in a low

voice. "We are looking through a veil of years gone by," she said.

The canoes came flashing forward, until they shot through the last of the red light and in the white glamour of the moon were beached upon the bar.

The warriors sprang out upon the sand and sent forth a cry of challenge. The cry was thrown back from the deep shadows across the clam-beds, and the crows, stretching their dark wings and necks, grew swiftly to the form and stature of young braves and rushed upon the advancing foe.

It was a struggle of man to man upon the white sand of the bar, the shells crunching beneath the straining feet, and as the tide of the sea crept farther in the tide of battle was driven farther into the dark shadow of

the overhanging firs. At length we could discern the struggling forms no more and only by the noise, growing faint and fainter, did we know the end was near.

Suddenly there was a deep stillness and then a fierce exultant cry which the hills received and flung out upon the glistening tide.

Then the echoes died away into silence and we heard the wash of the full tide against the shore.

Annita sprang to her feet, pointing with triumphant gestures up and down.

Above we saw a long flight of beach crows winging homeward above the tree-tops, and below empty canoes rocked aimlessly, and with the turn of the tide, went drifting out to sea.

THE DREAMER

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

I OWN the beauty of the lonely star
That mends with pearl the outworn shell of dawn;
The whirlwind vision of Day's chariot drawn
Wildly by the Light, is mine afar;
Those argosies of cloudland, mast and spar,
I own them ere they vanish and are gone;
Night's Milky Way with pleiad daisies wan,
I own it where its radiant clusters are
Spilled down the skies. All loveliness I own
Which my uplifted eyes of daring see,
For lo, my sight hath seated me on throne,
And brought me more than kingly majesty.
I gaze and dream, owning the heights untrod,
Pan's kin aye worshipping celestial God!

A FOOL FOR LUCK

By ANNA A. MERRIAM

"*Martens.*"

DEAR Gorden—
You had better preserve this letter in alcohol, press it between the leaves of your Shakespeare, put it in your safe deposit box, or in some way manage to see that it is kept intact, for it's probable that it may be the last you'll ever receive from my gifted pen. There! I made a period. Almost despaired of gaining that point.

To answer your question first—thank you very much, but I am forced to decline your very kind invitation to go up North and shoot a deer, though it's ten chances to one I'd get shot myself instead. An eagle eye and a straight bead are not my long suits. I've suddenly made other plans for the autumn, and I'll copy a clipping from a Want Column to head my explanation.

"WANTED a feeble-minded gentleman to board. With or without an attendant."

No, I'm not crazy, cracked, dippy, dotty—anything in that line, but I surely think the one writing that Ad. is. Now you know that people who are supposed to be up in such things say that Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do. As the last hits me, the first may too, for I'm going to respond to this delightfully frank invitation. It's gripped me. First my sense of humor, and now my curiosity. Aren't you sort of interested too? Did you ever hear of a normal person with such a desire? "Wanted—A feeble-minded gentleman to board." What in the name of common sense would lead one to display such taste. It's unique. It's immense. It's positively inspiring to run up against anybody so refreshingly original. I can hardly wait to see the lady, for of course no man would do such a ridiculous thing. It's all Egyptian blackness to me. Not a ray penetrates, and I'm eaten up, consumed, burning with curiosity. It may be she is feeble-minded herself, and desires congenial companionship. Or perhaps she hopes to get her clutches on a simple-minded millionaire—I'm sure I don't know.

Of course I know if I conveyed my intentions by word of mouth or pen to any of my numerous relatives, they would immediately engage padded cell and board for me at the real place for touched humanity. Therefore, I don't intend to mention my little plan to anyone but you. I've got to confide in someone, for, being feeble-minded, I can't correspond with the lady myself, and I'm depending on you to do it for me. Engage accommodations without an attendant, and transfer me to her clutches. Then I'll look after myself. I sha'n't be able to write you after I get in, but I'll keep a Journal, and I'm thinking it will be rich reading.

Yes, I can hear you say that it is not fair to the lady and all that. But anybody with such a bee in her bonnet ought to be fooled. It's a kindness too. What would she do with a really feeble-minded man? I'll know soon enough, for whatever brains I'm so fortunate as to possess are all going to be devoted to the task of appearing as simple as possible. I'm going to read up on symptoms and things. Remember, I'm quite harmless. Now write at once and make all arrangements. We don't run any risk of bucking up against people we would know or ever be apt to know, so sail in under our own names. You don't suppose anybody else would possibly get in ahead of us? Perish the thought! Now don't waste time arguing with me. I enclose address.

Your would-be feeble-minded friend,

LARRY.

P. S. Hustle!!

(JOURNAL OF ALICE BRANTLY.)

Monday.

I'm so excited tonight I can't possibly go to sleep, so I'm going to write all about what's happened, and perhaps it will calm me down. I don't dare write any of my friends, but to make it more real I'm going to pretend I'm writing to one.

It was such a piece of luck to be left alone just now, and of course Father thought I'd

send at once for people to fill the house. But I've no such intention. Dear old Aunt Marcia is a sufficient chaperone, and now I'm going to carry out one of my cherished ideas. I've broken the news to Aunt Marcia, and she thinks I'm perfectly crazy. She's sort of scared besides, but I've brought her round to my way of thinking enough so she won't interfere.

For months I've longed to experiment with music on a feeble-minded man. They are naturally less emotional than women, so it would be a better test. I feel positive music could be made a therapeutic influence for good, if properly worked. You know crazy people are always affected by music, and if one devoted one's whole time to influencing them with it—working gradually from one phase to another—I feel sure it would waken the intelligence. Of course I wouldn't dare have a violently-crazy person—just feeble-minded. Anyway, I advertised for one, and got him! Wasn't it luck? A Mr. Gorden Kurth answered the advertisement and said he was sure it was just the place they had been looking for for his cousin Laurence Hallock. He said his family were unwilling to commit him to an asylum, as he was quite harmless, and had occasional sane intervals. Oh, I'm so happy. I wrote right back, and he's coming tomorrow. Isn't it unbelievable luck. I was afraid when I sent my Ad. to the paper that they would turn it down.

I think I'll try Beethoven's funeral march first on him. It's so grand and soothing, and he'll probably be a little excited at the change of quarters. Now I must try to go to sleep. Good-night Journal, I'm going to tell you everything that happens.

(JOURNAL OF LAURENCE HALLOCK.)

Tuesday.

Well, this is the greatest thing I ever ran up against! And let me say right off, it's no sinecure of a job I've struck. This being feeble-minded in the presence of the prettiest, sweetest girl in the world, not only has drawbacks, it's regularly difficult. What her game is it's beyond me to say. Praise Be! I've not lost my intellect, but I have lost my heart. I'll step to the fair Alice's piping from now on. It only took me about half a minute to come to this eminently wise conclusion, when Gord and I stepped off the train this noon,

and were met by a charming girl, who shook hands cordially with us after making sure we were her prey. I'm quite sure I looked vacant enough for all ordinary purposes, for my reckonings were all knocked out. I'd expected some elderly female, who would look crazier than I could ever hope to, or at best a sort of human sign-board of some idiots' institute. I never dreamed but what she would look different from the average run of females—real loony, you know. Instead, here was this altogether-desirable creature, who acted as if we were old friends and she was our very willing hostess. My part was passive, and it was lucky, for I began to feel thoroughly ashamed. At first I thought perhaps she was merely a messenger, but she quickly undeceived us. Gord was quite as embarrassed as I, and equally impressed too. He was also evidently suffering from the same heart symptoms, and I was mighty glad he had planned to return on the next train.

Miss Brantly arranged about my baggage, and then drove herself through a charming country—always up and up and up, with magnificent views at every turn, until it almost seemed as if one more climb would bring us to the sky-line. Finally we drove through a stone-guarded entrance, which wound in and out through primeval forests until we came to an old-fashioned, quaint homestead set in a clearing. Miss Brantly had been explaining to Gord that this year they hoped to stay in the mountains until Thanksgiving, if the roads kept passable.

Her treatment of me was a cross between the deference due your grandmother and the consideration shown a crippled crow. And I continued speechlessly idiotic.

The aunt came out to meet us, looking scared half to death, but putting on a brave front. In my effort not to frighten her, I smiled—a gentle, imbecile little grin—but it worked the other way. She backed into the house in double-quick time. Maybe she thought I was going to kiss her!

When we were shown to my room and left alone, we tried our best to explain the situation to each other. The only result was that we became as maudlinly hysterical as two girls, and had a terrible time to stifle our feelings. Gord was determined I should own up and get out at once. I was determined he should get out, but no owning-up for mine. I had some vague idea of getting

sane mighty quick when he was out of the way. I won; and here I am in the clutches of the most adorable girl in the world, and she's no crazier than I am.

Nothing happened last evening. I've not uttered a syllable yet. Miss Brantly asked me to come to the music room, and I did—stayed there awhile, and then wandered out. Music of a certain kind has charms for me, but not her style. It is the classicist of the classic. I don't pretend to know what she was playing. It gave me the shivers. Why in the world couldn't she have played "The Merry Widow," or something nearer to date?

(JOURNAL OF A. B.)

Tuesday.

He is here, and my luck is still on top. I hope I should be as sincerely anxious to benefit a poor stricken man if he were cross-eyed and toothless besides, but I must admit it's nicer this way. Mr. Hallock is physically a wonderful specimen, and it makes the lack of brain all the more pathetic. He looks immensely strong. Must be over six feet tall,—broad shoulders—strong features and beautiful brown eyes, only they are absolutely without expression. They shift vacantly from one thing to another, or have a fixed, indescribable stare. It's so sad. I've not made any attempt at conversation yet, but I played Chopin's funeral march to him last evening. It didn't act on him as I hoped. Made him restless instead of soothing. I repeated it over and over. I'm going to try Bach tomorrow. Something just technique, over and over, until the notes arouse and hold his attention. Perhaps I made a mistake beginning with the funeral march. He evidently isn't ready for it yet. Now I must go to bed, so I'll be fresh in the morning.

(JOURNAL OF L. H.)

Wednesday.

I was positively so worn out being an imbecile that I couldn't write any last night. It's really no joke. I've practised and practised in front of the glass, and even yet I can't call myself a past master in the unknowing stare—the look that lacks wisdom, etc. I find it grows more realistic if I leave the mouth open and drop the jaw, but, really, I draw the line. The only two flaws I can find in my hostess are an utter lack of a sense

of humor, and an atrocious taste in music. For two days she has scarcely left the piano-stool long enough to eat. Just sat there, hammering scales, or something of that nature, and watching me out of the tail of her eye. She hasn't exactly forced me to stay nigh, but I can stand even her sort of music for the sake of watching her profile. It's irresistible. I've been trying my best to get up nerve enough to have a sane interval, but I can't do it. If she only had any humor! But I'm more and more convinced she hasn't a scrap in her make-up. It's a worse affliction than being feeble-minded.

The aunt nearly ruins my poise. Metaphorically speaking, every time she approaches me she says "good dog" and "nice horsy," and holds out juicy bones and sugar lumps on a snow-shovel.

The one person in the establishment with whom I have no fault to find whatever is the cook. The table is perfect. I couldn't decide at first whether it would be less feeble-minded, or more so, to enjoy a good appetite. I finally concluded it would be quite utterly idiotic *not* to eat the good things, but even in the cause of investigating the truth, I couldn't compass such a sacrifice. Therefore I eat. No more now.

(JOURNAL OF A. B.)

Wednesday.

Things have gone quietly today. Mr. H. talks very little, and sits quite still while I play. My arms are *so* tired. So far I haven't noticed any change in his looks. He is so big and his appetite is huge. Aunt Marcia thinks it's the only sane sign he has shown—his appreciation of Philly's cooking. I have proved to her, though, that statistics show that all idiots are large eaters. I should hate to have him grow violent—he is so strong.

(JOURNAL OF L. H.)

Saturday.

Really, I don't believe I can stand this much longer. It's getting on my nerves. I nearly finished my career today. At lunch-time, as I drew out my chair, my vacant stare focussed anywhere but in the proper direction, I stepped square on the dog—a setter. Now if you've ever done it, you know the unpleasant, squashy sensation it gives you to step on a yielding thing like that. It's

also mighty unpleasant for the animal. He yowled and I yelled, and Aunt Marcia fairly shrieked. It showed what a nervous tension we were all under. We quieted down and started lunch, and then, right in the midst of the meal, it struck me funny. Of all inopportune times to laugh! There wasn't a funny thing in sight nearer than Alaska. Aunt Marcia was still shaken and nervous, and Alice (I call her that to myself) looked like a funeral director. But I *had* to laugh. Nothing could have stopped me, and I made the welkin ring, not even stopping to consider whether my laugh was of the imbecile order or not. Aunt Marcia left the table in a decidedly hysterical condition, and I fled too. Alice went at once to the piano, and began that everlasting thumping again. I could not stand it another second, and walked in and asked her if she wouldn't play "It ain't all honey and it ain't all jam." It somehow seemed appropriate to the occasion. She looked awfully pleased, and was so sorry she didn't know it, but she said she would play a nocturne. Whatever it was, it was better than the scales, and had a little tune. I'm more and more in love with Alice—if I only could be sure of cultivating in her a sense of humor. Perhaps I am the damper.

(JOURNAL OF A. B.)

Saturday.

I'm utterly worn out tonight, and yet quite happy. At lunch I was so discouraged. Without any rhyme or reason, Mr. H. began to laugh! I never heard a maniac laugh before, but I'll never forget it. It was the most uncanny thing imaginable, and made me shiver. Nothing has happened so far that has so impressed his condition upon me. Oh, it is so sad! I went at once to the piano and began Bach again, and here is where I gained some encouragement, for Mr. H. came in of his own accord and asked me to play something. I think he must have been mistaken in any piece of the name he gave—I forget it now, but it was quite queer. But it showed an aroused interest, which I've been working for. His eyes looked really pleading—like a dumb beast's. I played a little nocturne by Mendelssohn, and he seemed to enjoy it. He is so big and fine; like a great overgrown, lovable boy. I have such a funny feeling for him. I can't explain it,

unless it's like a mother's attitude toward a backward child. Good-night, Journal—it's such a relief to talk to you.

(JOURNAL OF L. H.)

Tuesday.

I've been here a week now, and I think I'm "near" feeble-minded because of abysmal depths of mental depression. It's the act of the lowest of the low tricksters and charlatans, to do what I am doing every hour—working on the credulity of the sweetest girl in the world. This part of my Journal will never be seen by Gord, I promise. He'll never know how I loathed myself for this horrible deception, nor how I loved my kind hostess. She will never know either, for no man with an atom of self-respect could have the effrontery to let her know how she has been fooled. My one hope and longing now is to get away somehow without letting her know. But I'm in an absurd position. I'm not watched disagreeably, yet I know perfectly well I could not leave the premises without being discovered. The entrance gates are locked at night, and no other way out save through the pathless forest, which would soon swallow me up. It's a most ridiculous plight, but no more than I deserve. Miss Brantly (I haven't the face to call her Alice any more, even to myself) would be righteously indignant besides mortally hurt, if I should confess, and the funny side of it could never strike her. It's her misfortune not her fault—the Lord made her that way. Anyway, I'm not sure that there is any funny side to see, after all. But even lacking humor, she is the only one in the world for me, and here, by my own headlong act, I've made it impossible to ever try for her. Of all the dolts, fools, imbeciles, idiots, cranks and everything else that lacks buttons—I take the lead. And with all my brains intact, too!

(JOURNAL OF A. B.)

Tuesday.

Perhaps it's too soon to expect results yet, but I do wish Mr. Hallock would have a sane interval. If he only would, I think I'd explain to him what I'm trying to do, and then see if it would in any way affect him after the brain became clouded again. My music has absolutely no effect on him. He simply sits in a sort of stupor, and then

when I speak to him, he just acts dazed. Almost like embarrassment in a sane man. Perhaps, after all, my way isn't feasible, but I won't give up yet. Tomorrow I think I'll take him for a drive and see how the grandeur of the scenery impresses him. It's such a comfort not to be interrupted with visitors. The season is rather late, and it's fortunate, for even one chance guest might make it embarrassing for me. So few people would be able to see my point of view.

(JOURNAL OF L. H.)

Wednesday.

Well, this certainly has been a day of days, and it has somewhat changed my mental viewpoint, too. After lunch, Miss Brantly asked me if I'd like to go for a drive, and I jumped at the chance. Anything to break the monotony of this dreadful piano-playing. And, of course, being an idiot, I knew I could be as silent as a tomb-stone, and just enjoy sitting next to her for several hours.

We were several miles from home, right in the heart of the hills, where the road was often too narrow for two to pass, when one of those utterly unreasonable wind and rain storms came up. It happened in an incredibly short time. The clouds gathered as though by magic, and in a second of time things were humming. Then, to my joy, I discovered that my companion was afraid—real humanly, girlishly afraid, and it simply filled me with joy. She probably wasn't conscious of it herself, but she turned to me—*me* the feeble-minded *me*,—for protection, utterly ignoring the groom in the rear. He was quite stoical, and didn't even make suggestions. The wind fairly zipped through the trees, tearing down huge trees and strewing our path with danger. And the rain! It was like driving through heavy sheets of water. Without a word, I gathered up the reins and took command—picking our way slowly. The rain was so thick that it was like passing through a dense fog, and often we had to halt and move tree-trunks from our way, or jolt over them as best we could. Miss Brantly never said a word, nor did I. She seemed to be in a dream, and I knew I was—a fool's paradise.

(JOURNAL OF A. B.)

Wednesday.

I'm so upset I can't write tonight. Got caught in a terrific storm while driving, and

I'm such a coward. But the storm did not upset me nearly so much as my attitude toward Mr. Hallock. I can't account for the way I turned naturally to him for protection, when I should have been the one to protect him. I think the storm roused his reason. Statistics show that shocks do that. Certainly if he was not sane, I don't know who was. But I've nothing to pin my surety to, for he never said a word. But he certainly had more of his wits with him than I did.

(JOURNAL OF L. H.)

Thursday.

I'm rather worried. The wind yesterday must have swept through my open windows, for my papers were scattered all over. I gathered them up hastily last night, but now I've been arranging the sheets more carefully, and one is lacking. A. B. has avoided me all day, and the piano hasn't been touched.

(JOURNAL OF A. B.)

Thursday.

Oh Journal! dear Journal! my mind is in such a state of chaos I don't know whether I can write sensibly or not. My sensations have come so thick and fast today I can't marshal them in order. I can't even label them. First anger—anger that fairly burned me up. Then, it's incredible, but right on its heels came joy—living, pulsing joy. Then anger again, and shame, and the desire to hide away where no one could ever see me and my mortification. Of course you don't know what I'm talking about. I don't know whether I do myself, or whether I want even you to know. But yes, I must find relief for my feelings, and perhaps I can gain it through even unresponsive you. Anyway, you can't answer back and taunt me for my credulity.

My feeble-minded man is sane. *Sane*, I tell you, as I am. He never *was* feeble-minded—never *will* be. I am the credulous fool to be so taken in. I am angry with him—so angry I could almost kill him for playing with me. And I'm glad—so glad that I could shout it, that he is not crazy. All day I've wrestled with myself. I don't know what to do. If only Father were here to tell me. Not for worlds would I have Mr. Hallock know that I have discovered his sanity, and I cannot think how to get rid

of him. There is probably quite a simple way if I could only think of it. Oh, why should he want to fool me so! I was only trying to do him good.

I haven't told you yet how I found it out. Why, the wind blew a sheet of paper from his window. It must be part of a Journal like this. I picked it up after breakfast, just under his window. Naturally, I had no idea what it was, and looked at it carelessly. You can imagine my feelings when these words confronted me, immediately burning themselves on my mind: "I was positively so worn out being an imbecile that I couldn't write any last night. It's really no joke." And then a little farther on: "I've been trying my best to get up nerve enough to have a sane interval, but I can't do it." These two sentences fairly jumped at me. I won't quote the rest—it was not flattering. Maybe it's true, though. I've kept the paper with me all day. I don't know what to do with it. If Mr. H. misses it, he will hunt for it. I guess I'll drop it on the lawn in the morning. Oh, if only some plan would come into my head! I can't seem to think. Aunt Marcia is no use. And then I'm so ashamed and humiliated I don't want to tell her.

(JOURNAL OF L. H.)

Friday.

"A fool for luck" they say, and it's never been truer than today. I'm not at all sure that I can be coherent, but I'll try, for it may make it seem more real. Not that I intend to tell even a stupid old Journal all

there is to know. It's just locked up inside of me.

Early after breakfast, I sallied forth to hunt my missing manuscript. I searched carefully, but never a sign of it. Then turning a corner of the house, I suddenly came upon Alice (yes, it's truly Alice now) with her back to me, absorbed in reading a letter. I started to back away when I realized it was in reality my missing page she was reading. Before I could rally my wits she turned, and on seeing me dropped the paper and fled like a deer. Without wondering why I ran after, and though something gave her incredible speed, it was from the first a losing race. Stopping suddenly, she faced me like an enraged goddess—panting for breath yet with an angry dignity that leveled me to the ground.

I don't know where I got my courage. It must have been the courage of my convictions, for I was absolutely convinced that there never had been, never could be anybody for me but herself, and I told her so in the quickest possible way. Of course it was the wrong end to start. I should have worked up to it as a climax. But I didn't. I worked down from it until I fairly groveled in the dust in self-abasement, and then—and then—well, then there was another kind of climax—never you mind what, but the feeble-minded man made good all right.

And Alice—Alice insists that I must be feeble-minded, after all, or I never would care for such a ridiculous goose as she. And I tell her feeble-minded is too weak a term—that I'm quite, quite crazy over her.



FLASHING EYES, THE RATTLER

By VINGIE E. ROE

HIGH up on the southern side of a hump-shouldered peak of the Arbuckle mountains he had his home; on the southern side where the sunlight fell so warm upon a great red rock and heated the earth at the mouth of the black slit of a hole beneath. Here on the lazy days he drew his long beautiful body out and stretched in luxurious enjoyment before his stronghold, lying for hours still as the world below, along the narrow ledge, the diamonds on his satin skin shining in the light. Every silent brown trailer of the Indian country knew him, and the fur-people of the hills circled wide around the base of the huge old peak where that red sione blazed above, the flag upon the tower of the castle of the king. And the king he had been always; longer than the lives of the young men of the tribe; long as the memory of the old men, who told sometimes around the smoke-fires, in the evening, weird tales of Flashing Eyes, the Rattler. None had ever counted the record of his years, for none had dared the magic of his evil eyes save Wanno-ta the Brave, and he had lain stark beside the rock for many moons, and even yet, after the rains and snows of years, could be seen from White Man pass, if one had good eyes to look across the glimmer of white bones. Men-wah-pah, the chief, had once offered a hundred ponies to him who should bring the great skin with its wonderful colors and medicine value, but they who went were never seen again, and so the years had passed and the king was left in majesty and state, for who should brave the evil spirits which were the king's retainers?

* * * * *

The agency lay down on the level plain with its cluster of warped pine buildings and straggling dirty tepees, and to Caverly the high lift of the mountains, shelving abruptly up from the earth a half mile to the north, was a sign of salvation. There was something so restful in their unalterable grandeur; a strength and help in their majestic presence which seemed like the hand of a friend on his

shoulder at such times as the loneliness became unbearable. He used to sit at the agency windows—that miserable mistake of a misguided government, which he would scratch off his books forever if it wasn't—well, if it wasn't for certain things back East and for a certain doubt of his own courage and honor which he meant to prove to himself,—and look off to their wooded fastnesses and speculate as to what they held. They hid somewhere back of their curving shoulders, he knew, a strong tribe of the Indians, for they always came from the mountains in such large numbers. That was before the day when he first beheld Secunla. After that he looked at the great hills and wondered behind which rocky pass and peak was sheltered the village where she belonged. Tall and straight and slender as a sapling, soft of tongue as of moccasined tread, her molded copper throat loaded with beads and polished teeth, she came with her people to the agency, and Caverly decided he had discovered a new type of savage. He had looked intently into her face that day and marveled at its beauty of satin-dark skin and sloe-black eyes. She was a full-blood of the Chickasaws, and after that day he took pains to learn more of their outlandish speech. At the disbursement he saw her again. A great party came trailing down from the mountains to the quarterly payment of the tribes, each head bringing his household piled between two long poles lashed to a sleepy pony and dragging on the ground behind, which the women set up into a tepee as soon as they reached their destination. The distribution is always a trying time to the agent. The plain around the agency springs up in a day in a great village of tepees; there are dances around the fires at night, horse races by day, wholesale slaughter of government beeves, and great feasting, which never stops during the five or six days that the distributing goes on. And there is always the unaccounted-for appearance of fire-water, with its disturbing results. This time Caverly spoke to Secunla in her own tongue and smiled at

her shy reply. In the days he was very busy, but he looked out among the lodges many times for the tall girlish form, and at night he went among the red people, talking, smoking with them and even sometimes eating a bit of roasted meat, for he was that rare thing—an agent popular with the Indians. Once he met the girl in the dusk coming from the willow-fringed spring, and as they passed he looked long into the blue-black eyes. What electric, wonderful eyes they were; soft like black velvet, with sudden points of light like gold. She was a study, a true type of primitive life, her interest enhanced by the romance of her savage blood, and Caverly, bored to extinction, decided to study her. By the time the feasting was over, and the tribes were ready to depart, he had won her to talk a little, and her low-pitched voice and dignified sentences filled him with delight. She was shy and silent, and it was hard work getting her to look at him, but he was intensely interested. On the morning that her party started for the mountains, he gave her an old locket with his picture inside, which had been his mother's. Afterward he called himself a name for doing it.

The agency was doubly lonesome after the noise and crowd, and Caverly had a great deal of time to look toward the mountains. He wrote to the East that there was no land like the West, and that he intended making a study of the Indian character. He dreamed a good many dreams in those days, smoking with his feet on the agency window-sill, and one day Black Feather stood suddenly before him, looking at him with sullen eyes smouldering with anger.

"What's the matter with you redskin? You look as if I were on your black books!" Caverly demanded in Chickasaw, but the Indian was silent, fixing him with so malignant a scowl that he took down his feet and ordered him away with no uncertainty. But all that evening he had an unpleasant memory of his eyes.

The weeks wore on, and it was late summer. Across the wide prairie to the south and east the long grass waved brown and golden, the trails were hidden by it, and the stiff stalks of the dead yucca rattled their empty bells in the warm winds that blew up from the south. Lean, long-horned wild cattle began to come in from the plains and edge down to the spring-fed creek for water. The quail called everywhere, and once in

awhile a band of deer swept, unafraid, into the passes of the mountains where the grass was still green and fresh.

The work at the agency was monotonous, but Caverly was strangely contented. His letters to the East conveyed the intelligence that he was learning many things concerning the silent people of the tepees and open fires. And he was. It was no hard matter to devise reasons for bargaining with the village behind the hump-shouldered peak, which would bring them to the agency, and always Secunla came along. He had learned to know that the touch of her slender fingers was as that of the wind-blown white thistle, that her soft brown cheeks were cool and smooth as shining satin, and that the up-rush of warm red beneath them was like a crimson sunset against a storm-dark sky. She was a study worth the while that he would spend out here. The wonderful sombre light which leaped to her eyes when he caressed her was like nothing he had ever seen before. The shy pressure of her wide beautiful mouth thrilled him in a manner which he had thought belonged to the past. And Caverly dreamed, and his dreams were not always holy ones. But sometimes the destiny which rules our lives is peculiarly just.

So the weeks slipped on, and Secunla's eyes began to be deeper and to hold a wistful look, for there had been talk among the tribes of a new agent, and strange things stood before her—visions of a time when there would not be his face at the agency windows to stir into over-mastering riot the wild blood in her heart. Every time they stood together now was to the girl a glory so intense that it was agony, but her native silence hid the turmoil of her soul. Only her face, when Caverly held it between his palms, spoke. And Caverly, quick with the complacency of the trifter, read it aright. And for the reading Secunla was to answer.

The early prairie fires had begun to glimmer in the distance of the hazy days when Time, the criminal, rolled up out of eternity a day full of tricks that were linked together, and the first link had to do with a drunken brawl between Black Feather and Thunder Cloud somewhere out on the trail that led into the mountains, while the last link fell snug around Caverly's neck—and its weight before the end was very heavy. In the dark before the dawn Black Feather, his body slit like a half-skinned deer, crawled into the

camp behind the peak and laid his death at the agent's door. He died at sun-up, but satisfaction for hatred was stamped in his glazed eyes. By noon, so sure to read the signals are the people of the plains, the Indians had begun to gather at the agency. They stood around, silent, watching, grim, wrapped close in their blankets. To Caverly's efforts to talk they replied briefly or with a nod. He was filled with wonder and uneasiness possessed him, for he knew them well enough to know that he was the center of interest some way. They swarmed thicker and thicker around the agency, pressing close up to the windows and encircling the building. Presently down from the pass among the hills came a wonderful party, paint and feathers and naked skin, and in the lead rode Men-wah-pah the chief. Straight to the agency they came, and with few words Caverly was told of his crime, seized, bound, placed a prisoner in their midst, and in so short a time that he was dazed by it all, he was riding up through the rocky ways of the mountains to the village he had dreamed about. He stormed and swore and threatened them with the government, demanding the meaning of such indignity to an innocent man, but utter silence held the interminable line of Indians winding as far back as he could see. At an open point where the trail came out and turned around a cliff, he looked up and across at a great red stone which caught the full light of the sun on its blank face.

The village lay within a high wide valley, fresh and clear and cool. A little stream hurried through the center, loosing itself in the tangle of willows at the end. Tepees were everywhere, and far at the upper end a great lodge stood solemnly alone.

To this lodge the line, massing up in a crowd of hundreds, bore Caverly, and here, not five miles from his prosaic office with its evidences of civilization, he found himself, in all the pomp of savage ceremony, being tried for his life for a crime he knew nothing of. He was learning things about the Indian character with a vengeance. He felt at first that it must be some kind of a joke. It was all so ridiculous. He knew these men well, most of them. He was allowed to talk for himself, and put forth all his ability. They listened in silence.

Caverly shook himself like a wet dog. Surely he must be dreaming. The situation was getting on his nerves. The utter silence

and that ring of hundreds of faces. He had never seen so much paint before. A hideously-adorned medicine man began some sort of a ceremony, and presently four Chickasaws came from the big lodge before whose closed doors the circle squatted and stood, bringing between them a burden. It was the sickening body of Black Feather. Caverly looked with horror at the thing and then around at the triumphant faces. In every one he read his own conviction. They took his repugnance for guilt, and they wanted nothing more.

Once more the forming of the trailing line with himself and Men-wah-pah the center of interest, and in a daze of what was fast becoming panic, Caverly found himself again on the march. As they passed down the valley, the women came from the lodges and joined the procession. Suddenly, as they turned into a different outlet among the rocks, the cavalcade came abruptly upon the form of a girl crouched against the wall. It was Secunla, who had looked ahead and foreseen the possibility of this. Her hands were pressed against her ears and her long black braids, heavy as a pony's tail, hung over her breast. She dropped lower to the earth and her face was as the face of one long dead and in torment. The line swung out and around and on. Caverly looked back and swore.

* * * * *

Would that swinging motion never cease? Outwardly as calm as that fringe of dark faces on the rock above, he looked back at them and continued to swing lower and lower. The sun was so warm against this red sandstone which rubbed his hands as he swung down its face with such tantalizing slowness. There was nothing below but that narrow ledge where some poor devil had starved to death, for he could see a few white bones. Why were those beasts up there so particular about letting him down easy? There was a narrow black hole beneath the upright rock—he could nearly see into it. Great God of the blue above, what was that?

He held his breath a long moment, straining his eyes into the dimness below. A great flat head, broad as a man's hand, was slowly drawing out into the light. Behind it came the shining length of a body whose brilliant paintings flashed in the sun. The king resented intrusion. With a flash of memory,

Caverly comprehended. The utter horror of it all made him dizzy for a moment, and he struggled with the frantic strength of terror. The motion of the rope had ceased for a little, but now he felt himself descend again, slowly, slowly—and that great flat head was coming nearer with its two strange eyes upon his face. Caverly felt his throat swell shut. He closed his eyes and some unbidden instinct rose up out of the depths of his soul and cried to Deity that he had not always sinned.

He drew every muscle tense and waited. Suddenly out on the warm clear air there broke a cry—weird, minor, plaintive—the Indian death-cry—and with a rush of passage, a body shot down beside him. He felt the touch of a garment against his face, and with a jar he fell to the ledge, the end of the severed rope curling across his body.

Before him stood Secunla, motionless, knife in hand, facing that raised shining head as motionless as herself. For a moment nothing moved. The sunlight fell upon her head with its even part between the smooth braids, and Caverly never forgot how it looked. For the years afterward he knew that the belt of beads she wore around her slender waist had lost a few in the back and that the fringed buckskin of her clumsy dress was stained by the red sandstone.

In that still moment when the meaning of her act came to him in its simple dignity and beauty, when he saw in a white light the silent grandeur of her soul learned among the mighty hills, something died in the man's heart, and a better thing was born. He saw her crouch a bit, with her brown arm up-raised for a stroke, and he knew that the king was crawling toward her. Then it was that something within him cried out for her above anything in heaven or earth, and he tore at his bonds to loosen his hands that he might reach and draw her back. Better himself a thousand times than that that horror should so much as touch her hand. But the thing had happened. There was a peculiar cry from the faces above, for the tribe had heard the singing of the great rattles, and the king had coiled and struck.

When Caverly looked he saw her standing tall and straight, her body bending back, her arms, their muscles standing out beneath the fine skin like a man's, stretched high above her head, her hands clasped with all her strength around the giant neck, the forked

tongue playing like lightning against the sky. Back and forth across the ledge she swayed, the lashing coils beating her body, winding about her straining arms and slipping around her shoulders until she gasped for breath, while the uncanny singing of that incessant hiss beat into the silence. Yet ever she held the terrible head above. Once as she bent near him something fell from her breast and rolled to within an inch of Caverly's face. It was the old locket that had been his mother's. He pressed his face in the earth and raged. There was help above, rifles and splendid shots among those rapt faces, and he begged wildly of them to save the girl. That up-held head was an easy target, but not a hand was moved. This was a sight for gods and men, and they would not spoil it. At last Secunla began to weaken. Her breath came in gasps and her dark cheeks took on an ashen hue. Caverly rolled his body near the edge. Better the rocks below than this end which he could not avert.

The new-born thing in his heart looked out of his eyes. If he could only tell her—Ah, it was coming—the end! She backed up against the rock, and he saw that she was slowly lowering her hands. They trembled now and swayed more with the writhing of that horrid form. Nearer to her face came that sickening black head, and with so sudden a movement that he had not time to divine her intention, she sunk her teeth deep into its base—so deep that she bit and bit again for grip. Still—the faces above—the sunlight—the very beating of his heart—and at last, with slowly-dropping folds, the movements of the giant snake—and the king was dead.

Secunla straightened up. She sighed and leaned a moment against the rock. Then with the light in her eyes that Caverly knew she came and knelt beside him, reaching for the knife. When he stood up and took her in his arms, the rock above was bare.

* * * * *

The recipients of certain letters in the East were scandalized. Caverly had deteriorated. Of all men, Caverly had married an Indian woman—a full-blood of the Chickasaws—and he would stay indefinitely in the West, for his wife was reared among the mountains; but in the spring he would bring her back for a trip, to show her beauty, for Caverly was proud of his wife.



AND HERE'S AN ARRAY OF THE GARDEN'S HARVEST

THE PRODUCTS OF THE FARM

SAYINGS BY HON. JAMES WILSON

Secretary of Agriculture

AMERICAN farmers were never more prosperous than they are today. The aggregate value of wealth produced by farmers in 1907 transcended the record of 1906, which was by far the highest ever before reached. The grand total value of agricultural products for 1907 approximates \$7,500,000,000, or over six hundred million dollars more than the crop-value of 1906, and more than a billion dollars more than the crop-value for 1905. Expressed in percentages, the value of agricultural production for 1907 was 10 per cent. greater than in 1906; 17 per cent. greater than in 1905; 20 per cent. greater than in 1904; 25 per cent. greater than in 1903; and 57 per cent. greater than in 1899. The progressive increase of farm-

wealth, taking the year 1899 at 100, was 125 for 1903, 131 for 1904, 134 for 1905, 143 for 1906, and 157 for 1907.

It is also interesting to note that farm products increased in price when compared with those of other labor. Taking the average prices of 1890 to 1899 as 100, the prices of farm products in 1907 were 137, or 37 per cent. higher than in the last decade of the nineteenth century; that of food, etc., was 117.8; cloths and clothing, 126.7; fuel and lighting, 135; metals and implements, 143.4; lumber and building materials, 146.9; drugs and chemicals, 109.6; house-furnishing goods, 118.5; miscellaneous articles, 127.1; and all commodities, 129.5. Thus the farmer, though enjoying a higher average price for what he

had to sell (a percentage 7.6 per cent. higher than the average of commodities) had to pay still higher prices for lumber and all metallic products, of which he is necessarily a heavy buyer, while some of the articles which advanced in price the least are not largely consumed on the farm. On the whole, however, we believe that the showing is advantageous to agriculture; and also that, as land becomes relatively scarcer as the world demand for food products increases, the farmer's position will become stronger and stronger.

THE FARMER AS A PRODUCER OF WEALTH

The farmer not only produces a vast amount of wealth which is distributed for home consumption, but is also the chief factor

"No other class of people have kept their feet so firmly since last October (1907) as the farmers have done, and they have kept their heads, too. They look out over the country and behold the symptoms here and there of financial demoralization and depression, in the light railroad traffic, partly suspended manufacturing, commercial hesitancy, inactivity, and speculative paralysis. They realize that, in so far as these things portend low wages or lack of employment for labor, they must ultimately affect the farmer by limiting the demand for his product; but they are sagacious enough to know that existing conditions, with the world's supply of food relatively low, will prevent any acute depression in the prices of farm



A HORIZON LINED WITH THRESHERS

in increasing the balance of our international trade. Our balance of trade in farm products for 1907 approximated \$444,000,000, which was the chief feature of our foreign credit. In eighteen years—1890-1907—the farmers have never failed to furnish a balance of at least \$193,000,000. The great total for eighteen years showed balances of trade in farm products of \$6,500,000,000.

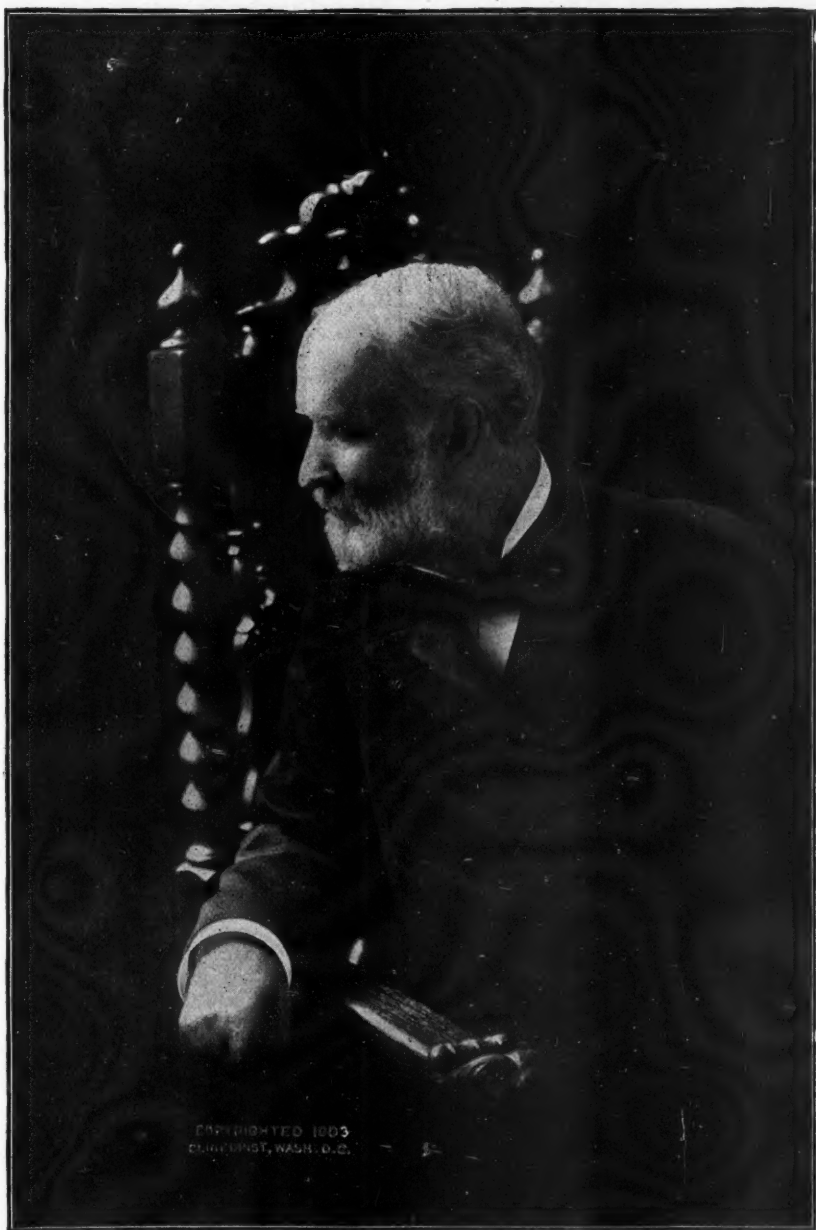
CAUSE OF THE FARMER'S PROSPERITY

The unprecedented prosperity of the farmer is due to a number of causes. The gradual diversification of American industries; the rapid increase in population; improved facilities for the transporting and preserving of farm products, and the education of the farmer by national and state agricultural bureaus, all work together to increase his prosperity. A recent writer, in speaking of the business conditions generally, says of the farmer:

products for two or three years to come, by which time financial disorders affecting other classes will doubtless have passed away. This means assured prosperity for the farmer and a continued chance for him to put money in the bank."

NATIONAL DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

As an important factor of the improved condition of American agriculture, attention should be called to some of the important lines of work carried on by the National Department of Agriculture, and the benefits accruing therefrom to the farmer everywhere. In the past twenty years the Department of Agriculture has grown from a more or less insignificant branch of the government to one of the most far-reaching and influential agencies that are now at work, not only for the farmer, but for many other classes as well. It represents the paramount and basic source of the nation's wealth.



SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE JAMES WILSON

SUGAR-BEETS

Among many lines of work conducted, should be noted the effort to build up new agricultural industries. One of the most important of the industries developed in recent years is the production of sugar from sugar-beets. More or less desultory work was done on sugar-beets as far back as 1867. In 1892, only six factories were in operation in this country, the combined output of which was a little over twenty-seven million

duction of a high-grade sugar-beet seed. For many years American growers have been dependent almost exclusively on foreign countries for our sugar-beet seed, but for three or four years past the Department of Agriculture has been encouraging the successful growth of sugar-beet seed in this country. It has shown that the seed can be greatly improved by breeding, tests of beets from American-grown seed running as high as 17, 18 and sometimes 20 per cent. sugar.



THE FIELDS WHERE HEALTH AND VIGOR REIGN AND DEFY THE SCYTHE OF FATHER TIME

pounds of sugar. For twelve years the department has consistently urged the production of this crop, with the result that there are now no less than sixty-four factories in operation, with a combined output of approximately one-half million short tons of sugar manufactured from beets, with a factory value of \$45,000,000. This industry has been built up by careful and systematic investigation, experiment, and demonstration in the matter of increasing the percentage of sugar in the beet and the tonnage per acre, preventing diseases, and in other ways. One most important factor has been the pro-

The department is also continuing investigations to determine the best localities for sugar-beet production. When we remember that less than one-fifth of the sugar consumed in this country is produced in the states, it is plain that there is abundant opportunity for development; and it is certain that, wherever a sugar factory is located, labor is immediately in demand at higher wages and the value of farm lands increased from 25 to 50 per cent.

NEW RICE INDUSTRY

The National Department of Agriculture benefits all sections. A comparatively few

years ago practically all of our home crop of rice was grown on the Atlantic Coast; the methods of handling it were more or less primitive, the production small, and the country was a large importer of rice. Twenty or twenty-five years ago the coastal plains lands of Louisiana and Texas were pointed out as a region for successful rice culture. They were used largely as cattle ranges and were selling at from \$1 to \$2 per acre. With

A question arose as to the competition of Oriental countries in the production of rice, and one of the department's most capable men demonstrated that one American, with modern equipment, can produce as much rice as three hundred Orientals. As the rice industry developed, it was found that the rice first grown had some objectionable features from the milling standpoint. I secured one of the best experts, and on two



THE TOWERING STALKS THAT SHOW THE SKYSCRAPER FEVER IN THE FIELDS

the introduction and successful production of rice, the cost of land rapidly increased, and the farmers of this region saw the need for improved methods of handling this crop. Many were pioneers from the great wheat-growing states due north—Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois and Indiana. They brought South with them the implements they had used in growing wheat—the gang-plough, drill, self-binder, header and other modern implements—and methods and ideas never before applied to rice culture, making it possible to produce a much larger quantity of rice per man than ever was before.

separate occasions this gentleman has gone abroad, studied rice-production in foreign countries, and brought in new types of seed, with the result that the rice crop of the South has been greatly increased. The production of rough rice has increased from about 300,000,000 to over 900,000,000 pounds in the last ten or twelve years. Last year's crop was worth, in round numbers, about \$20,000,000 to the farmers, or about 36 per cent. above a three years' average.

DURUM WHEATS

A vast territory lying west of the 100th

meridian has until recently been considered of little value for agricultural purposes. The National Department of Agriculture and those of the states lying within this region, have been successful in pointing out methods whereby this country could be utilized, al-



WHERE CORN IS KING

though the rainfall is deficient and other factors are against crop production in the ordinary way. During the last ten years the introduction of crops from foreign countries has been given special attention. One of the specialists of the department was sent to Russia for the purpose of seeing whether wheats adapted to the drier sections of the Great Plains region could be found. These

wheats were secured, utilized in this region, and showed that they had promise of value. In the last seven or eight years, probably \$30,000 to \$35,000 has been spent in bringing in new types and introducing them. As a result there has been a vast increase of wheat production. In 1901 there was grown in this dry section from 75,000 to 100,000 bushels. This was shortly after the first introduction by the department. In 1902, the yield had increased to 2,000,000 bushels, in 1903 to 10,000,000 bushels, in 1904 to 14,000,000 bushels, in 1905 to 20,000,000 bushels, in 1906 to 40,000,000 bushels, and in 1907 to 45,000,000 bushels. The aggregate value of the wheat produced in the seven years mentioned was nearly \$100,000,000. All of this was grown in a section of the country where a few years ago it was not believed that ordinary farm crops could be produced. Durum wheat has also become prominent in the exports. In 1905 Europe took nearly 10,000,000 bushels, and in 1906 over 20,000,000. Last year two-thirds of the exports went to Mediterranean countries. The ancient sheep and cattle ranges sent macaroni wheat to Marseilles, Naples and Venice; to Greece, Spain and the countries of western Europe; and even to the old homes of durum wheat—northern Africa and Russia. Shipments of this wheat were made to forty-three ports in Europe and Africa named in trade reports of the collectors of customs, and to other ports unnamed. For the year 1907 there were over 3,000,000 acres planted in this wheat; and its value to the farmer is over twice the entire cost of the Department of Agriculture during the current fiscal year, including the weather bureau, the costly meat inspection and the forest service.

HARDY ALFALFAS AND CLOVERS

The continuation of successful farming in the Great Plains region will be largely governed by the methods of agriculture practiced. No land can long continue to produce a single crop. Diversification must be followed. The humus or organic matter in the soil (the very foundation for fertility) must be maintained, and systems of farming practiced that will keep up the proper amount of humus, which can best be secured through growing forage crops, such as clover, alfalfa, cow-peas, etc. A great need of the northwestern grain region is hardy leguminous

crops which can be used in connection with wheat production, such as hardy alfalfas and clovers; and, to secure these, the department has thrice sent one of its best men to Siberia for the purpose of securing seeds of crops adapted to this great northwest region. This agent is now in Siberia on the lookout for new alfalfas able to withstand the severe winters, that can be planted in rotation with wheat. The introduction of such a crop will mean greater diversification, more animal food, and the means of increasing and maintaining the fertility of the soil.

AIDING THE TOBACCO INDUSTRY

Tobacco is one of the most important intensive crops in this country, and the farmers of Ohio, Wisconsin, Connecticut, and other states in the South are largely interested in its production. The Department of Agriculture has always

duced abroad, and we have been sending abroad from ten to eleven million dollars annually for fine cigar-wrappers of the Sumatra type. Several years of experimenting, to determine whether this type of leaf could be grown in Connecticut and other sections, have developed methods of growing a high-



FIELD DOTTED WITH STOCK



WHERE BLOODED STOCK PAYS

kept up special investigations to help farmers to produce better grades of tobacco. A few years ago it was not considered possible to grow the fine wrapper leaf that is pro-

grade wrapper leaf, which is now raised under shade in Connecticut, and also in Florida. It is one of the most important industries of the latter state and large amounts

of capital are invested in it. The final success of the work largely depended on the ability of the scientists of the department to secure uniformity, and this was done by hybridizing seed carried on for a number of years. The department, desiring to develop a tobacco filler industry of the Cuban type, has pointed out a number of localities where the soil seems

favorable for the production of this crop. It is also trying to determine the general condition which will insure success. Tobacco is experimentally grown, made into cigars and

sold, largely by private individuals under the direction and supervision of the department. With fine wrapper leaf grown in some sections and first-class fillers in another, a large amount of money now sent to foreign regions will be kept at home. The tobaccos of Ohio, Kentucky, Virginia and the Carolinas, are all being studied in the same way, by the department and by the states separately and in co-operation.

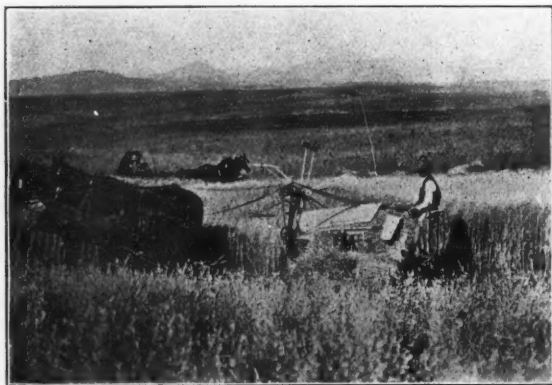
HANDLING OF FARM PRODUCTS

The rapid increase of agricultural production makes it important to aid the farmer, and especially the fruit grower—the latter in every way practicable—in the handling of his products. To this end efforts have been made to improve the systems of harvesting, storing, shipping and selling of a number of important crops, chiefly fruits. A striking example of the work accomplished is shown in California, in handling citrus fruits. Over 30,000 car-loads of oranges are produced annually in California and shipped out of the state, and the growth, handling, transportation and marketing of this vast crop involve many complications. Large percentages of this fruit have been lost by decay in transit; frequently as high as 30 per cent. of the whole shipment. Some of the causes have been found by the department to be so simple, in fact, that the growers themselves had paid little or no attention to them. A mere puncture of the skin of the fruit in gathering the same, is often sufficient to ensure great loss in shipping this fruit.

The department has demonstrated that a proper choice of time and weather in gathering fruit, cleanliness, good packing, and careful storage and transportation, greatly reduce the percentage of damage; and, as a matter of fact, the losses have been reduced to a minimum, resulting in the saving of several million dollars annually. Important investigations have also demonstrated the vast importance of holding fruit in storage and of placing fruit in foreign markets so as to command good prices, and relieve our own markets. This work has greatly increased exports of American fruits, enabling the fruit growers, especially of the Eastern United States, to place in European markets apples, pears, and in some cases more easily perishable fruits at increased prices, sometimes more remunerative than those paid at home.

AGRICULTURAL WORK IN OHIO

A large amount of valuable experimentation is being carried on in Ohio by agencies supported in part by the state and in part by the National Government. The Ohio Experiment Station, under its present able management, has in the past twenty years done invaluable good in inculcating better farming methods in this state, especially in the encouragement of the maintenance of soil fertility, a model for other states to follow. Too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that the farmers of Ohio have right at home opportunities for getting information which will be of the greatest benefit to them in all lines of work.



HARVESTS OF THE WORLD



By CHARLES WINSLOW

THE harvests of the world; what a vista of varied yet delightful pictures this simple saying spreads before the trained observer and retrospective imagination! The suns of March beat heavily on the half-naked ryots of India and the fellahin of Palestine and Egypt, as with antiquated sickles or trenchant belt-knives they cut jagged swaths across tiny fields, followed by gleaners who gather ear by ear the pittance of golden wheat or barley which should avert for a time at least that semi-starvation which is scarcely less merciless than utter famine. Close at hand, the hoofs of unyoked cattle slowly thresh out the sparse measures of grain, soon to be poured again and again from the highest reach of extended arms that the parching winds may cleanse it from dust and chaff. Paltry and pitiful seems the store of these tiny fields, and yet their aggregated harvests often play an important part when the black-hulled steamships bear them into the London docks to be sold in Mark Lane, the great central grain-market of the world. This year, however, it is said by the initiated, there will be but an unimportant surplus for exportation from these countries.

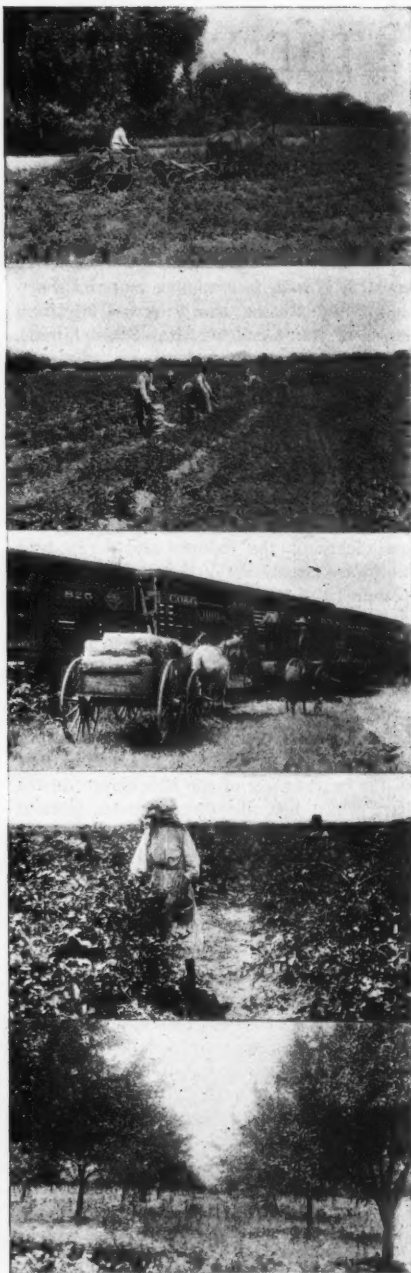
Australia's millions of acres lack few of the latest of modern agricultural improvements, which in December will reap her golden grain under summer sun and harvest moon; but not as of old in immense profusion, whose surplus shall dot the long seapath with black-hulled, deep-laden grainships. Not until next May will her wheat and barley come in to cheapen bread and forage in European ports; and England's fields, normally far from supplying the needs of British millers, seem likely this season to fall several millions of bushels short of even last year's yield. La Belle France also, despite the painful tillage and close economies of her millions of miniature farms,

must, it is said, face another material shortage, while Russia, slowly recovering from stress of war, pestilence, revolt and famine, will need most of the soft wheats, whose exports this season will not meet even normal expectation.

Argentina has already disposed of last year's store, and her fields, scarcely yet in the stalk, will not bow before harvester and header until our own prairies are drifted deep with winter snows. Taken altogether the grainfields of the eastern and antipodean world are largely out of the running as competitors with our own more favored land.

Long ago the army of itinerant farm-laborers, who begin their southern labors in June, and go northward with the succeeding months until frost and snow silence the whirring threshers in late November near the Canada line, have gathered and stacked or threshed the harvests of all the states nearly to the head-waters of the Mississippi; in the hard wheat belt, the certainty of a glorious harvest is already assured. Perhaps in a ratio of two to three per cent. it may fall short of last year's bounty, which in the aggregate amounted to seven and a half billions of dollars,—exceeding that of 1906 by six hundred millions, and that of 1905 by one thousand millions. Taking the prospect of a decreased competition and better prices into account, it may be reasonably expected that this enormous contribution to the wealth of the nation will fully equal if not exceed the figures of 1907.

On the other hand the increase in the comforts and luxuries of farm dwellers, the diversification of products and consequent interest in farm development, the multiplication of free delivery routes, farm telephones and parcel post facilities, have done a great work in lessening the awful loneliness of home-life on the prairie farm which once



HARVESTING THE VARIED CROPS IN A
WESTERN STATE

filled Western cemeteries and asylums with woman-victims of the "Great Silence."

Neither have all sections of our immense agricultural territory gained in an equal ratio, a matter to which President Roosevelt has aptly referred in a recent letter to Professor Bailey as follows:

"In the United States, disregarding certain sections, and taking the nation as a whole, I believe it to be true that the farmers in general are better off than they ever were before. We Americans are making great progress in the development of our agricultural resources. But it is equally true that the social and economic institutions of the open country are not keeping pace with the development of the nation as a whole."

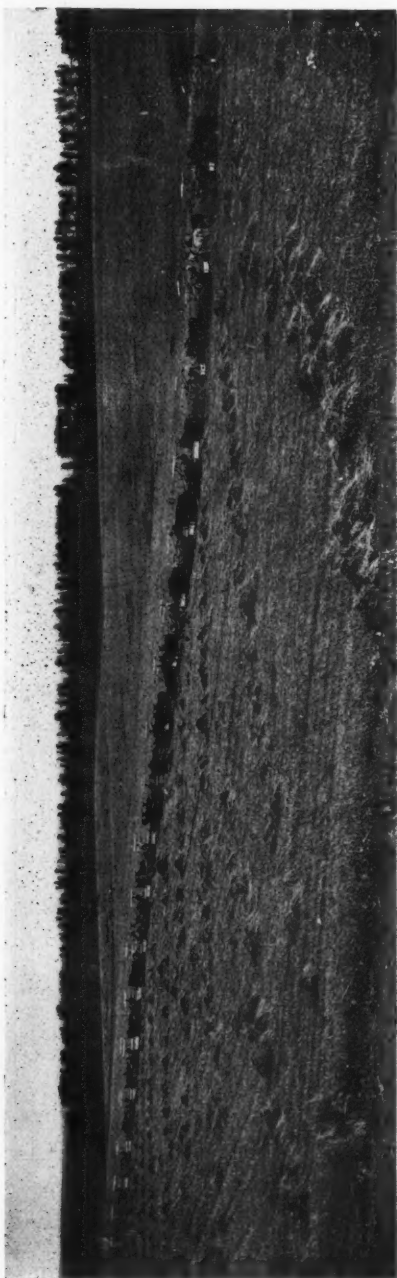
The farmer is, as a rule, better off than his forbears, but his increase in well-being has not kept pace with the country as a whole. While the condition of the farmers in some of our best farming districts leaves little to be desired, we are far from having reached so high a level in all parts of the country. In portions of the South, for example, where the Department of Agriculture, through the Farmer's Co-operative Demonstration Work of Doctor Knapp, is directly instructing thirty thousand farmers in better methods of farming, there is nevertheless much unnecessary suffering and needless loss of efficiency on the farm. A physician, who is a careful student of farm life in the South, writing to me recently about the enormous percentage of preventable deaths of children due to the unsanitary conditions of certain Southern farms, said:

"Personally, from the health point of view, I would prefer to see my daughter, nine years old, at work in a cotton mill, than have her live as a tenant, on the average tenant, one-horse farm. This apparently extreme statement is based upon actual life among both classes of people.

"I doubt if any other nation can bear comparison with our own in the amount of attention given by the government, both federal and state, to agricultural matters. But practically the whole of this effort has hitherto been directed toward increasing the production of crops. Our attention has been concentrated almost exclusively on getting better farming. In the beginning this was unquestionably the right thing to do. The farmer must first of all grow good crops in



STANDING IN THE WAVING FIELD OF GRAIN, THERE THE REAL GREATNESS OF THE NATION IS REALIZED. WHAT CAN COMPARE WITH NATURE'S LAVISH GIFTS TO THE FARMER WHO STUDIES AND WORKS?



SELF-BINDERS IN AN OKLAHOMA WHEAT FIELD

order to support himself and his family. But when this has been secured, the effort for better farming should cease to stand alone and should be accompanied by the effort for better business and better living on the farm. It is at least as important that the farmer should get the largest possible return in money, comfort and social advantages from the crops he grows, as that he should get the largest possible return in crops from the land he farms. Agriculture is not the whole of country life. The great rural interests are human interests, and great crops are of little value to the farmer unless they open the door to a good kind of life on the farm. . . .

"The farmers have hitherto had less than their full share of public attention along the lines of business and social life."

Especially is this true in the matter of securing credit and capital for the purpose of extending business operations, or obtaining needed supplies. Even real estate loans have in the recent past been especially extortionate, and the history of "banking" in the newer states has often been a record of more usury and small "shaves." Mortgages on horses and stock at five per cent. per month and three months' time, compounded until a hundred dollars at the end of a year called for seventy-eight dollars interest, were too common to excite remark, until some unfortunate farmer saw his stock sold under the most unfavorable circumstances, to be bought in by the mortgagee, and sold again at good value to another victim.

It would seem that the extension of banking facilities and accommodation to expert and well-to-do farmers, at the same rates and on like terms as are given to the commercial customer in the same section must be a general innovation before the reclamation of valuable lands, the extension of irrigation, the purchase of choice stock and the introduction of improved methods and an advanced comfort and social development can be readily attained. That these will come in the end cannot be doubted, but that the farmer who is in love with his calling is often sadly hampered by the difficulty of securing adequate funds for legitimate improvements is only too evident.

Another matter, which is just now being strongly impressed upon some millions of weary horses, mules and oxen, and at least half as many men and boys, is the desirability



A TEXAS ORANGE CROP

of decent, not to say good, roads. Who that has traversed the highways of the European countries has not felt ashamed to recall the wear and tear of animal life, harness and vehicle, human patience and Christian grace, entailed every harvest by the necessity of hauling half loads of produce over country "roads" and prairie "trails" which should never be tolerated out of Gehenna, and there only in the Limbo of the doubly damned. As a means of grace; as a necessary condition precedent to an increased church attendance; as a practical inducement to neighborly

calls and social, industrial and educational evening assemblies, the clean, dry, level road beats all the academical and theoretical missionary work to a finish. A slow, uncomfortable ride through mud and deep ruts and holes; an evening's enjoyment haunted with the consciousness that a like discomfort must be endured in returning home, and the prospect of arduous grooming, and cleansing of harness and vehicle, are not calculated to encourage farmers to encounter such obstacles to friendly intercourse and local assemblage.





AN OYSTER DREDGE WHICH GATHERS IN THE HARVEST OF SHELL FOOD

THE FOOD VALUE OF THE OYSTER

By GARNAULT AGASSIZ

IT has been demonstrated as a gastronomic truth," says Professor John R. Philpots in his exhaustive study of the oyster, "that there is no feast worthy of a connoisseur where oysters do not come to the front. It is their office to open the way, by that gentle excitement which prepares the stomach for its proper function, digestion; in a word, the oyster is the key to that paradise called appetite."

And this has been so for thousands of years, how many thousands no one knows, for history has not preserved to posterity the name or residence of the epicure who first discovered the oyster as a food fit for the gods. That the oyster was in common use by primeval man has been conclusively shown by the dis-

covery in the "kitchen middens" of Denmark of many thousands of oyster shells showing every evidence of having been artificially opened. In ancient Greece, also, the oyster appears to have been a recognized delicacy, for Dr. Henry Schliemann, the eminent German archeologist—who, it will be remembered, became an American citizen during the great Californian gold rush—in his historic search for the ancient and somewhat mythical city of Troy, found many oyster shells in the ruins of the five prehistoric settlements of Hissarlik.

But it was Rome in the height of her power and opulence that, by signalling out the oyster as the *piece de resistance* of the Roman banqueting halls, conferred upon the oyster

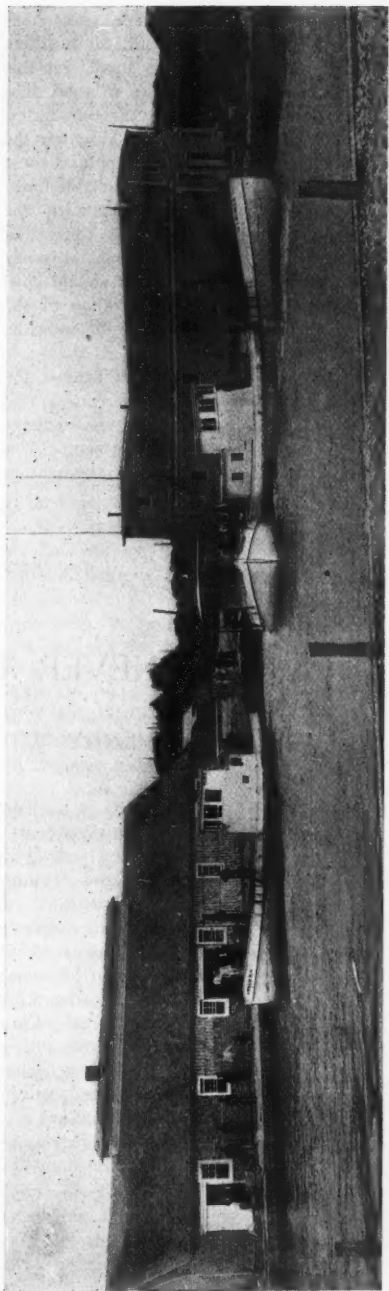
its just title as one of the most delicious and appetizing foods within the grasp of man. An idea of the size and splendor of these banquets can be gained from that famous feast of Marcus Lucinus Crassus, slave trader and ruler, who entertained the populace of Rome at 10,000 tables and at a single sitting. In Nero's time millions of bushels of oysters are said to have been consumed annually, the best of them being imported from Britain.

From the first day of the Christian era the oyster has been one of the accepted luxuries of man, and, generally speaking, its price has been moderate enough to permit of its use by all but the very poor. It has graced the tables of kings and commoners in the Old World, and in the New it has been an important, if not the chief, alimentary attraction in hundreds and thousands of political and other banquets. Perhaps this is the reason why it has been blamed for so many of the ills that flesh is heir to, and with such small cause.

As an article of diet, the oyster is valuable not so much for its nutritive qualities—and these must not be under-estimated by any means—as for its peculiar condimentality and its ready digestibility. For the invalid it is especially valuable, for it is the only known food that will not at some time or another nauseate the patient, being unquestionably the most easily digested of all animal foods. Some reputable physicians, however, have maintained that the use of the oyster should never be permitted any diabetic patient. The *Lancet*, the most influential medical organ in Great Britain, disagrees with this. It says:

"According to our analyses the amount of liver sugar in the oysters was very small, and certainly considerably less than half that found by previous observers. We made a number of experiments on this point and in no instance did the amount of glycogen in the raw oyster exceed one per cent. A further examination of the organic portion of the oyster revealed the presence of glycerophosphoric compounds, which are now used in medicine in the form of lecithine and of the glycerophosphates of the alkaline metals for the purpose of improving the general nutrition of the nervous system."

In concluding its able article the *Lancet* says:



THE PLANT OF WILLIAM OCKERS & CO., SAYVILLE, LONG ISLAND, THE LARGEST PRODUCERS OF BLUE POINT OYSTERS IN THE WORLD

"The results on the whole show that although the actual amount of nutritive material in a raw oyster is small, yet this material comprises all classes of food substances, namely, proteid, carbo-hydrates, fat, and certain mineral salts. Moreover the flesh of the oyster undoubtedly contains these substances in a peculiarly assimilable form. Apart from the extreme delicacy of the oyster, and from its peculiarly appetizing flavor, there are, we think, reasons, on purely dietetic grounds, why attention should continue to be given to the cultivation of the oyster, which, as the foregoing results indicate, is an excellent article of food."

The most common objection against the oyster as an article of food is the danger, real or imaginary, of contracting typhoid fever from its use. There are many people who maintain that after thorough investigation

typhoid has never been traced directly to the oyster, but in the light of recognized conditions and of particular instances of contagion, it would be very unwise to say that the oyster, when taken from contaminated waters, cannot convey typhoid; on the other hand, it must be admitted that scientific research has never discovered typhoid bacilli in the oyster.

The sacredness of human life, however, makes it imperative upon the local, state and federal authorities to prohibit the sale of oysters from all contaminated beds. Such action might affect adversely a number of oystermen, but its effect would be only temporary and in the end would make for the general benefit of the industry as a whole, for many people would then eat oysters who are now constrained from doing so by the so-called typhoid scare.

NEVER TOO LATE

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

NOTHING is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand "Oedipus," and Simonides
Bore off the prize for verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than four-score years;
And Theophrastus at four-score years and ten
Had but begun his characters of men.
Chaucer of Woodstock, with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the "Canterbury Tales";
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed "Faust" when eighty years were past.
These are, indeed, exceptions, but they show
How the gulf stream of our youth may flow
Into the arctic regions of our lives,
When little else than life itself survives.

MY LORD HAMLET

Historical, Literary and Psychical Considerations Touching the Principal Character in Shakespeare's Tragedy

(CONTINUED)

Dedicated, with sincere good wishes and admiration, to Robert Bruce Mantell, Tragedian—*The Authors*

By JOHN McGOVERN and JESSE EDSON HALL

IV

THE fourth scene is in the house of *Polonius*. In the "Hystorie," the "Counsellor" had no children; the young woman set to ensnare Hamlet had no brother. Nothing took place at the house of the Counsellor.

But, in *Hieronimo*, the captive Prince, *Balthazar*, was taken to the house of old *Cyprian*, *Duke of Castile*, who had two children, *Lorenzo*, villain of the play, and *Bellimperia*, the heroine. In both dramas ("Hamlet" and *Hieronimo*) the relations of the Prince and the maiden are discussed. *Ophelia* is told: "For *Lord Hamlet* . . . he is young, and with a larger tether may he walk than may be given you." *Bellimperia* is told: "The *Prince* is come to visit you." She answers: "That argues that he lives in liberty."

The thankless part put upon *Laertes* descends from *Lorenzo*, but Shakespeare further used *Lorenzo* far more fully in making *Iago*. The rudiments of *Hieronimo* are nevertheless numerous hereabouts in "Hamlet."

In this scene we are to have the maiden's testimony that *Hamlet* loves her truly. Her brother does not believe it, and adduces the differences in birth. The father commands the girl to repel her lover's advances. She dutifully promises to obey. *Hamlet* knows nothing of this, which will make the main cross-purpose of the play. *Hamlet* and *Ophelia* will be forced to misjudge each other. *Hamlet* obeys Heaven; *Ophelia* obeys her father. Thus two sacrificial victims are now destined.

The management of the situation is so equivocal that the audience is left in perplexity as to *Hamlet's* madness, later. In *Hieronimo*, *Bellimperia* was of the royal house,

and psychologically *Ophelia* is to be *Bellimperia*, killing herself as does *Bellimperia*. But the innuendoes of the Saxo "Hystorie" cling to her. Nor should it ever be forgotten that, on the Elizabethan stage, a boy took the part, giving no end of temptation for broad remarks—a temptation that it was the fashion not to resist.

We have shown the influence of Lyly's *Eubulus* on the precepts of *Polonius*. Nothing in the realm of didactic literature is better said than the precepts, but no character in Shakespeare do they more ill-befit than *Polonius*, who is badly in his dotage.

There are quotation-marks around the precepts of *Polonius* in the First Quarto.

The interval clearly has been used as a diversion, and made as long as possible, to take our minds from the *Ghost*.

By this time we know that *Hamlet* has told *Ophelia* he loves her, but Shakespeare has arranged it so that *Hamlet* is not master of his marital future. The object is equivocation, but with a psychological postulate that *Hamlet*—at least to himself—believes he is acting honorably. This makes it very human—frail, selfish, human—as even our ideals seem to be.

Ophelia is to be sacrificed, as *Bellimperia* was. This is a rudiment or variation of stories such as Jephthah's daughter and *Virginia*. Ancient audiences looked on the fate of the beautiful *Ophelia* with complacency, because such an outcome was classic and familiar.

The reader is also to consider that a drama is a continual sacrifice to time. There is no time to tell the story of *Hamlet's* love for *Ophelia*, because its visible relation would balk the equivocation or Doubt which is the "Hamlet" drama, and would impose far

more than a love-scene. To read "Hamlet" with its greatest interest, one must be, for the nonce, a playwright, and work with the Globe company at their bench, in their tiring-room—among their partitioned shelves or pigeon-holes.

The love-scene that there was no time for in "Hamlet," is in "Romeo" (made from the same French book with "Hamlet"), and the murder which is so sadly lacking in "Hamlet," in order to awaken our resentment against *Claudius* and *Gertrude*, is in "Macbeth." But these vast Shakespearian *tours* require time—plenty of time!

Wagner and the Chinese are essentially correct in their dogma that it takes more than one hearing, or one day, to present certain dramas.

V.

Again the moon is shining on the platform of Elsinore, and we are to understand that twenty-four hours have passed. *Hamlet*, *Horatio*, and *Marcellus* come out, and remark once more upon the uncommonly cold weather. Here are rudiments from the "frostie morning" of the lost "Hamlet," but their original reason-to-be is gone. The Shakespeare drama is to need warmer weather very soon, for *Ophelia* is to gather flowers.

Shakespeare and his partners may have suffered through the shortcomings of bibulous actors, for *Hamlet* delivers a feeling discourse on the evils of drunkenness. The sermon stands in the way of the action, and the actors omitted it from the First Folio, nor is it in the First Quarto. It would seem that Shakespeare had the matter of Prohibition (of liquor) seriously on his mind. He uses the idea efficiently in "Othello."

Shakespeare's fancy is now to go on one of its longest poetic flights. In "the profession," the tradition runs that the author himself enacted the *Ghost*, and for that reason made the speeches unusually extensive.

Out of the tedium of the Prohibition sermon, suddenly, there is the confrontation of the *Ghost*. The monitor, speaking so measuredly a moment before, now sets the English language in a turmoil as frenetic as the rapids of Niagara. The *Ghost* beckons; *Hamlet* will follow. He does not set his life at a pin's fee, and, as for his soul, it is immortal, like the *Ghost*. *Horatio* gives him the cue for madness—what if he go mad?

Nothing will stay him. He exhibits great spirit. We have here, then, a *Hamlet* to whom Doubt is as yet a stranger. He departs with the *Ghost*, brooding no human restraint. This time the portent touches the intellect of *Marcellus*. "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark," says *Marcellus*.

The *Ghost* and *Hamlet* are alone, still on the platform. The hours are flying by as swiftly as in the first scene. Now Doubt begins. "Speak, says *Hamlet*, 'I'll go no further.'" "My hour is almost come," says the spirit, "when I to sulphurous and tormenting flames must render up myself."

This is because the elder *Hamlet* was suddenly slain. He did not have the *viaticum* of the Church in his last moments. This condemns him to Purgatory and lasting fires. The dilemma of the *Ghost* is the same as in classic times. He tells *Hamlet*: "Pity me not." *Hamlet* is "bound to revenge" when he shall hear. "If ever thou didst thy dear father love, revenge his foul and most unnatural murder." Here Shakespeare is moving back to the Revenge drama, without considering that the *Ghost* first looked "more in sorrow than in anger."

As the spirit proceeds, *Hamlet* psychologically becomes aware of all he has dumbly felt. "O my prophetic soul! my uncle!" The moonlit night is flying as fast as the Furies. "Methinks I scent the morning air." The dreadful tale is told in haste—another tragedy of Eschylus—and then: "The glow-worm shows the matin to be near, and 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire!" What cares our ever-living poet for witchcraft or its necessary moonlight when these fairy fancies sweep across his brain? And even *Hamlet*, carried away by beautiful poetry, forgets that it is *ghostly* moonlight with few stars out, and cries: "O all you host of heaven!"

Hamlet is now cast obviously into the part of *Orestes* in Eschylus. "O most pernicious woman! O villain, villain, smiling, damnéd villain!" [The uncle.] *Orestes*, too, had a dear friend, *Pylades*; *Orestes* was driven mad by the *Furies*. But Shakespeare will again recede, and *Hamlet* will not go mad, will not kill his mother, in the classic fashion, as did *Orestes*. He takes up the *motif* of feigned insanity at once, and answers the cries of his comrades with a hawking-call: "Hillo, ho, ho, boy!" The allurements of our swineherds in the fields, "Stu-boy!" contains the

same phonetic. The feigned-insanity motif [King David] outweighs *Orestes*, and the "Hystorie" is followed, although Shakespeare carries equivocation to its limit. Perhaps *Hamlet* would fare better as a Hero to some, were he really mad—but not to the average of all humanity, in many nations. For them, let him be as capricious as man himself.

Now he is the devoted one. He may at last well say: "But I have that within which passeth show." He must abandon learning; he must forego *Ophelia*; he must doubt his own mother (*Clytemnestra*); he must revenge the *Ghost*. We shall see how the Shakespearean soul revolts against murder, assassination, unfilial thought, and how Doubt may set up. Doubt, too, is a visible *Hieronimo* motif. *Hieronimo* required additional proof before he wrought his revenge.

To *Horatio*, *Hamlet* imparts his secret intent to feign madness: "As I perchance hereafter shall think meet to put an antic disposition on." Exactly as *Hieronimo* might "frolic with the King."

They swear. The *Ghost* is underneath, as if his tomb were in the platform, or talus, for, psychologically, it is there. The terms "uncle" and "boy" are idiomatic.

The learned Professor Chambers, of Oxford, is inclined to think that most of the extended humorous situation of the repeated oaths and affirmations, with the "old mole" following beneath, is taken from the lost "*Hamlet*." The Latin, "*Hic et ubique*," exorcising the *Ghost*, has not been taken out, like the Latin phrases that must have been eliminated from the first scene, where *Horatio* crossed the apparition. Kyd and Middleton, both, would be sure to quote Latin exorcisms.

The treatment of *Horatio* as a stranger continues, possibly a vestige of the Portuguese at the court of Spain, in *Hieronimo*.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

As the vacuum electric tube sends forth its miracles; as radium transmutes into helium and seven or more other emanations; as the etheric message throbs across the wide sea; as the cataract turns the very air into fruitful soil of earth—how startlingly has *Hamlet* seemed to be ever-aware of our mortal environment! Mind is taking further hold on matter every day. It seems it *did* need a ghost come from the grave to tell us.

The Act is over. *Hamlet* is revealed. "The time is out of joint: O cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right!"

We know he should revenge his father's death, and ease the *Ghost*. We have heard him declare his impatience to proceed. Yet Doubt has logically set up.

The author of "*Hamlet*" is certainly at this time passing the years immediately following the death of his only son. He has succeeded in life, but how weary, stale, flat and unprofitable seem all the uses of this world to William Shakespeare! Therefore, let *Hamlet* drip with woe. It is *Hieronimo* whom Shakespeare communes with—they are fellow-fathers; they both love *Horatio*. If we look at "*Hamlet*" that way, it is an understandable work. The times are out of joint. The universe is an unweeded garden.

The principal rudiment that clings to Shakespeare in this complex making of his drama is the very feigned insanity of *Hamlet* itself. It has become unnecessary because of the growth of other variations of the *Brutus* motif. Probably Shakespeare feels it. Perhaps he feels it sub-consciously—therefore he sets out to perplex himself, to perplex the world, with the question whether or not *Hamlet* was really insane, or really insane at times. So, in the evolution of myths, we see a relic of the past—the feigned insanity—carried along in almost haphazard manner. By chance, it accords with the psychology of *Hamlet*. Perhaps it would be truer to say that any really serious operation of William Shakespeare's brain must become of overshadowing importance to English-speaking thinkers.

It delights the German mind to try to show why *Hamlet* logically could not kill the *King* until the last curtain. Professor Werder has an entire book, and the learned W. J. Rolfe has written a complacent introduction to the English translation. Outside events, says Werder, continually obtruded to make vengeance impossible—therefore *My Lord Hamlet* is perfect as an Avenger.

It never occurs to the German professor that if *Hamlet* had gone down from the platform of Elsinore and killed the *King*, that would have ended the play. That would have made it a one-act drama. Shakespeare has a hard dramatic task because he starts with the murder done, has cut out the love-motif and the principal conventional acts of

the stage-villain, and must drag the vengeance through four more acts, while all his material cries for immediate results, and is scattered in rudiments over the entire histrionic course.

My Lord Hamlet is perfect because he is imperfect—human. Nobody "suits him worse" than he himself. To get through to the final curtain will involve the destruction of all but one ideal—friendship. What other candid man can give a better account! What other theory of the play-making is needed?

Once more, and to be cogent rather than concise: The playgoer of Elizabeth's time, sitting before this play at the first curtain,

knew conventionally and by the advertisement, that it was a Tragedy. This conventionally meant a great deal. The Hero, *Hamlet*, had now received mandate from the other world to do justice. It was inevitable that he would avenge his father's murder, or it could not be advertised as a Tragedy; and it was also conventional that the Hero, in carrying out the wishes of the gods, should anger them, and expiate some error with his own heroic life.

The Church, in those days, deplored the pagan rudiments of dramatic art, but was blind to those equally pagan rudiments that clung conspicuously to its own vestments.

VI.—(SECOND ACT)

The actors of our time omit the dialogue between *Polonius* and *Reynaldo* with which Shakespeare begins Act II. It has little or nothing to do with the drama. *Reynaldo*, who is to follow *Laertes* to Paris, is instructed to spy on him and generally to learn of his doings. The utter senility of *Polonius* is impressed on the audience. The old man does not know what he is talking about. *Reynaldo* never reappears in the play. What *Laertes* does or does not do in Paris has no bearing on the plot. The character-part for *Polonius* was of course strengthened, but the precepts of *Polonius* in the previous act and the senility of *Polonius* in this act refuse to adjust themselves. These characters (*Polonius* and *Reynaldo*) were once *Corambis* and *Montano*, and their parts may have been cut everywhere else. We have no material at hand from which the situation descended—it is a rudiment whose history is lost.

In Elizabethan times an absolute diversion from the play—if it were deemed humorous—was welcomed by the audience. Furthermore, an excuse is made ready for *Hamlet's* cruelty to the old man.

Ardent lovers of *Hamlet* take comfort in deep study of the meanness and folly of *Polonius* as it is carefully depicted in this supererogatory scene. It has solaced many minds to make a case against the counsellor, as Lafontaine's justice-loving wolf made cause against the lamb at the brookside. Perhaps it may be of use to cursorily state this case: *Polonius* is sending funds to *Laertes*, but be-

fore delivering those funds, *Reynaldo* is cunningly to pry into all the affairs of *Laertes*; *Reynaldo* is to ingratiate himself with the companions of *Laertes* by lying about him—to charge him with gaming, drinking, fencing, swearing, quarreling, drabbing—anything save the incontinency of an old man! And in trying to explain to *Reynaldo* why a father should give such despicable instructions, the old man goes into mental chaos, cannot continue, and only knows, by the mass, that he was about to say something. Catching erroneously at a cue by *Reynaldo*—yet at least catching—the infamous old man gives us the familiar line that we "by indirections find directions out," and closes the interview with whatever equivocation the reader chooses to forge.

In this way, the partisan of *Hamlet* may and does inflame his own mind against the old rat that is to die in his hole behind the arras. But it is never played.

VII.

Next comes *Ophelia's* report to her father of *Hamlet's* madness. She had sent back unopened some of his letters—he must have written them after he saw the *Ghost*—and had refused to meet him, as her parent had commanded. *Hamlet* had forced his way into her sewing-room, and had certainly feigned madness. This we know from *Ophelia's* description of the disarrangement of his costume. Inasmuch as *Hamlet* does not repeat this conduct in presence of the

audience, we are assured that he has seized this tortuous method of casting off an engagement with *Ophelia* which, as an Avenger, he cannot keep. Still, he has written to her.

Here we ourselves must remember our duty to the drama. Although it be not written in the text, still it is there—that *Hamlet*, even as a human being purely, possessing no superhuman knowledge, is almost alone. With the exception of *Horatio*, every man's hand is against him. She who should have been his best friend, the *Queen*, has deserted and shamed him. Her act is the mainspring of the tragedy to come. This isolation, if we assume a certain line of argument, compels *Hamlet* to adopt the ruse of feigned insanity in order to obtain information and counteract the hostility of the court. It is highly important that we should entertain a vivid concept of this isolation.

At the best, Shakespeare's hand could straighten out the play. It does not adjust. Yet he might sacrifice lines that the world regards as its own (not Shakespeare's) property.

Some time has elapsed since the *Ghost* walked, and we already can see that *Hamlet* is slow to act. Something ails him as well as the state of Denmark. *Laertes* must have reached Paris. The *King*, as we shall see, has heard of *Hamlet's* madness, but not yet through either *Polonius* or *Ophelia*.

There is visible the rudiment of a much stronger love-interest in the original drama than was finally suffered to remain there.

VIII.

Scene 2 opens in classic form with the royal entrance, archaic music, and deliberate speeches of the monarchs. They have sent for *Rosencrantz* and *Guildestern* to spy on *Hamlet*. The *King's* speech reveals no suspicion of the true cause—in fact, the royal parents have so far had sufficient reason to be disquieted at the previous formal audience. Their own guilty attitude remains veiled.

The Norway motif intervenes, to remind us of the unneeded Portugal-part of the "Spanish Tragedy," and then the *Queen* notes her feeling that *Hamlet's* condition has been caused by their own doings. The touch of this is light and evidently hasty. The *King* merely says it shall be sifted. The *Fortinbras* matter is slowly arranged for the

last curtain, and then *Polonius*, to the joy of the groundlings, and in a speech that has made all the world senile with good humor, announces that the cause of *Hamlet's* defect is that he is mad—'tis true; 'tis pity. It is the lunacy of love, and *Polonius* (here relying a good deal on John Lyly, and posing, with charming humorous effect as a literary expert) proceeds to read a love-letter from *Hamlet* to *Ophelia*, written in the approved epistolary fashion of the time.

"The most beautified *Ophelia*. That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase. *Beautified* is a vile phrase." This aspect of the "humour" of *Polonius* is as original as *Falstaff*. It is possibly one of the first things the young Shakespearean student laughs at, and age does not wither its value. The writers of the day were trying to give to the word *beautified* the place, or at least a turn in the place, occupied by the word *beautiful*.

Yes, *Polonius* has solved the problem. *Hamlet* is madly in love with one beneath his royal station. The old man even describes the stages and progress of a very real and physical malady, and will prove his case. He will place *Hamlet* and *Ophelia* together and "mark the encounter."

The *Queen's* original attitude of innocence, as in the First Quarto, lingers in the text. She says: "But look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading," and *Polonius*, perhaps almost rudely, presses her away.

Space necessary to monarchical times has been allowed for the royal audience, and some of the most humorous work of *Polonius* has been done. The quality of Shakespearean poetry is here absent in the serious speeches, and Shakespeare may have taken that portion of the text almost bodily from an old "Hamlet."

The actors of our time, both English and American, have refused to stop for the Norway matter, and have cut it entirely out. The drama thus "goes" better, and democratical-republican institutions permit the abridgment.

The playwright of the lost "Hamlet," however, might, in doubling the arras-scene, be dramatizing the "Hystorie," for, before the counsellor, in Saxo, went behind the hangings and got killed for his curiosity, "they had," says Saxo, "been able to find no better, nor more fit invention to entrap the young prince than to set some fair and beautiful woman in a secret place."

IX.

The "humour" of *Polonius* having been invented, it may now be employed as a foil to the "wit" of *Hamlet*. The *Prince of Denmark* takes the audience directly into his confidence, as he would take *Horatio*.

The out-and-out cruelty of *Hamlet* to *Polonius*, seasoned as it is with wit and satire, has been the direful spring of woes unnumbered to old age and to stupidity of all degrees, in the last three centuries. Every ill-natured man, sharpening his tongue on a good memory, has spitted his victim, paying dubious honor to *My Lord Hamlet*. Yet while the judicious grieve, they laugh.

The situation is perfect. The old man *Polonius* is sacrificed to the innate cruelty of our natures; he does not suffer; the harm must come home to us, for *our* thumbs are down—all the barbarity of our race is agog.

"My honorable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you." "You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal: except my life, except my life, except my life."

Hamlet naturally supposes he is alone. The learned counsellor is still at the door:

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

And *Polonius* does not even *then* go, but stays to introduce two other "slye fellows" at a moment when *Hamlet's* nerves are sorely on edge.

The mere presence of *Polonius* annoys *Hamlet*, and the situation is so well drawn that latter-day Science has been aided, and will anon find the physical reason, measuring the affair in similar cases with some sort of bolometer.

X.

Where Shakespeare is working in prose, as in the many great dialogues of this act, we profit by a freer flash of his genius. There is not even the light harness of the alleged iambic meter to stay the speed of his invention.

Rosencrantz and *Guildestern*, those two most unfortunate of detectives, are ushered to their task. *Hamlet* seems to take *Bell-imperia's* pose—he is "in prison."

"There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so." This is the mature Shakespeare—like *Lear* on the heath. With what fine equivocation *Hamlet* hints of the

Ghost—"For to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended."

Shakespeare here inserts the standard and exemplary tribute of Man to his own race, with the spectacle of his cosmic environment—apple of gold in picture of silver. ("Look you," etc.) We stand before *My Lord Hamlet*, dumb until he speaks, thoughtful because he thought. Here *Prospero* is present.

The players have by chance stopped at the castle. *Hamlet* mentions the leading parts in the "stock": The King, knight, lover, comedian, clown, and lady—(always some "joke" attaching to the "lady," because she is a boy). It is the same troupe or "cry" of actors *Hamlet* patronized in the city—(Wittenberg, that is, *Hieronimo's* Toledo). The clown shall make laugh those in the audience who are waiting to laugh anyway—hair-trigger laughter. Now follows the "local color," because the Globe Company, at London, it seems, had been forced to travel. Tragedies by children from the choir of St. Paul's had become the fashion, with rattles on the stage, and brats enacting *Hieronimo* or *Lear*!

Hamlet. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay. . . . Hercules and his load too.

The Globe Theatre had for sign a globe, with Hercules underneath, bearing it. The children had taken possession of Shakespeare's stage. They played at both the Globe and the Blackfriars.

Thus, it fared with Shakespeare, Kyd, Middleton, Marlowe, while "pretty fellows" at court set the fashion in wit and novelty.

The two spies are now to stand aside and observe *Hamlet's* interview with the traveling company of actors. It also happened in history that a London company went to Denmark and Germany. Many local allusions of a whilom witty or satirical nature are lost on us.

Shakespeare and his "cry" of players—(pack of hounds in full cry)—at the Globe Theatre must have come near getting their heads cut off. In the Essex rebellion the conspirators met at the Globe, and hired the actors to play "Richard II" on the day set. The Globe Theatre was closed, the actors were compelled to seek a living by travel, and this we may take to be the "inhibition." It is an important episode in Shakespeare's life, because his noble patrons were involved, but we know almost nothing about it.

"While memory holds a seat in this distracted globe." *Hamlet* has said this in Act I. It would be nearly impossible to repeat such a sentence in London, about 1602 or 1603, without calling up the troubles of the Globe Theatre, and the inhibition which led to the traveling of the players.

The player of those days ranked in law as a vagrant and beggar. Actors were only safe when they were patronized by a noble and became his servants. He and his friends wanted to see dramas that had been "tried out," and for that purpose the "common stage" was allowed, where all classes could form an opinion as to the value of the work. If it succeeded, representations were then given before private audiences. Thus a "common player," as used by *Hamlet*, meant "a public actor."

When *Hamlet* says: "For look, where my abridgment comes," he means "My actors are coming—my experimental play is about to be given." This is the rudiment of *Hieronimo*, because until *Rosencrantz* informed *Hamlet*, a moment ago, the *Prince* did not know the players were traveling, or that they were at the castle of Elsinore.

Probably all dramas partake of this psychological quality. The playwright knows what is to happen; the audience in time learns what *has* happened; the logical or literary hiatus in the text is not noted, and its proper filling may not be needed. Here, (we think) because the natural progress of "The Spanish Tragedy" brings on the play-within-the-play and makes its reason clear, Shakespeare feels that it is already clear in "Hamlet." Anyway, if it be not now, it is to come.

XI.

The *Players* come in, it seems in costume. The King's Company, in 1603, was granted a license "freely to use and exercise the art and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, histories, enterludes, morals, pastorals, stage plays, and such other like." Shakespeare, in the speech of *Polonius* announcing the actors, plays whimsically upon this verbiage. Tribute is paid to Seneca for his *Ghost* and to Jephthah, who had the daughter to be sacrificed. Here Shakespeare surely should have tossed a leaf of laurel to Kyd, but it seems to be a natural law of borrowing, to throw off a false scent.

Hamlet advances to the *Lady*, among others, and starts the laugh by addressing her; for she is a boy growing too fast, and likely to have a cracked voice. The sort of "humour" lying hereabout, while it is no longer tolerable in English, is still current in Paris, and among the French is taken almost as a matter of course.

As a prologue to the trial of elocution which now takes place, *My Lord Hamlet* gives us his own private ideal of a good play: The drama he recalls was well digested in the scenes, and set down with as much modesty as cunning. There were no bawdy speeches to make it popular, nor were there studied affectations in the style of the author. It was made in an honest method, as wholesome as sweet—in brief, it was handsome and yet plain.

This play, of course, was not acted above once. It pleased not the million. It was caviare to the general.

We hold that we may take it from this that Shakespeare, at the mature stage of his career, would *rather* have made a "Hamlet" with the speeches to the boy-players (the *Player Queen*, the *Queen*, and *Ophelia*) greatly modified—made decorous.

Shakespeare's astonishing skill as a true humorist rendered him far more open to temptation toward indecency than was Kyd. It is human, too, to pass "from grave to gay, from lively to severe."

In his noble lament that the common people forever drag down the ideal, or despise it, *Hamlet* touches, has touched, will touch, the deepest feelings of our race. We all wish to be better—but it bores us. Nevertheless, the mere iconoclast need not rejoice that we have given *him* license—we despise *him* the more.

XII.

The *Player* is to "speak a piece." Shakespeare now runs against a real difficulty, which he solves as best he can—and not very well. It is to be remembered that *Hieronimo* was waited on by a client who sought his attorneyship. The client had lost his son by murder. *Hieronimo* marveled that this lowly man should feel so bitterly while he (the noble *Hieronimo*) whose *Horatio* had been murdered, remained so ignobly tranquil.

Now *Hamlet's* man, at hand, who is to cry out against acts of blood, is a hired actor,

even in the very scene. He must indeed paint bloody pictures, in order to become excited himself and to excite others who are still actors, not auditors. Notwithstanding the calm criticism that has just escaped the lips of *Hamlet*, the *Player* must put on all the blood of *Titus* and *Hieronimo*—(Shakespeare, the butcher's son, remember, has no great dislike of blood-letting). *Hamlet* gives the *Player* the cue: "Head to foot, now is he total gules—[all blood; *gules*, in the jargon of heraldry, one of the *tinctures*, colors of the shield—crimson]—horribly tricked with blood of fathers, mothers," etc.—nothing could be more bloody. So, with this cue, the *Player* proceeds to tell how the rugged Pyrrhus cut old Priam into pieces—"mincing with his sword her husband's limbs." By this time, notwithstanding the intrusion of the "humour" of *Polonius*, the *Player* is in mimic agony over the death of Priam and the woes of Hecuba, and *Hamlet* wearily lets them all go. The *Player* will do; he will serve the purpose.

Why does Shakespeare let *Polonius* break in on the *Player*? Of course, it is easily funny—the old man is not listening, any more than is the audience, and it is a terrible fustian, for Shakespeare is making a parody of a most bombastic passage by Marlowe and Nash in "Dido, Queen of Carthage," 1594. (Have we not read the bitter thing Nash had said about the "shifting companions"?) A little later *Hamlet* is to warn the *Player* *Clowns* not to speak more than is set down for them, for in the meantime some necessary question of the play may be up for consideration—"that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it." How, now, then? "This is too long!" and "That's good; mobled queen is good!"—these laugh-provokers make a farce out of the ripping-up of the aged Priam, and artistically deprive the speech of its value as a foil for *Hamlet's* powerful soliloquy of self-accusation that is to follow.

It is reasonable to believe that the part of *Polonius* "grew," despite the author—for actor and author never agree. The laugh was there, to be had for the asking; the company wanted it—particularly in tragedies; again, the take-off on Nash, the malicious critic, was worth having, and was worth pressing into the region of burlesque. AGAIN, let us keep firmly in mind that it was easier

to change the "copy" of Shakespeare *then*, than it would be *now*.

So great a genius as Coleridge, catching only the original purpose of the speech, was angry that any commentator should declare the lines of the *Player's* recitation (the rugged Pyrrhus) were of bombastic order.

We suppose one must read "The Spanish Tragedy" entire, in order to see how truly the grief of *The Old Man* who has had his son murdered acts as a rebuke to *Hieronimo*, the procrastinator; but, on a previous page, we have quoted enough of *Hieronimo's* splendid speech to demonstrate the origin of the galling soliloquy of self-recrimination with which *Hamlet* ends the Second Act.

We can see how ill the rudiment of Feigned Insanity fits on most of this scene. The spies and *Polonius* have been standing by, but never has man spoken more rationally than *Hamlet* in this immortal region of the text.

Hamlet will now let the audience know what he has just learned, that he will, like *Hieronimo*, produce a play and perform it before the King. He stays the *First Player*: "Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of Gonzago? You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?" "Ay," says the *Player*, and goes. "My good friends," says *Hamlet* to his unwelcome visitors, the spies, "I'll leave you till night"—for he must write the dozen or sixteen lines and adjust them to the "Murder of Gonzago." The spies go because they are bidden to go.

The reader should know that the chance of a play also comes toward *Hieronimo* instead of it being his own suggestion. *Lorenzo*, the villain, tells the avenging father, "We are to entreat your help." (Act IV, Scene 2, "Spanish Tragedy.") One would think it were Shakespeare himself speaking here:

Hier. When I was young, I gave my mind
And plied myself to fruitless poetry
When in Toledo there I studied,
It was my chance to write a tragedy:
See here, my lords—[*He shows them a book.*]

It is this tragedy by *Hieronimo* that is enacted before the court and serves as the vehicle of *Hieronimo's* revenge for the murder of *Horatio*, his son.

One other thing should be considered: *Hamlet*, as might one actor to another, pri-

vately giving another his cue of action in the outside world,—*Hamlet*, the last thing he says to his "old friend," the *Player*, points to *Polonius*: "Follow that lord; and look you mock him not." This, to the traveling actor, sufficiently conveys the information that *Hamlet's* mistreatment of *Polonius* had an occult reason pertinent to *Hamlet* alone, and was not to be copied by others. While this feature is not adjusted, it is by Shakespeare, and it is there, and informative, too; because anon the *Queen* is to tell us that over the corpse of the unfortunate *Polonius* *Hamlet* wept for what had been done. Shakespeare is seen framing the play toward the sacrifice of *Polonius* as well as the innocent *Ophelia*.

XIII.

Whatever may have been the circumstances that led to the intrusion of the long ears of *Polonius* into the sorrows of the "mobled queen"—whether Shakespeare himself did it, or the comedians arrogated the laugh—the method by which the laughter is evoked has been copied by Laurence Sterne with unerring sagacity into a correct situation in the "novel" entitled "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy." There, in the middle of a ponderous oration, the unfortunate *Phutatorius*, with the inconceivably hot chestnut aboard, leaps to the ceiling with the cry of "Zounds! — — —!" just as the two horns of the dilemma of the learned *Didius* have become equally antagonistic. But there, the dull sermon is properly, not improperly, the foil of the funny interruption.

In Shakespeare's text of "Hamlet"—or what goes for Shakespeare's text—the logic of the drama has been most capriciously dealt with. The clown has been allowed to do the very thing that (for a mere laugh by the groundlings) the great critic on the very spot declares unequivocally to be villainous, and to need reformation altogether.

XIV.

We have come to *Hamlet's* great outcry. *Hieronimo's* chief effort is in the same relative place. It is not a sermon. It is not a "Cato, thou reasonest well" speech. It is not a splendid encomium such as *Hamlet* has already delivered. It is a piece where wording and acting go together. It puts to

shame the style, but now recited, that Marlowe and Nash held in regard. It is spoken in solitude, because *Hamlet* like any other Ideal—(really a variant of *Harlequin*, invisible)—can be seen only by *Horatio* and the audience. If the actors should hear the speech?—that again, like the forthcoming vengeance, would end the drama. *Hamlet* has "gone apart."

It will be noticed that the iambic text is broken; in five places no attempt has been made by the poet to fill out the lines. We believe Shakespeare had advanced to a point in his art where the fetich of printer's quads no longer gave him pause. He could now mend his poetry without using a word he did not want. The result here offers an example to all dramatic poets forever. If they have anything good to insert, let them not measure what they take out.

Hamlet is alone, as he had hoped to be when he entered, reading. But these interruptions have given him an idea, and a tentative excuse for delay in his Revenge. The idea is the "play." Yet he cannot fully deceive himself—he lacks his own respect—he cannot escape Gethsemane. "O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" "A dull and muddy mettled rascal!" He is pigeon-livered and lacks gall to make oppression bitter! He is an ass, and curses like a very drab, a scullion! Fie upon't! foh! He has cast away his rapier; he has thrown himself upon the ground; he has suffered a thousand pangs of shame at his own delay; now Doubt, the angel of delay, answers his cry. He will have the *Players* play something like the murder of his father. *That* will tell. The devil is potent with such weak and melancholy spirits as *Hamlet*, and perhaps abuses but to damn him. Yes, the play is necessary. The play's the thing, wherein he'll catch the conscience of the *King*.

This is *Hamlet's* Passion in Gethsemane—his humanity. In order to live a little longer, he crucifies himself. He suffers some more, because of his ideal capacity for suffering. It is classical, too, for the Sacrificial One to withdraw in agony one, two, three or more times, each time imploring that the cup may pass, yet promising to drain that cup. Shakespeare's own mind is on Calvary, because, in *Ophelia's* grave, later, *Hamlet* asks the brother if he will drink the vinegar.

"I'll do't," says *Hamlet*.

Hamlet's Amenti, *Hamlet's* Ganges, *Hamlet's* Gethsemane, comes on slowly because the drama itself began so late in the progress

of the world-story of Revenge or justice. Four acts in the cavern of Doubt must be decorated with the stalactites of Shakespeare's fancy.

XV.—(THIRD ACT)

Once more the drama reverts to classic form, the archaic music sounds on the recorders, and the automaton *King* and *Queen* march divinely but slowly in. The German remnants of the lost "*Hamlet*" betray the fact that the structure of that production was still more ancient, and also had Chorus and Prologue.

The two spies tell the *King* that *Hamlet* has confessed his madness. The *Queen* suggests amusement for her son, and is told of the *Players*. The *King* approves the idea, but proceeds to explain to his consort that he and *Polonius* have determined to make lawful espial while *Hamlet* and *Ophelia* meet, the *Prince* secretly having been sent for. As the *King* gets into hiding, he openly admits his guilt. "O heavy burden!" the incestuous murderer cries.

The fair *Ophelia* is placed somewhere not prominent in the scene, with prayer-book in hand. The situation is ready for action, but Doubt is still to rule. The young *Hamlet*, calm after his Agony, oblivious to all surroundings, deep in thought, gradually, in the most famous of all his soliloquies, shares his melancholy with the world. His isolation is now well manifest in the text of the drama, and it has long been established psychologically.

XVI.

To be, or not to be: that is the question. We are impressed with the feeling that this celebrated homily had been written before "*Hamlet*" was undertaken as a work, and that the first soliloquy (the Everlasting and His canon 'gainst self-slaughter) once was part and parcel with it. Although it serves the purposes of delay, and places in beautiful relief the lonesomeness of *Hamlet*, it stands structurally as an obstacle in the road. He *must not* commit suicide; he has the play on hand, and by its means will test the honesty of the *Ghost*, and may learn the guilt of the *King*. If that guilt shall appear, the Avenger

is to do justice. So, toy with the idea as he may, there must not be the longing for suicide that was permissible in the First Act, and we may guess that Shakespeare split the speech in order to better adjust its ideas to the middle stage of a Revenge drama. *Hamlet's* "weak and melancholy" spirit was broken with his mother's untimely marriage, at the beginning; now, informed by Heaven, his burden is crushing, and self-slaughter, no longer to be considered by the *Prince* for himself, can only be discussed for the purpose of showing its futility as to any good Catholic or Lutheran not an *Orestes*, or devoted Hero, like the *Prince*. It may aid the reader, to recall that, in the First Shakespeare Quarto, the great soliloquy was placed at a point further forward in the drama than the one it now occupies. The change in the Second Quarto was made by Shakespeare himself.

We have the problem of the subjective and the environment. We are to give *Hamlet* the highest degree of individuality and freedom adjustable to his known destiny—for he is aware that it is his fate to kill the *King*—it is a cursed spite. We see him pondering on suicide when we know he cannot commit suicide. Does he himself know it?

Again, we should consider the possibility that the speech is a mosaic, inserted as a whole without special reference to the situation, because the good Catholic or Lutheran has a dread of the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns, and *Hamlet*, unless the devil have abused him, has knowledge of at least one traveler so returned—his very father, the Majesty of Denmark who smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.

Read in "bourn," an old English word for creek, or river (thus, a boundary) as if it were Acheron-bourn, or Styx-bourn.

In book iii, chapter 12, of Montaigne's Essays, the Frenchman deals with the substance of the Apology of Socrates. Florio

translated Montaigne into English, and there is a copy of Florio in the British Museum which contains the (disputed) signature of William Shakespeare. Montaigne said: "*Si c'est un aneantissement de notre être.*" Florio translated this: "If it be a consummation of one's being." *Hamlet* speaks of "a consummation devoutly to be wished." Montaigne, complaining of the Fronde wars, has said: "All is out of frame" (Florio's words), and Shakespeare has said "The time is out of joint;" and has pointed to "this goodly frame."

Shakespeare was a close reader of Montaigne, and sometimes copied a whole paragraph (in other plays). Probably, in reading the wonderful book at some time previous to Hamnet's death at Stratford, the poet jotted down a speech that might be used by some philosophical character in a theatre. That speech has not in it the grief of *Hieronimo*—yet, because it has not been specialized to any one particular chamber of life's horrors, it is all the more general and popular. Many a young man dwells on this speech when first suffering the pangs of despised love, and feels that Shakespeare wrote for him alone.

Following *Hamlet's* line of argument in this speech, the Agnostic philosopher logically may kill himself. There is no mention of the quality of the consequent act of desertion from those left behind, which increases both their duties and their woes; but *Hamlet* admits that Conscience—that is, (in his case) Religion—makes cowards of us all. In other words, there is an implication that those left behind do not enter into the problem,—need not be considered,—and the brave non-religious man might his quietus make. But this, we believe, is not fair to an argument made in a day when Agnosticism was not tolerated as a thought, nor probably entered into Shakespeare's mind.

Dreams had a more important practical place with Shakespeare than with us. From Saul's time down to Blackfriars and the Globe, the state of the brain during sleep had been theoretically connected with the other world. Nobody in Shakespeare's time desired the dreams that came to Richard III the night before Bosworth field. The most of what is certainly known to reasonable men concerning demons and spirits may be traced to dreams, or to mental conditions nearly re-

lated to sleep. The disquisition here under consideration hinges on the likelihood that if death be a sleep, then dreams may accompany that sleep, and doubtless, with the heads of "traitors"—with the heads of one's best friends—spiked over one's doorway, the dreams of people in "the good old days" were of a more tragic order than the average dreams of today. So, whether it were nobler to live or to die? Nothing but the consideration of these dreams could make such a calamity of a long life—otherwise life need not be long. What were these ills, as they occurred to Shakespeare while preparing the piece of mosaic? We should include all of those he mentioned in (1) the thousand forms of bad health; (2) the whips and scorns of time; (3) the oppressor's wrong; (4) the proud man's contumely; (5) the unfavored lover's pangs; (6) the law's delay; (7) the insolence of office, and (8) the spurns that patient Merit of the unworthy takes.

These surely are ills enough; yet *Hieronimo* had worse; *Hamlet* has worse; and *Hamlet* being the Hero of this Tragedy at the Globe, the humblest beer-drinker in the mire of the courtyard in front knows that *Hamlet* is doomed, in classic form, to avenge; also to commit some fault before the gods; and then to die, in classic expiation of that heroic fault. We must repeat: Not a single auditor in Shakespeare's time but knows this.

The poet passes at will from pagan myths to Christian religion, but during the Third Act his material forces him conspicuously toward pagan motives. That it is the gods who direct *Hamlet* is literally set down (at the death of *Polonius*) when the *Prince* says: "Heaven hath pleased it so, to punish me with this and this with me, that I must be their scourge and minister"—that is, scourge and minister of the gods. Here we see his individuality narrowly limited.

"Thus," says *Hamlet* in effect, "it is, that we doomed ones lag. Happy those who may bear the ills they have, rather than fly to others that they know not of."

Psychologically, we may opine that Shakespeare thought he knew what sorrow was before he lost his only son—that heir for whom he was amassing the most stupendous estate that envious and property-loving man has sent to probate. We do not feel that this speech was written after Hamnet's death. The doomed *Prince* rather envies those who

tarry on life's way, and excuses himself for the iterating postponements of Revenge.

The speech, to those who live in better political and economical times, covers and considers the average vicissitudes of life, and gives generous surcease to those who—(their flocks not yet assailed by Death, the archer)—most humanly believe they suffer all that they could be capable of suffering.

Of the conventional readings, perhaps two things may be entered without offense:

1. "Take arms against a sea of troubles." Strabo's Geography tells—and it is in Fleming's English translation of Elian's "Histories," 1576, book 12: "Some of them (the Celts) are so bold, or rather desperate, that they throw themselves into the foaming floods with their swords drawn in their hands," etc.

This was a ceremony, like the wedding of the Adriatic at Venice—a rudiment of sun-worship, the dolphin, the fish, Pisces in the Zodiac.

2. "The whips and scorns of time." Robert Armin was an actor in the company at the Globe, and almost certainly played in "Hamlet." He wrote a book in 1608, "The Nest of Ninnies." In that book is the phrase: "There are, as Hamlet says, things called 'whips in store.'" *Hieronimo* uses the term "Whips in store." "Whips in store of time" might be the Shakespearian reading, because "Whips and scorns of time," even with Shakespeare's bill of health, has never successfully sailed the sea of English speech. Robert Armin ought to be an authority on the text of "Hamlet."

THE WEE SAILOR

I'M rocking my boy in his cradle tonight.
 He's seven months old and a wee little "mite,"
 With armlets so chubby and pink little toes,
 Eyes of deep blue and a "turned up" pug nose.
 I cannot help thinking while rocking him there:
 Will he grow to sweet manhood with frame strong and fair?
 Will he care for the water and long for a sail?
 Will he be a bold sailor who now is so frail?
 Whatever he will be, whatever his due,
 He surely is Master and we are his "crew."
 By day he commands us, and also by night;
 We're always on watch, and we're always in sight.
 Whenever he hails us we answer "Aye, Aye!"
 We watch for a storm when a frown passes by.
 He's a "Bucco" all right, and can yell for his grog
 With a voice that can sound thro' a "Long Island fog!"
 We've signed on our "papers"; we're in for a cruise;
 Our "skipper" can work us as hard as he choose.
 We've cared for his "craft," and report from the "bow"
 That the "tackle" holds well, and she rides easy now.
 Little Skipper keep watch; let our prayer reach your ear—
 Please don't slip Life's hawser and leave your crew here.



AT a recent banquet, after we had all completed our perorations on every subject under the sun, there was a lull and a young man whose name came at the end of the program, arose. After a very happy introduction, he took away the breath of his auditors by remarking:

"Gentlemen:—I have prepared my speech with great care for this auspicious occasion, and it is in my dress-suit case in the cloak room. Would one of the waiters please bring it here?"

A waiter disappeared and returned dragging a heavy burden; then even the staid Philadelphia gentlemen began to smile inwardly with a realization that the "lion of the hour" was come, that the hands of the clock were stealing toward the small hours, and that there was a speech in that dress-suit case still to be delivered.

Without a smile or a sign of mirth, amid breathless interest and dead silence, the young man gravely opened the suit case and said:

"My speech is on the subject of observation; I have here thirty different articles. I will remove them from the suit case, hold them up one at a time slowly, and in succession, and then give you two minutes after I have finished my three-minutes' speech for you to hand in a list of what I held up. It will be instructive to learn how many objects have been observed."

He proceeded to hold up the articles very

deliberately and carefully, while a smile of disdain flitted across the faces of the clever men who listened to him.

"Thinks we are kids in the kindergarten—going to teach us the rudiments of observation—us!"

After a brief talk, the promised two minutes were allowed; the highest number of objects listed out of the thirty held up for observation was twenty-three, despite the fact that all were common, everyday articles: scissors, knives, paper weights, pencils, pens—and the still more important fact that that entire assemblage were regarded as men of exceptional intelligence, who had been successful in their various callings. Yet they could not remember thirty trifles for three minutes. Since then I have seen the same experiment tried with twelve objects, but in no instance were the dozen articles remembered accurately.

This was certainly a new method of addressing a banquet, and training the sight and memory to observe and record, but that three minutes' speech, carried in the dress-suit case, was very effective and long remembered. It especially impressed some of the legal gentlemen present with the fallibility of circumstantial evidence as told by various witnesses.

The speaker told us that this was a common game in his own home, where Saturday evening was carefully set aside as "papa's night,"

by his little ones; as he told of the experiments tried by his children, we all listened more eagerly than if he had spoken in tones of sonorous thunder and with mighty, "swelling words," for we read between the lines and saw the picture of a happy home. The wit of the company was heard to remark:

"If an assemblage of intelligent men cannot remember thirty articles held up carefully before their eyes, it is unreasonable of the good ladies of our households to expect a husband to recall hasty verbal instructions for purchases to be made downtown."

BY THE EDITOR.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELPS DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE, IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

SCREEN FOR A CYLINDER STOVE

By Carro A. Bird, Plainfield, N. J.

When the door of cylinder stove is left open there is always danger of pieces of coal snapping out and setting fire to whatever they fall upon.

This danger may be avoided by procuring a piece of quarter-inch square-mesh chicken wire a half-inch larger all the way round than the door. From one side of the wire cut notches to fit over the hinges of the door when open. From the opposite side cut one notch to slip over the door-catch and thus secure the screen in place. This screen-door may be blackened with stove enamel.

RIDDANCE FROM RED ANTS

By G. H. Henderson, Cleveland, O.

In answer to "A Request" by W. B. Robinson, Knoxville, Iowa, I will say that our experience with "The Little Red Ants" was something like his. Someone told us to take pieces of fresh meat and put where they were, and as they liked it, and would gather on it, then destroy them by putting in hot water. Then we used the skin of cucumbers by rubbing the inside part over or across their paths, and we were never bothered with them again; that is 5 years ago.

EGG SHELLS FOR CLEANING PURPOSES

By Mrs. M. Barrett, Jacobsburg, O.

Egg shells dried and crushed are the very best bottle cleaner for baby's bottles; use rain water and soap or hard water and soda.

CANNING HELPS

By Mrs. D. Frances Webb, Rockingham, Vt.

To can string beans, snap them into once, then pack them in cans, taking care to get them in as tight as possible. Let water run over them or turn water in until the air bubbles are all out. Place the covers on but do not fasten; let them stand over night. In the morning again allow water to run over them, and work out all the bubbles. Then place the covers on and partly fasten. Boil for six hours, remove from fire and seal tightly. Small early beets, shell beans and peas can be canned in the same way. The secret of success is in packing tightly and getting out all the air bubbles.

To can corn, cut from cob and press it firmly into can with a round stick which just fits into the neck of the jar. Then scrape milk from the cob to fill the can — no water should be added. Cook the same as the other vegetables.

NERVE TONIC

There is no better nerve tonic than a cold sponge-bath every morning.

TO MEND A COAT LINING

To mend a coat lining that is worn about the arm-hole, cut out pieces that match the lining, in a shape like a dress shield, making them just large enough to cover the worn spots. Hold them at the seam full enough so they can be filled down flat at the outer edges.

TO REMOVE MILDEW

By Mrs. G. W. Barge, Union Centre, Ws.

To remove mildew, rub the article with soft-soap, completely covering all the spots, then lay on the grass or hang up where the hot sun will strike it. In a few days wash out the soap and boil it. If you have missed any spots, repeat the process. This is a sure recipe and removed the mildew from a white dress for me when it was perfectly black with it and everything else tried was a failure.

TO CLEAN LAMP BURNERS

When your lamp burners become black and do not give a good light, try boiling them in water in which you have parboiled white beans and with a little rubbing they will be as bright as ever.

TURKISH TOWELING AND EMBROIDERY AND COVERING BUTTONS

By Marjorie E. Whitford, Brandon, Wis.

To secure the best results in ironing an embroidered waist, belt, or any article in which the design is raised, iron on the wrong side with the pattern resting on a Turkish towel which will allow the raised work to sink into the nap and at the same time take the wrinkles from the rest.

COVERING BUTTONS

To cover buttons smoothly without the little corners which so often come in the cloth, cut the circle of the goods to be used, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ the size of the button; gather as near the edge as possible and slip over the button. Draw the thread tightly and fasten.

NEW WAY TO SWEEP

By Mrs. W. H. McMorris, Cleveland, O.

Experience has taught me that the most satisfactory way to sweep a dusty room is to use a broom for a short distance and then gather the dust and dirt with carpet sweeper — continuing in like manner until finished. It is not only easier and more sanitary but at end of season — carpet is almost free from dust.

NEW WAY TO STRETCH CURTAINS

By G. J. G., Xenia, Ohio

How and where to stretch my lace and net curtains without stretchers had been occupying my mind for several days, when, almost like an inspiration, I thought of my attic window as the solution of the question, and which, upon trial, has proved so satisfactory that I must tell about it, especially at this time of the year when so much must be done in the way of doing up lace curtains. I measured the length and width of curtains before wetting them, then when they were washed ready to stretch, I tacked small brads about an inch or so apart all around the window-casing, according to the measurement of the curtains, and simply stretched a pair or two pairs right over the window, where they dried rapidly. This kept them all the same size and prevented them from being torn to pieces, as they so often are on stretchers. The longer curtains I stretched on down, tacking them to the floor. Also scrim and Swiss curtains done this way hang much prettier than when laundered in the usual way. The small brads do not mar the casing, and any window with a sunny exposure or otherwise can be used. I left the brads in casing to be used for other curtains at any time.

CAN OPENING

By Mrs. A. B.—, New Mexico

The tin can that is furnished with a key for opening can be made to work with greater ease if a skewer is passed through the opening of key, thus giving a larger head for the hand to grasp.

UNPAPERED CAKE-TINS

I do not use paper in my cake-tins any more; I grease freely with lard, put in dry flour and shake about until it has entirely covered the grease. Put in cake batter, and when it is done it leaves the tin easily without use of knife, and does not adhere in any place. You have no broken cake and no paper to peel off.

EXTINGUISHING A FIRE

By Mrs. W. A. Davis, Weeping Water, Neb.

When trying to extinguish a fire, remember that one quart of water applied to the bottom of the blaze will do more to put it out than ten quarts at the top. A few gallons at the bottom of the flames will rise in clouds of steam when the fire is rising and quench it. This fact is worth remembering.

WHEN BUYING CANNED GOODS

Examine canned goods before buying. If the sides of the can bulge, reject them, as this denotes the presence of gas, which renders the contents unfit for food.

DISH-WASHING MADE EASY

By Mrs. E. C. Barber, Sibley, Iowa

I use a small whisk broom in place of a dish-rag in washing dishes. It saves the hands and can be kept sweet and clean by scalding after using. I use the broom for the pans and kettles, as well as the china, and dry them on a towel kept for that purpose. This is especially helpful when one is obliged to wash dishes in hard or cleansed water.

NICE PUMPKIN PIE

By Mrs. B. R. Shope, Mechanicsburg, Penn.

To improve the taste and flavor of a pumpkin custard, add a small handful of shredded cocoanut; this does not hurt the pumpkin taste, but gives a pleasant flavor.

"LADY BALTIMORE" CAKE

By Mrs. J. C. Weir, Newcastle, Ind.

Many persons upon reading Owen Wister's book, "Lady Baltimore," were disappointed because the recipe for the cake, held secret for many years by the aristocracy of South Carolina, was not given. Here is the original recipe for that famous cake, which is truly delicious.

One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three and one-half cups of flour, one cup of sweet milk, whites of six eggs, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of rose water. (I prefer vanilla.) Cream butter, add sugar gradually, beating continuously; then add milk and flavoring, next the flour into which baking powder is sifted, and lastly, stiffly-beaten whites of eggs, folding them in lightly. Bake in three layers.

FILLING

Dissolve three cups granulated sugar in one cup boiling water, cook until it threads, then pour it over stiffly-beaten whites of three eggs, stirring constantly. Add one cup of chopped raisins, one cup of chopped nut meats (pecans preferred), and five figs cut into very thin strips. Ice top and sides of cake.

EXTERMINATING RED ANTS

By Rev. C. H. Gilmore, Rock Rapids, Ia.

In the March number of your splendid magazine there is a request from W. B. Robinson for a recipe for the extermination of the little red ant. Some years ago I had an experience something similar to that described by him. I tried all the so-called exterminators, only to find they thrived on them. Then I tried camphor gum. Wherever I put that there was the place the ants avoided. But to put it in the receptacles for any kind of victuals meant the ruination of the same, so I tried cayenne pepper, and found that to sprinkle the shelves with plenty of that would rid me of the ants. Hoping that this will be of use to the inquirer, and that he will be able to rid himself of the pests, I remain yours truly, C. H. Gilmore.

QUICKLY MADE HOT BISCUIT

By Miss S—, Georgia

Perhaps many families would like hot biscuits for breakfast more frequently were it not for the time required to prepare the flour. Try this plan:—At dinner, when your kitchen is warm, measure flour, put in salt, baking-powder (or soda), then rub in the necessary quantity of lard, having it ready to mix with either sweet or sour milk. In the morning it requires but a few moments to mix it and "pick it and pat it and put it in the pan," and how delicious they are buttered while hot. If one will keep this prepared flour on hand, mixing bread ceases to be the bug-bear so many consider it.

REDUCES THE GAS BILL

By Mrs. L. P. Dryden, Albert Lea, Minn.

To cook soup, mush, dried fruit, or anything that takes a slow fire and long time to cook, I use my hot-air register. First bring to a boil on gas stove, then wrap clean cloth around vessel with heavy shawl over all, and put on the register. No extra heat from register is needed. Soup-bone treated in this way at seven in the morning, will be thoroughly cooked by noon; mush put on the night before will be fine for frying next morning.

POTATO USED FOR SPROUTING

By Mrs. H. F. Hubbell, St. Louis, Mo.

To insure the sprouting of syringa or other shrubs from cuttings, before planting insert the end in a potato,

FROST-BITTEN PLANTS

By Miss Helen Perkins, Canton, Ohio

In January last I had an unwelcome guest—Frost. He stole into a room from which the heat had been accidentally turned, and did his very worst to a window full of plants left to his mercy. Fortunately I discovered, in the morning, before the warm air had been let into the room again, that they were "stiff as a board." I gazed upon them with dismay, and then it occurred to me that I had heard of the remedy—a dark closet; and as there was one close by, I called a little assistance and dragged my luckless "windowgarden" into it, shutting the door so that no sudden light or heat could enter. Toward evening I peeped in with bated breath, and was amazed to find my plants restored to their pristine beauty.

NEWSPAPER PILLOW FOR TRAVELING

A newspaper crushed into a soft ball makes an excellent cushion for resting the head on the train, and is most comfortable, owing to the fact that there is a certain amount of spring to a rolled paper, which will prevent one's feeling the jar and motion of a train even better than a feather pillow.

When traveling by night in the summer, I carry an old piece of white cloth and several thumb tacks. I moisten the cloth and tack it firmly over the window screen of my berth, and find that this simple device serves to keep out a great deal of dust and soot without depriving me of air.

MEASURING FOR HOOKS AND EYES

By Mrs. S. T. Gilkeson, Springdale, W. Va.

Keep a half-yard of "tape hooks and eyes," to baste on dresses when fitting. When ready for the permanent fastening, lay right sides together and baste securely, then, with a long stout thread, begin at the waist-line and take stitches in the edge of both pieces as far apart as you wish your hooks, remove the basting and shift the thread until the pieces are an inch or more apart, place a hook at each stitch on the other, and you may be sure they will be even, and you are saved the trouble of measuring from hook to hook.

TO REMOVE FRUIT STAIN

By Ella M. Smith, Franklin, Penn.

Hot milk is even better than boiling water to take out fruit stains.

BRILLIANT WINDOW GLASS

Starch rubbed over windows or mirrors in the same manner as whitening will make them even brighter and does not hurt the hands.

ONIONS AS A DEODORIZER

Sliced onions in a pail of water will remove the odor of new paint.

NUTMEG IN CREAMED POTATOES

By Carrie L. Sprague, North-East, Penn.

A little nutmeg in creamed potatoes is a wonderful improvement.

A DRIPPING CREAM-PITCHER

A speck of butter rubbed on the nose of the cream-pitcher will prevent the cream from running down on the table cloth.

FOR SNAKE BITE

By Agnes Gwin, Appleton City, Mo.

Apply gunpowder and salt, or an egg thickened with salt.

NEW WAY TO COOK RICE

By Mrs. Erland Engh, Dallas, Wis.

If the desired quantity of rice is put into a thin cloth, tied loosely enough to allow for swelling, and placed in a kettle of salted boiling water and allowed to stay one hour, then taken out and prepared, it will be whole, light and snowy, presenting a most appetizing dish, and is easier cooked, requiring no stirring.

A NOVEL SALAD DRESSING

To the yolks of two eggs well-beaten add one-half cupful of strained honey, one tablespoonful of sugar and the juice of two lemons. Cook until thick. When cool add one-half cupful of whipped cream. Serve with fruit salad.

COLORING FADED RIBBONS

By Mrs. A. J. Baker, Orleans, Neb.

A good way to color faded silk ribbons or silk of any description is to procure tissue paper several shades darker than you wish your ribbon to be when colored; wash and rinse the silk or ribbon, scald the tissue paper and put the wet material in the hot water, moving it about until the desired shade is obtained. Squeeze from the colored water and press with a moderately-hot iron, pressing hard. Yellowed ribbon can be colored a beautiful pink, using rose pink paper. This is for the lighter colors, as pink, blue and white.

UNIQUE ANT EXTERMINATOR

By Mrs. W. T. Garrison, Columbia, Penn.

Take the parings of cucumbers and throw around wherever the ants come. You can't have too many of these parings, and so each time you have fresh rinds throw them among the old ones. Don't feel discouraged if the ants do not leave immediately. When cleaning the closet or other place where the ants come, do not throw the rinds away; put them back again, and continue to add fresh ones as you obtain them. Use for several weeks.

WHIP CREAM FOR SALAD DRESSING

By Retta E. Johnson, Brooklyn, Wis.

Whip the cream to be added to salad dressing. A thicker, richer dressing than if plain cream is used will result.

SWEET APPLE PICKLES

Use the spiced vinegar in which peaches or pears were pickled in making sweet apple pickles. These can be made in the winter after the pears and peaches have been eaten, and will be of delicious flavor.

DUSTING THE SEWING MACHINE

By A. C. Fenton, Washington, D. C.

For many years I have dusted my sewing machine with a piece of soft muslin, and had always been annoyed to find the job not altogether successful. One day I used a small paint brush with long handle, and found to my joy that the dust could be dislodged with perfect ease.

SAVES YOUR HANDS

By Harriet Winship, Shellrock, Iowa

To save burning your hands when taking pies or other things from the back of the oven, slip a pancake turner under the dish and draw to the front of the oven. The pancake turner is also useful in removing cookies from the kneading board.

PROBLEMS in MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

IN THE WEST

By W. C. JENKINS

TELEPHONE MATTERS

COMPETITION in telephone service does not offer a choice of benefits, but compels a choice of evils—either a half service or a double price.”

This is the conclusion of the Merchants Association of New York after an extended inquiry into the dual telephone system.

I have made an extensive study in the workings of double telephone systems in practically every city of importance between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. I have talked with thousands of bankers, manufacturers and merchants, and there is but one sentiment, and that sentiment is aptly expressed in the above quotation. It is true there have been cases where a Bell company has been indifferent to the demands of progressive cities, and the introduction of an independent system has brought more or less relief, but this relief could probably have been secured through channels which would have been far less costly in the end, had intelligence instead of prejudice prevailed. Personal inquiry made by me in every city I have visited showed that the use of two telephone systems is very general among the small tradesmen, and is regarded by them as a very grievous burden, as the annual charge is a heavy tax upon a small retail business. This unwarranted expense is, in a special sense, compulsory, as, if they have but one telephone, they are certain to lose the trade of families having only the other. Hence, there is only one conclusion, and that is, that it is not desirable for any community to have competition in telephone matters unless it is to regulate some very grave evil. The almost universal experience has been that competition raises rates materially to business and professional men.

There is not a city between the Atlantic and the Pacific but that the business men will express the almost unanimous verdict that double telephone systems are a failure because impracticable, and impose unreasonable burdens upon the business com-

munity. It is a natural monopoly and must necessarily be so, and the only practicable restraint that can ever be applied is reasonable regulation by the state or municipal government. Competition, where it has been attempted in the mountain and Pacific states, has brought with it absolutely no benefit, but on the other hand has worked a manifest injustice to thousands of small tradesmen, who are not responsible for the introduction of the dual system; and it has also been a grievous injustice to those daring men who in the early days of the telephone risked immense sums of money in the construction of a system, the difficulties of which are almost beyond comprehension to the ordinary person. To those, however, who are familiar with the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific States, the expense and difficulties of line construction across deep canyons and over snow-clad mountain-passes may be easily understood, and it would seem that these pioneers in the telephone business in the West should have been given the most cordial support, instead of being hampered by competition that has produced no benefit to any one, save perhaps the individual promoters, who have reaped their harvest and have left for other fields.

While the dual telephone system has been in operation but a few years in the West, the rumblings of discontent may be plainly heard by those who care to listen. The small tradesmen in a number of cities are already petitioning for the consolidation of the two existing systems. Some of these petitions express in plain and unmistakable terms that the experiment has been in its nature a grievous blunder. The streets have been encumbered with many poles that would be unnecessary if there had been but one company, and the citizens are paying at least a dollar and a half per capita per annum where the dual system is in effect that would be unnecessary if there was but one company. In other words, a city of a hundred thousand

inhabitants bears an unnecessary burden of at least \$150,000 per annum as a result of the smooth work performed by the promoters a few years ago.

A little over a year ago the Independent Company of Sacramento, California, left the field. In a most singularly frank letter addressed to the company's subscribers, the officers and directors stated: "Since the installation of our plant, new devices and improvements have been discovered and applied to such an extent that to continue longer in the telephone business would necessitate the total reconstruction of our system on lines that are modern, and the practical abandonment of our present plant. This would involve the expenditure of a large sum of money, which investment would be hazardous, owing to the peculiar competitive conditions which must necessarily arise where the lines of two telephone companies parallel each other, and where each seek the same people for their patrons. Wholly unlike any other business in existence, there is that interdependence of all subscribers on each other for a complete service which makes the maintenance and operation of dual telephone systems most undesirable. In other words, it is our belief that so long as one telephone system meets all the demands both for local and long distance service, and keeps pace with reasonable public requirements and charges rates commensurate with the service rendered, then a second system would mean duplication and added expense to the telephone-using public."

As illustrating the grievous wrongs inflicted upon the American people through conditions which permit a dual telephone service, a few facts pertaining to Sacramento are worth studying, inasmuch as they portray the injustice to business men which exists wherever there are two telephone companies:—Number of Independent telephone subscribers in Sacramento, March 1, 1907—1,551. Number of Bell subscribers—4,880. Number of Bell subscribers having Independent telephones—839, leaving 712 exclusive Independent telephones. The cost to the merchants who were compelled to carry 839 Independent telephones in order to do business with 712 exclusive Independent subscribers was \$2,222.50 per month, or \$26,670 per year.

Could space be permitted to analyze the stupendous unnecessary expense inflicted

upon the business men of Los Angeles, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle and other Western cities, through this dual system, the figures would indeed be startling; and when it is seen that this stupendous outlay produces no benefits, but rather an inconvenience and a positive annoyance, it would seem that an economical problem of vast magnitude awaits solution. The West is not governed to any great extent by sentiment, and while this dual telephone problem exists in nearly all the states, it will not be strange if relief from this unnecessary burden first comes to the front in the Western States.

I have no wish or desire to parade before the readers of the National Magazine those unpleasant features pertaining to telephone matters which have come to the front in San Francisco during the past year, because they have no bearing whatever upon this great question. In my studies I am more concerned about cause and effect of the dual system and its application in the different states. I freely confess that arrogance, indifference and incompetence on the part of certain Bell companies in the past have been the cause of independent birth and growth, but the movement in most instances was the result of indefatigable work of as shrewd a crowd of promoters as this country has ever seen. Many of our best and most honorable business men have been deluded by those promoters.

Possibly no business enterprise met with greater loss in the San Francisco disaster than the Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph Company. In the three days an exchange of 52,000 subscribers, with its costly and intricate appliances, was practically swept from existence, involving the expensive and laborious reconstruction of 90,000 miles of underground wires. Before the embers were cool, however, orders duplicating this vast equipment were on the files of Eastern manufacturers. The corporation has worked indefatigably to rebuild its system in San Francisco, and its efforts cannot fail to be appreciated by the people of that city.

The Pacific Bell Telephone Company was organized in 1880 by Mr. George S. Ladd, who became its president, and who continued in that capacity until his death, in 1889.

This company received from the National Bell Telephone Company (the predecessor of the American Bell Telephone Company) an exclusive and perpetual license for the

territory comprising the states of Nevada, California, Oregon, Washington, a portion of Utah and the Territory of Arizona. At that time and in the years following, certain privileges were granted the Pacific Bell and Mr. Ladd by the city and county of San Francisco, which rights were merged in a fifty-year franchise to the predecessors of the present company.

In 1883 the Sunset Telephone-Telegraph Company was formed, and sub-licensed from the Pacific Bell all of its territory excepting the city and county of San Francisco; these properties being again transferred in 1889 to the Sunset Telephone and Telegraph Company.

In 1890 the Oregon Telephone and Telegraph Company took over certain counties in Oregon surrendered by the Sunset Company, and other counties in Oregon and Washington, also surrendered by the same corporation, were taken over by the Inland Telephone and Telegraph Company.

In 1900 the two companies last named were absorbed by the Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph Company.

In 1906 the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, with a capitalization of \$50,000,000, was formed, and took over the properties of the Pacific States Company in the city and county of San Francisco, and leased the plants of the Sunset Company in California, Oregon and Washington, which is the present status of affairs.

Among those originally interested in telephone growth on the Coast were George S. Ladd, Lloyd Tevis, Monroe Greenwood, Frank Jaynes, Samuel Hubbard, J. C. Cabrian, John I. Sabin, F. W. Eaton, Horace Hill, Jr., J. Henley Smith and W. F. Goad.

The enormous investment of the company may be best illustrated by the following:

Number of instruments	298,123
Employees	9,533
Miles of wire (aerial)	288,476
Miles of poles	19,413
Places connected	1,694
Toll stations	964
Exchanges	730
Underground mileage	269,693
Submarine	813
Number of poles	679,455
Exchange conversations daily, 1,827,085	

About two years ago Edgar C. Bradley was

elected vice-president and general manager of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. Mr. Bradley had been for several years vice-president of the Postal Telegraph Company, and he carried with him to San Francisco those high ideals of business prudence that have always characterized the Postal Telegraph Company. He knew but little about the mechanical equipment of a telephone plant, but he knew that in order to obtain the confidence of the public no other course could be followed than one of strict integrity; and that he has followed this course is manifest to many people who in the past have been confirmed in their hostility to the public utility companies of San Francisco.

Recent reorganization by Mr. Bradley has placed the affairs of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company upon a basis that will insure not only better returns to the stockholders, but a better relationship with the public. The business has recently been divided into three departments—the commercial, the plant, and the traffic. The company's territory has been divided into three divisions:—the Northern Division includes that part of the company's territory in Idaho, Oregon and Washington; the Central Division includes Nevada and that part of California north of the north county line of Kern, San Luis Obispo and San Bernardino counties; the Southern Division includes that part of California south of the north county line of Kern, San Luis Obispo and San Bernardino counties, and Arizona.

On every hand I found a very friendly feeling towards this company. There is a general belief that the service is satisfactory at the present time, and the rates, when all expenses are taken into consideration, are reasonable. Regarding the policy of the company, Mr. Bradley expressed himself as follows:

"The policy of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company is, in brief, to command the admiration and respect of the people of the territory in which it operates, believing that the confidence of the public is one of the most valuable assets a corporation can possess; to furnish a strictly first-class service at a price that will yield a proper rate of interest to its stockholders and bondholders; to be honorable at all times in whatever dealings the corporation may have with municipi-

palities or with individuals; to extend its lines as fast as possible into every inhabited part of California, Nevada, Washington and Oregon; and to secure the most competent employes that can be obtained."

The early organizers of the Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company, a subsidiary of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, little realized the immensity of the undertaking which they had launched for the benefit of the people of Utah, Wyoming, Montana and Idaho. Neither could they possibly conceive that their efforts would receive so little recognition by common councils when the independent promoter came along. There is no territory more difficult for telephone construction than certain parts of these four states. In some portions there are stretches of country of 150 miles, through which the Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company's lines pass, in which there is no habitation. The difficulties of handling the building of these lines can be readily understood by any one familiar with the country. It is a barren, treeless waste, and without water, and it has become necessary in some cases to make special arrangements with railroad companies whereby water for the construction and repair crews of the telephone company may be secured from the engines. Many of these lines have been built with practically no immediate returns in sight, but with the view of connecting the great inter-mountain region into one system. It was believed that the territory would eventually be greatly benefited, and in the course of time the money spent would be returned. The benefits which have resulted from the construction of this great system cannot be estimated, but that they are enormous is a certainty. Previous to the building of this system in the Rocky Mountains, the losses to sheep and cattle men each year were enormous, but since the country has been traversed by the telephone lines, daily weather reports and storm forecasts are sent through the entire system, which enables the sheep and cattle owners to corral their sheep and bring their cattle into places of safety several hours before the storm arrives.

The Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company was organized in 1883 by the consolidation of a number of Bell companies which had sprung up in Utah, Wyoming, Montana and Idaho. A few short lines connected some

of the towns, but the toll line business was not understood, nor was its present development conceived. There were at that time about 1,500 subscribers in the four states, and not over 200 miles of toll lines. There are now nearly 50,000 subscribers in the system and 7,000 miles of toll lines and 24,000 miles of toll wire. In addition to this the system connects with 2,800 farmers and sub-license stations.

One of the greatest difficulties which the Rocky Mountain Bell system has had to contend with in its line construction was heavy timber on the mountains. A crew of men was constantly engaged for five years clearing rights-of-way and cutting timber to prevent trees falling on the lines. These men lived in cabins in the mountains and were away from the business center for many months at a time. Many of these lines are long distances from the railroads, which necessitated all supplies being freighted by pack mules. Then again the dangers and expenses incidental to snowslides have been among the difficult problems encountered by the company.

In the early days of the corporation the growth was small and the proposition was extremely difficult to finance. About seven years ago the utility of the telephone became better understood and appreciated by the miners and stock raisers, and its development then assumed a very encouraging aspect. Oftentimes during the past six years it has been impossible to get sufficient men to build lines as fast as they were needed.

The corporation has a very advantageous franchise in Salt Lake and in several other Utah cities. The Mormon spirit seems to have been to encourage the telephone men in every reasonable way.

The Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company has an investment of \$7,800,000 and has no bonded indebtedness. All of its funds for construction purposes have been secured from the sale of stock. There are about 300 stockholders in the four states, and efforts will be made to increase this number when additional stock is placed upon the market. The system has always been the pride of the managers and directors since its first organization. They have worked indefatigably to build up a corporation that would take the lead in the development of this picturesque and wealthy territory. Their efforts may not

be fully appreciated, but their labors must eventually be recognized by the thousands who have gone out from the East to this great western land of opportunity, and who are now among the wealthy men of the country. Credit is particularly due to George Y. Wallace, president, with the aid of his directors, and D. S. Murray, general manager.

The Independent movement in Utah began in 1904, when a corporation was given a thirty-year franchise by the Salt Lake City council. Franchises were also obtained in other cities in Utah by the same promoters. The history has been practically the same as that of other independent telephone enterprises, namely—anything but a financial success, and the infliction upon the people of Utah of an unnecessary financial burden.

I had no difficulty in finding in Salt Lake City a large number of merchants who would welcome the consolidation of the two companies. The sentiment was aptly illustrated by one merchant, who expressed himself as follows:

"We are compelled to have both systems at a great increase in cost and unnecessary annoyance. There is no alternative but to pay this extra cost for the naked privilege of having two telephones on my desk, one of which I can gaze upon in no other light than a nuisance."

On December first, 1907, Mr. H. Vance Lane, who was connected with the Nebraska Telephone Company for twenty-five years, and to whom much credit is due for the efficiency of that system, assumed the presidency of the Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company. Mr. Lane expressed the policy of the corporation to me in the following language:

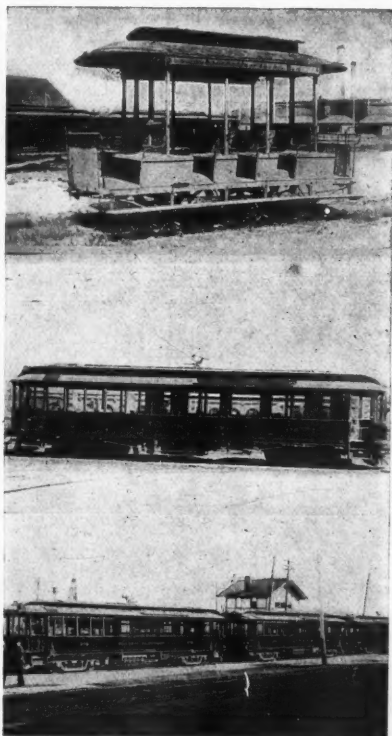
"We propose to give to the people of Utah, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming the best service that money can buy. Our rates will always be reasonable, and we shall at all times recognize to the full not only our duty to our stockholders but our duty to the people of these four states, whom we shall endeavor to serve in a manner that will make them our friends. We shall get the best employees that we can hire and we shall at all times invite honest criticism."

Considering the difficulties of construction and maintenance, the Bell rates are very low. In Salt Lake City the rates are for business houses, unlimited service, \$78 for an individual line and \$72 for two parties on a line;

for residence telephones, \$36 for one party and \$30 for two parties, unlimited service.

STREET RAILWAY MATTERS

In discussing the great question of what are reasonable street railway rates, too much consideration cannot be given the fact that conditions vary in each individual city, so



EVOLUTION OF STREET RAILWAY SERVICE
IN LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

that a reasonable rate in one locality would be entirely inadequate in another. It is the general prevailing sentiment that a five-cent fare with universal transfer is a fair charge for carrying a passenger. An exhaustive study recently made by Massachusetts experts reveals the fact that a five-cent fare under conditions which prevail in some cities is not sufficient to keep the system in first-class condition, pay interest on the bonds, and dividends on the stock. Under a five-cent fare, it is possible for the majority of roads to

keep pace with the growth of their respective cities and at the same time give rapidity of transit and comfort to the passengers that admits of no honest criticism.

There are few American cities that do not possess the corporation haters and, strange as it may seem, the very men who are loudest in their denunciation of the monopolies are generally the first to complain when any deterioration appears in the equipment or the character of the service. These agitators assert that the rates should be reduced while the excellence of the service should be maintained.

A demand for reduced railway rates is largely peculiar to the eastern cities. There is more liberality in the western municipalities toward corporation men, and the agitator finds it very difficult to get any permanent foothold. The spirit of the West seems to be that the best is none too good, and the people are willing to recognize efficiency and honesty at all times. Invariably I have found Western public utility companies under the management of capable men—men who believe that corporation affairs are not games of chance in which politics play a considerable part. They recognize to the full that no public utility company can ever expect to obtain a degree of efficiency in any manner other than by treating the people openly, honestly and frankly.

In Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake and Los Angeles, cities that I have recently visited, I have found street railway systems that are not surpassed anywhere. Immense amounts of money are being put into these corporations each year in the belief that the spirit of the people justifies these large expenditures. These corporations enjoy advantageous franchises given by common councils and endorsed by the people, who fully realize that security to investors in public utility companies is a paramount feature of municipal progress.

THE HUNTINGTON INTERESTS

By common consent, the birth of Los Angeles, California, as a modern American metropolis, dates from the ninth day of November, 1885, when the last spike was driven on the Atlantic Pacific Railway, thus completing a new route between the Atlantic and Pacific and providing competition in overland railroad transportation.

The second stage in this era of railroad development may be properly reckoned to have commenced thirteen years later, when, in October, 1898, Mr. Henry E. Huntington, having sold out his interests in the street railway systems of San Francisco, purchased, with his associates, the Los Angeles Street Railways, or the greater portion of them. About a year after Mr. Huntington had acquired control, there began an upward movement in the development of Southern California that astonished the country. The assessed valuation of property in Los Angeles county, which in 1898 was \$90,819,643, had risen in 1903 to \$168,268,166, and in 1906 to \$305,302,995. The development of street and interurban railways in Southern California has astounded street railway men in every part of the country.

Twenty years ago there were in Los Angeles a couple of horse lines with dinky cars that made very infrequent trips. Three years later, at the time of the real estate boom, two short lines of cable road were operating the western hills, and a rickety sort of an electric line was being built by a real estate speculator who had subdivided a tract of land at the end of the line. A few years later a cable system was built at large expense and which involved heavy financial losses to some Chicago capitalists upon whom the bonds were unloaded, and who sank nearly a million dollars in the deal. But in 1898, when the railroads passed into the hands of the Huntington syndicate, it was quickly realized that a new and remarkable spirit of enterprise and boldness had taken the place of former weakness, the motive power was changed to electricity, and today Los Angeles has undoubtedly the most complete system of street railways of any city in the United States.

The lines operated by the Los Angeles Railway Company, the Pacific Electric, the Los Angeles Inter-Urban Railway Company, the Los Angeles & Redondo Railway Company, The San Bernardino Valley Traction Company and the Riverside & Arlington Railway Company, which comprise the Huntington system, is undoubtedly the greatest system of street and inter-urban railways in the world. It consists of over 500 miles of standard gauge line, reaching from Alpine (Mount Lowe), a mile above the sea, to the south coast ocean resorts, and penetrates all

the valleys in the beautiful country adjacent to Los Angeles.

The Pacific Electric Railway was the name adopted by the corporation managing the suburban electric lines of the Huntington system, Mr. Huntington having acquired the line to Pasadena and outlining the plan for an extensive system of suburban railways reaching out from Los Angeles in every direction. Since then there have been completed electric railroads to practically every city and town of importance in Southern California and to the thriving beach resorts tributary to Los Angeles as a center.

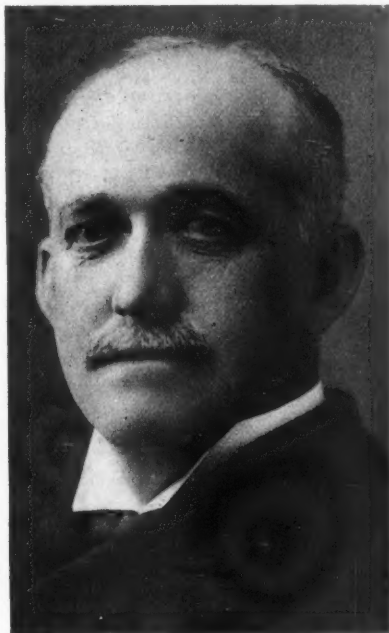
The Los Angeles & Inter-Urban Railway Company is an important factor in Mr. Huntington's system, and about two years ago he acquired also the Los Angeles and Redondo Beach Railroad, and is rapidly developing the property traversed by these lines. Besides being president of the Los Angeles Railway Company, the Pacific Electric Railway Company and the Los Angeles & Inter-Urban Railway Company, he is vice-president of the Los Angeles & Redondo Railway Company and is director in nearly fifty corporations, among them being the Central Pacific Railway Company, Wells Fargo Company, San Francisco National Bank, the California Wine Association, the Southern Pacific Railroad Company of Arizona, the Southern Pacific Railroad Company of New Mexico, the Gila Valley Globe & Northern Railroad, and the National Security Company of New York. He has also other financial and corporate interests. All of his enterprises are on a large scale. Mr. Huntington is a man of large affairs and handles millions as the ordinary man does dollars.

One of the most enduring monuments to his public spirit and enterprise is the mammoth Pacific Electric Building of Los Angeles, a building of nine stories, with eleven acres of floor space and which is the terminal station for the wonderfully perfect inter-urban system. This is the largest structure of its kind west of Chicago, and was completed in December, 1904.

Henry Edwards Huntington was born February 27, 1850, at Oneonta, New York. His father, Solon Huntington, was a man of means and a much-respected citizen in the section in which he lived. The Huntingtons are of English descent and the family

boasts of a long line of English ancestry. The first representatives of the Huntington family settled in Norwich, Connecticut, in 1632. Mr. Huntington was educated in public and private schools in his native village.

When he was twenty years of age he went to New York City, where he found a place with one of the great hardware firms, and here he remained for several years. Later, he went to St. Albans, West Virginia, where he followed lumbering for about six years.



HENRY E. HUNTINGTON

In 1880 he was appointed superintendent of construction of the Huntington lines between New Orleans and Louisville, giving special attention to the Chesapeake, Ohio & Southwestern Railroad, when this system was being built. In 1884 his uncle, Collis P. Huntington, appointed him superintendent of the Kentucky Central Railroad, which was then being operated by the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway. In the following year, Mr. Huntington was appointed receiver of the Kentucky Central Railway, and a year later, when the property was sold to the Louisville

Nashville Railway, Mr. Huntington became vice-president and general manager of the Elizabethtown, Lexington & Big Sandy and the Mississippi Valley Railways. He was in charge of these interests until they were sold in 1892.

In April, 1892, Mr. Huntington went to California to assume the position of first assistant to the president, C. P. Huntington, of the Southern Pacific Company, whom he represented in San Francisco until March, 1900. In that year he was elected second vice-president; and June that same year was elected first vice-president. He was the absolute representative of C. P. Huntington's interests in California, with all the power to act in all cases.

There is perhaps no corporation man in the United States who is more loved by his employes than is Mr. H. E. Huntington. His motormen and conductors are receiving higher wages than are being received by employes of any similar corporation in the world of which I have knowledge. On several occasions he has voluntarily raised their wages. There is no desire on the part of the men to organize labor unions, and a more satisfied and competent class of employes could not possibly be found. As illustrative of the prevailing sentiment among the employes, the following resolution of appreciation will suffice:

"An Expression of Thanks

To Mr. Henry E. Huntington,
President of the Los Angeles Railway Company.

"We, the conductors and motormen of the Los Angeles Railway Company, in special meeting assembled this eighteenth day of December, nineteen hundred and five, desire to express to you, and to those associated with you, our hearty appreciation and gratitude for your good-will and liberality, manifested toward us hitherto on many occasions during the period of our service with the Los Angeles Railway Company, and made especially evident to us on December the sixth by an unsolicited increase in our wage schedule.

"We take this occasion, at the beginning of the New Year, to assure you, in recognition of your generous treatment of us and your kindly consideration for our welfare, that we shall make every

effort to perform our duties in such manner as well befits trusted employes and public servants, doing faithfully and cheerfully our part in the way of aiding you to maintain a railway service that shall be efficient, comfortable and safe.

"Signed for the conductors and motormen by,

FRANK R. NYE, WILLIAM SCHULTZ,
JOHN COLLINS, P. C. McNAUGHTON,
GEO. F. MILLER,

Committee."

The owner of a monopoly or corporation enjoying and using valuable franchises carrying great powers which the people think belong to them, is placed in a position which is calculated to develop the bad traits of human nature. In many states the people or their legislators and city councils improvidently granted in the past huge powers which are beyond the reach of a reasonable and proper regulation. There is undisguised hostility on the part of the public. Patrons and people become querulous. Sometimes attacks are unjust. The ordinary corporation man thinks it is impossible to please. He must earn dividends for his stockholders and he ends by hating the public and disregarding it and its interests.

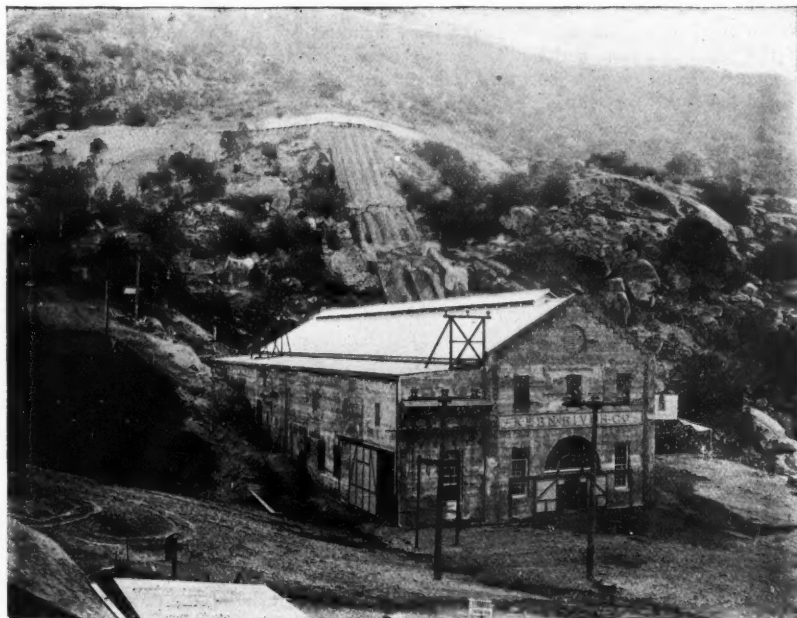
From the day H. E. Huntington assumed control of Southern California's greatest public utility companies, a change was apparent. He invited just criticism, met the people cordially and never fooled them. The representatives of trade bodies and labor organizations which were all powerful in Southern California were rather dumbfounded at first by this attitude of open-minded, direct honesty. Some were suspicious of the profession, and even of the application to the business conduct of a public utility, of this fidelity to high and true principles; but in the end they have become his fast friends and admirers, and would now be willing to say that this summing up of Mr. Huntington's ideals, aims and rule of conduct is not the mere jargon of perfunctory laudation, but the sober, incontestable truth. Mr. Huntington believes that one and the same conception of moral duties must control man's conduct as an individual and as one of a collective body. Corporate honesty is no less essential than individual honesty. To deal justly with the public is quite as necessary as to deal justly with any single member of the public.

Men strive in a multitude of ways for success. They plan and scheme laboriously, propound intricate theories, talk of indirection, falsehood, sharp practice and insidious methods as the necessary concomitants of a business career; but here is an ingenious, clean and honorable man who goes straight to his work in the direct path of innocence and good faith, and who has won a success in corporation affairs that is not excelled in

work as a "mere job," but that they will perform their duties to the public in the spirit that animates Mr. Huntington.

Human beings are not machines, but living creatures who must feel the touch and power of a personality; and when a personality lives by high ideals in a life of work, it blesses those with whom it comes in contact like a benediction after prayer.

This tribute to Mr. Huntington is not the



POWER HOUSE OF THE KERN RIVER PLANT OF THE PACIFIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY

the United States and which has astounded the shrewdest corporation men of this country.

Mr. Huntington's policy is the policy that public utility men must adopt whether they wish to or not. The whole nation is now demanding that the corporations and public utilities shall adopt a higher and better standard of service to the public and in the methods of fulfilling the trust due to investors. Mr. Huntington is in a sense a pioneer. He has adopted his simple plan by intuition and because he can do no other way; and not the least impressive of his work is the spectacle of an army of employees declaring with solemn earnestness that they do not consider their

result of two or three personal interviews, but is the sentiment expressed to me by over a hundred representative business men and bankers of Southern California. No one had unkind words to say regarding Mr. Huntington, but one and all attributed the remarkable development of Southern California to the immense sums of money he has brought to the section and the honest, fair-minded policy that animates his business conduct.

SOME OF HARRIMAN'S STREET RAILWAYS

The street railway system of Salt Lake had its inception when Brigham Young saw the

necessity for this utility in the early days of the "Mormons" of Utah. It was simply a horse car system when it was first introduced, but was one of the best in the country. For many years the church fostered this Salt Lake corporation and made extensive improvements as was necessary. Franchises were given the corporation, but notwithstanding the fact that the church controlled the railway company and the Mormon people controlled the council, no injudicious or unreasonable grants were ever given. The first system was built in 1872 and traversed a few of the principal streets and ran to what is now known as the Oregon Short Line Depot. Occasionally the corporation would pay a dividend of three per cent. per annum, but not very often. In 1889 a corporation was organized by Francis Armstrong and A. W. McCune for the purpose of acquiring the street railway, and electrifying the system. On August 17, 1889, the first electric cars appeared upon the streets of Salt Lake, and within a year the entire system was changed over to electric traction. The new company secured a twenty-year franchise. In 1890 another corporation known as the Salt Lake Rapid Transit Company was organized, and built a competitive system. In about ten years Mr. McCune and associates purchased the property and formed a new company known as the Consolidated Railway and Power Company. On January 1, 1904, a consolidation was effected of the Consolidated Railway and Power Company interests with those of the Utah Light and Power Company, the latter company having a franchise for furnishing power, electric light and gas. This company owned power plants in Ogden and Cottonwood canyons, together with a steam plant in Salt Lake City. The new corporation was named the Utah Light and Railway Company.

The new corporation was to some extent controlled by the Mormon church, but not to the extent that was generally claimed. The church, it is true, had a heavy investment in the system and the president of the church was also president of the railway company, a rule of the church when its funds are invested to any considerable amount. There were many other stockholders, however, whose aggregate holdings were greater than those of the Mormon church.

For some time the charge of commercial-

ism which had been made against the church had awakened in the younger element of the Mormon people a desire to dispose of church holdings in business enterprises that were upon a foundation where the church credit was no longer a necessity, and so, in 1906, when overtures were made by E. H. Harriman, looking to the acquisition of the Utah Light and Railway Company, the church readily consented to the sale.

A fifty-year franchise had previously been given the street railway company, and the agitators, who had manifested a spirit of antagonism against the system on account of its being a church institution, now directed their guns against it because it was a monopoly. It was asserted that the fifty-year franchise was invalid because it had been granted by a Mormon council to themselves as part of the Mormon church, which it was claimed partly owned the street railway company. When this claim was made and legal proceedings were brought to annul the franchise, the complexion of the council had changed from Mormon predominance to a Gentile majority. Mr. Harriman, through his legal advisers, applied to this council for a new franchise which would forever dispel the litigation on this question and a grant was given in 1907 of substantially the same character as the franchise given by the Mormon council.

Immediately, Mr. Harriman started to improve the system, and during 1907 \$1,000,000 were spent in extensions, new rolling stock, and other improvements. A similar amount will be spent during the present year, and it is Mr. Harriman's intention to make the Salt Lake street railway the best in the United States of any city of its class.

It is a matter of congratulation on the part of the people of Salt Lake that the Utah Light and Railway Company is backed by ample capital and a man of Mr. Harriman's progressive nature. Few people realize the importance to American municipalities of excellence in street railways, and there is no one feature that contributes more to the growth of cities than the ability of street railway companies, through ample funds, to make extensions as soon as they are needed.

The Utah Light and Railway Company will undoubtedly be found at the head of all industrial processions for building up Salt Lake, and this beautiful western city is des-

tinued to become one of the most progressive and up-to-date municipalities west of the Missouri River.

The Utah Light and Railway Company charges five cents for a single fare and gives transfers. Commutation tickets are sold in books of fifty for two dollars, thus giving a four-cent fare. Students may travel to and from public schools and the University for three cents by purchasing fifty tickets. These,

trippers are in daily use. Oftentimes the entire equipment is called into use. About fifty miles of track will be reconstructed during the present year and \$600,000 spent in car barns and shops. In addition to this, a new water power plant will be built in Weber Canyon of 3,000 H.P. capacity and at a cost of \$350,000.

Officers of the corporation are as follows: W. H. Bancroft, president; P. L. Williams,



Tener, photographer

FLUME ON BRIDGE ACROSS KERN RIVER. KERN RIVER PLANT OF THE PACIFIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY

however, are good only on school days. City police and firemen in uniform are entitled to free transportation.

The company's lighting franchise is very favorable to the city, in fact better than obtains in a great many cities of its class. Street lights, all night service, are furnished for five dollars per month, and considerable free lighting is given the city for public buildings, library and city offices.

The street railway company has 100 miles of single track and 148 cars. About sixty-five are operated regularly and twenty-five

first vice-president; W. S. McCormick, second vice-president; F. H. Knickerbocker, secretary; George S. Gannett, treasurer; Joseph S. Wells, general manager.

These officers assumed their positions upon the acquisition of the system by Mr. Harri-man. They have been identified with large corporations in various capacities for many years, and know every detail of the Salt Lake street railway system, and fully understand the needs and demands of the people. They believe the best asset that a corporation can possess is the good-will of the people, and,

realizing that efficiency and honesty will obtain this asset, they are applying every energy to bring about this result.

The Los Angeles Pacific Company, popularly known as the Harriman lines, is an important factor in the development of Southern California. Mr. Harriman has great confidence in the future of Los Angeles and tributary territory, and is willing to back up this confidence by the expenditure of large amounts of money. His street car and inter-urban railway systems are among the most modern in the United States, and, with a liberal corporation policy, the admiration and confidence of the people have been secured.

The first of the lines now owned by the Los Angeles Pacific Company was a twenty-mile single track line built in 1896, which left Los Angeles through the old section of the city, passing through Colegrove, Sherman and Sawtelle, and had its terminus in Santa Monica. Later the Colegrove line was double tracked.

In 1900, what is now called the "Main Line" was built westward from the center of the city through the new portion, connecting with the old line at Beverly.

In 1902 the "Short Line" to Venice was built, giving a fourteen-mile double track line to that popular resort, connecting to Santa Monica.

In 1903 the line to Playa del Rey, Manhattan and Redondo was built, making a double track line twenty-three miles long. In 1903 the Santa Fe single track line from Inglewood to Ocean Park and Santa Monica was bought and electrized. This, with the numerous local and branch lines, made a mileage in 1905 of approximately two hundred miles. The system to that date was narrow gauge—three feet, six inches.

In the fall of 1907 and the spring of 1908 several miles of additional local lines in Hollywood were built, and in March, 1908, nearly all of the lines were standardized, changing the gauge to four feet, eight and one-half inches.

July 1, 1908, the Southern Pacific branch to Santa Monica was taken over by this company and electrized, and is now being operated; also the Long Wharf at Santa Monica, built by the Southern Pacific Company, and which projects into the ocean nearly one mile.

At the present date the Los Angeles Pacific Company owns and operates about two hundred and fifty miles. It is constructing two tunnels in the center of Los Angeles, which total about fourteen hundred feet. These tunnels are double track, and through them will pass the cars of this company. They are being built upon the plan and in the same method as the Bay Shore Cut-Off tunnels, built by the Southern Pacific Company in San Francisco. These tunnels will cost over \$200,000, and will make a saving in the running time between the center of the city and Hollywood and Colegrove of twelve minutes.

The company during the last two years has bought at enormous cost a right of way from the center of Los Angeles to its outskirts, and plans have been drawn and work is expected to be started in the near future for a subway, which will be approximately three miles in length, and which will cut the running time to the beaches, Venice, Ocean Park and Santa Monica, which is now thirty minutes, to seventeen minutes.

The nearest beach points from the center of Los Angeles are Venice and Santa Monica, which are between fourteen and fifteen miles. The next nearest beach is Long Beach, which is about twenty-two miles.

The Los Angeles Pacific Company bought, in 1900, some oil lands, from which it produces all of the oil necessary to operate its power plants. In 1906 the company entered into a fifteen-year contract with the Edison Electric Company, and now receives all of its power, which is generated by water in the Kern River, 118 miles from Los Angeles, from that company. This railway company now sells its production of oil. The railway handles a great deal of freight besides its passenger business; also hauls a great deal of the oil from the oil fields along its lines to Redondo, where it is shipped by water.

The officers of this company are: R. C. Gillis, chairman executive committee; E. P. Clark, president; M. H. Sherman, vice-president and treasurer; A. D. McDonald, secretary, and R. P. Sherman, general manager.

The directors are: E. P. Clark, M. H. Sherman, R. C. Gillis, A. D. McDonald, G. E. Newlin, A. I. Smith, Colonel Epes Randolph, W. F. Herrin, R. P. Sherman, John D. Pope and M. E. Hammond.

Like all the Harriman railway systems, the Los Angeles Pacific Company is noted for its progressiveness and liberality.

It has secured the confidence of the people of Los Angeles and tributary territory, and it has gained this confidence by methods that will at all times command respect from the people.

John B. Miller, president of The Edison Electric Company, of Los Angeles, a corporation which has been among the most potent factors in the development of Southern California, furnishing electric light and power to over a score of the most important cities at advantageous prices and under reasonable conditions, said, "We take the people into our confidence." The policy of Mr. Miller and his corporation is best illustrated by the history of The Edison Electric Company, with whose management Mr. Miller has been identified since its inception. That history, while covering a period short in years—about twelve—embraces the greatest changes and advances in the art of hydro-electric power generation and long distance transmission of electricity, as well as the growth of the company from a little 200 horse power steam plant serving a few hundred customers, just outside of the city limits of Los Angeles, with single phase distribution, to a company serving a population of over 400,000 in twenty of the principal cities of six counties. The company has 500 miles of transmission line, ranging in voltage from 10,000 volts to 75,000 volts; seven water power plants of a capacity of 40,000 horse power, and auxiliary steam turbine plants of a capacity of 20,000 horse power, the latter for emergency and reserve purposes, and serving eleven towns with gas, using the very latest designs of machinery and employing nearly 2,000 men.

Starting with the little steam plant, as above mentioned, the first step in the development outlined was to secure control of the most promising supply of water power then tributary to that territory, and, having secured this, it naturally followed that it was necessary to develop a market for it. The utilization of high head water power propositions with long distance transmission was little understood ten years ago, and no development of any size had been successfully accomplished, so that it was difficult to enlist capital, and the obstacles at times seemed insurmountable; but these were one

by one all overcome until the company finally completed and operated its first water power plant, of 4,000 horse power capacity, with eighty miles of transmission line at 30,000 volts. Coincident with this, the company had expanded its territory by gradually taking in local companies, and this process was repeated, developing water power and securing control of territory and controlling the bulk of this power tributary to Los Angeles



JOHN B. MILLER

President of the Edison Electric Company, Los Angeles

and supplying practically all of Southern California, until the situation above depicted was arrived at. In discussing the difficulties encountered and the success attained, Mr. Miller said:

"This has resulted in a practical monopoly, but I believe that a public utility corporation should, subject to wise and intelligent regulation of its rates and service, be a natural monopoly in the best interests of the public that it serves, and for these reasons: Before we took over and consolidated the different

water power propositions, they were struggling along under the greatest of financial difficulties. The wonderful development of Southern California is very largely due to the rapid completion and operation of this large amount of cheap power, which would have been impossible except in a strongly centralized organization. The different towns which we took over, invariably by buying out the existing company or taking it in with us, had about the same conditions of service. Current was supplied from five o'clock in the afternoon until eleven o'clock at night in a very limited portion of the town, generally not more than one-tenth of the territory embraced in the city limits—a very uncertain service, at high rates, and customers required to furnish their own lamps—and extensions were very limited. In every case our policy has been the same: to supply a constant current, twenty-four hours a day, free lamp renewals, and a more than liberal policy of extensions, frequently doubling the capital invested in extensions annually, together with an immediate and substantial reduction in rates, and further reductions have been made by us voluntarily as fast as the volume of the business would warrant, so that every city is thoroughly covered with distribution, has a first-class and ample supply, with rates that will compare favorably with any similar section in the United States. It is safe to assume that if all these cities had continued to be served by isolated and independent companies, the rates would have been at least forty per cent. to fifty per cent. higher to make an adequate return upon the investment, and that not more than one-fourth of the present territory would have been covered by distributing lines.

"Again, where two companies occupy the same field, there is bound to be duplicate investment, which means double the capital upon which the public is expected to make a return. The streets have either twice as many poles upon them as is necessary to serve the public, or are subject to twice as much digging up and disturbance in extending mains and poles as is necessary, were one company in the field, to say nothing of the fact that, with but one company in a given territory, it is always easier to raise money with which to add to the plant and meet the demands of the public for extensions. It has been the policy of our company to voluntarily

reduce its rates whenever the volume of business would warrant, and to keep not only the service first-class in every particular, but the rates sufficiently low to render the company fearless of any wise and intelligent regulation. By wise and intelligent regulation, I mean the co-operation on the part of the regulating body not only to secure for the public first-class service and reasonable rates, but to the corporation sufficient returns to encourage the continued investment of capital in the business. I believe that the public can obtain a better service and lower rates under these conditions than in any other way, because, as I have said, competition involves duplication of investment and then generally the consolidation of interests with more capital invested than is really required to supply the community, and with the necessity upon the public to make a return upon the double investment.

"There has been a good deal of agitation on the question of municipal ownership of public utilities; but investigation has shown that in most countries the public is better served at lower rates under private ownership, even where the tendency to eject politics into the management of the municipal plant is not so apparent as it is, unfortunately, in most of the cities of the United States, because of the lack of incentive to improve the service and extend the business under municipal ownership as compared with private management."

The attitude of The Edison Electric Company of Los Angeles may, perhaps, be best exemplified by a circular which hangs in the public lobby of every office in every city and district under the jurisdiction of the company, and which reads as follows:

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, Sept. 26, 1905.

To Officers and Employees:

The Edison Electric Company desires to have the confidence and respect of the Public with which it deals.

Officers, Agents and other employees should, in every reasonable way, endeavor to increase that confidence and respect by doing everything in their power to make the name of The Edison Electric Company synonymous in the mind of the Public for good service, square dealing and courteous treatment.

The Public gains its impression of the

Company through contact with its representatives, and they will, therefore, be held responsible in every instance for carrying out the well established policy of the Company—"good service, square dealing, courteous treatment."

Yours truly, JOHN B. MILLER,
President.

It would be difficult to find a public utility company that possesses the confidence of the

Ballard; treasurer, W. L. Percey. The capital stock is \$11,200,000, \$4,000,000 preferred, balance common.

John B. Miller was born at Port Huron, Michigan, where his family lived for six generations. He was educated at Ann Arbor, after which he clerked in a law office for two years. He ran a plantation in Louisiana for two years and then entered the firm of J. E. Miller & Son at Port Huron, fueling



CONCRETE BRIDGE AND LINED CONDUIT, KERN RIVER PLANT OF THE PACIFIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY

public to a greater extent or one that invokes more hearty co-operation on the part of its employes than does The Edison Electric Company of Los Angeles. The officers never take any active part in politics; they never mingle with nominating politicians, and their only purpose is to serve the people as cheaply and satisfactorily as possible, and at the same time keep their plants in first-class shape and receive a reasonable interest on the money invested. The officers are: president and general manager, John B. Miller; vice-presidents, Henry Fisher, William R. Staats, H. H. Sinclair, J. W. Edminson; secretary and assistant general manager, R. H.

steamboats. In December, 1896, Mr. Miller went to the West and settled in Los Angeles. He became interested in the Edison Electric Company and West Side Lighting Company in the spring of 1897, and has been with the company since that time. Mr. Miller is on the board of directors and executive committee of the First National Bank of Los Angeles, Los Angeles Trust Company, The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company, and other California enterprises.

The Pacific Light and Power Company came into existence about ten years ago. The company had been originally formed to utilize the water power on one of the moun-

tain streams of Southern California. At its beginning it was a small concern, and the plant was only of a three thousand horse power capacity. The product of the plant was used in lighting in the city of Los Angeles and in supplying the power for irrigation purposes to the Southern California farmers. The success of the undertaking was assured from the start, and it was not long before another power plant in an adjoining canyon was acquired by the company and greatly enlarged. Later the power plant was built on the Kern River, 125 miles from Los Angeles, for the purpose of supplying the state railways with power and incidentally furnishing current to the manufacturers of Southern California.

It is manifest that the company possesses extraordinary advantages, for the reason that power has been sold cheaper in Los Angeles and Southern California than in any other section of the country during the past ten years; the street car systems have grown very rapidly, which required a large amount of additional power each year, and so it became necessary to build additional water power plants on the Santa Ana River, and also to construct a 25,000 horse power steam plant at Redondo. This place was selected, because water for circulating purposes could be obtained in unlimited quantities, and oil and fuel could be secured very cheaply. These advantageous conditions have resulted in Los Angeles and tributary territory being supplied with current for power and lighting at prices that range from fifteen cents to twenty-five cents lower than prevails in the average American city.

A moment's reflection will show what this cheap power means to Southern California. It is a proposition very attractive to manufacturers, and also makes it possible to cultivate the thousands of acres of arid lands by furnishing power for irrigating purposes. And it is to corporations like the Pacific Light and Power Company that much credit is due for the remarkable strides which Los Angeles and other cities in Southern California have made during the past six years. Hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of Southern Califor-

nia residents have made fortunes during this period, and it should be understood that the most potent factor in making such achievements possible include the great electric power companies.

The Pacific Light and Power Company has demonstrated the commercial practicability of electric transmission at as high a pressure as 80,000 volts. It would indeed be difficult to find a public utility company that had planned more wisely from the very beginning, and while the corporation has expended during the last ten years over \$10,000,000, it is admitted that this large investment has been wisely planned. The company's plants are all of the most complete and modern character, and it is claimed by experts that the system is practically perfect. Besides Los Angeles, several other Southern California cities are being supplied with light and power by the Pacific Light and Power Company.

William J. Kerchoff, president of the corporation, and who is in active charge, believes that one of the most valuable assets a public utility can possess is the confidence of the people, and he asserts that there is no better way of obtaining this confidence than by giving the people the best character of service at the lowest possible rates. That he has carried his theories into practice is conceded by the business and manufacturing interests of Southern California. And from a very thorough investigation of the prevailing corporation sentiment, I found that his company has a host of friends and practically no enemies.

It is a difficult proposition for public service corporation managers to please everybody, but when a customer presents himself at the office of the Pacific Light and Power Company with a complaint, he is given the most respectful and courteous treatment, and never insulted. If his complaints are meritorious, they are quickly remedied, and as a result of a very liberal policy, the corporation is making a record in advancement that is not only pleasing to its stockholders, but also to the business man of the territory in which it operates.

Styles Are Greatly Changed

In New York, Long Coat Suits are in vogue and Styles are Greatly Changed.

The "NATIONAL" Style Book is sent FREE for the coupon printed below. It shows all the radical changes in fashion, pictures all the new and desirable suits exactly as worn in New York this Fall.

You can have any one of these suits, made to your order, out of your own choice of our 400 different materials. Think of it!

And all the risk of fitting you and of pleasing you in style, workmanship and material—ALL THIS RISK IS OURS. Wouldn't you like at least to see these suits? Wouldn't you like to see Samples of the materials? Fill in the coupon below right now and get your FREE copy of the "NATIONAL" Style Book and 60 free Samples.

Tailored Suits

Made-to-Order New York Styles **\$7⁵⁰ to \$35**

Expressage Paid

Style Book and Samples FREE

LEARN WHAT NEW YORK IS WEARING—Mail us the coupon below and get the "NATIONAL" Style Book and Samples sent FREE. You will be interested in seeing the new Long Coat Suits, the new Trimmed Skirts and other New Styles for Fall. And in addition this Style Book shows the following "NATIONAL" ready-made goods at "NATIONAL" prices. EXPRESS CHARGES PAID.

COATS SKIRTS HATS PETTICOATS UNDERWEAR
WAISTS FURS DRESSES SWEATERS RAINCOATS

These free Samples are a representative assortment from the largest stock of woollen materials in New York City, including all the imported and new novelty suitings and all desirable weaves and shades as worn in New York. The Samples and Style Book are free for the coupon if you send it back to-day.

The "NATIONAL" Style Book and 60 Samples

Free for this

Coupon "NATIONAL" Style



Your money back if you ask for it. We pay all postage and expressage on our goods.

A New "NATIONAL" Style
NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT CO.,
256 West 24th St., New York.
Please send me my copy of the "NATIONAL" Style Book Free. I also want to see the Samples of the new materials. I prefer these colors:
.....
Name.....
Address.....

NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.

256 West 24th Street, New York City

MAIL ORDERS ONLY.

NO AGENTS OR BRANCHES.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.



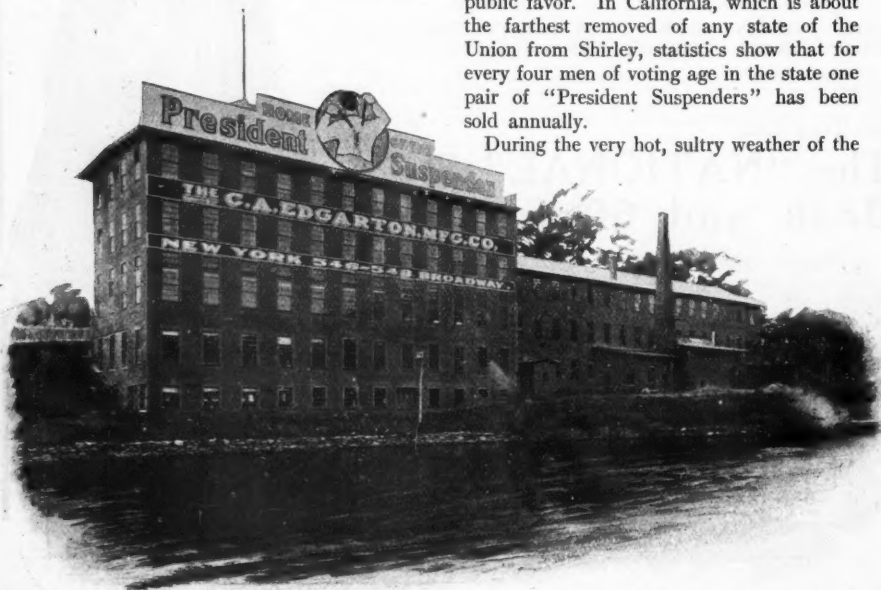
By BENNETT CHAPPLE

FORTY miles from Boston is the little town of Shirley. Though a small town, it possesses a great industry. While it has probably never been visited by many "National Committeemen" and has never entertained a political convention, it nevertheless has seen more "Presidents" made than any other place in the world.

As we said in the beginning, Shirley is forty miles from Boston, but there is hardly a place within forty miles of any considerable

civilized town on the globe which cannot show today several or more "President Suspenders" that were made in Shirley. Very few intelligent readers or travelers can be found today who have not at least heard of "President Suspenders." Hundreds of thousands of men have come to know them familiarly and favorably. Under fifty flags and in the countries which these flags represent the world over, "President Suspenders" are being sold and are constantly gaining in public favor. In California, which is about the farthest removed of any state of the Union from Shirley, statistics show that for every four men of voting age in the state one pair of "President Suspenders" has been sold annually.

During the very hot, sultry weather of the



WHERE THE PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS ARE MADE



Which
is
which?



Victor IV
\$50

You think you can tell the difference between hearing grand-opera artists sing and hearing their beautiful voices on the *Victor*. But can you?

In the opera-house corridor scene in "The Pit" at Ye Liberty Theatre, Oakland, Cal., the famous quartet from Rigoletto was sung by Caruso, Abbot, Homer and Scotti on the *Victor*, and the delighted audience thought they were listening to the singers themselves.

Every day at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, the grand-opera stars sing, accompanied by the hotel orchestra of sixteen pieces. The diners listen with rapt attention, craning their necks to get a glimpse of the singer. But it is a *Victor*.

In the rotunda of Wanamaker's famous Philadelphia store, the great pipe organ accompanied Melba on the *Victor*, and the people rushed from all directions to see the singer.

Even in the *Victor* laboratory, employes often imagine they are listening to a singer making a record while they really hear the *Victor*.

Why not hear the *Victor* for yourself? Any *Victor* dealer will gladly play any *Victor Records* you want to hear.

There is a *Victor* for every purse—\$10 to \$300.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

Victor



To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

A complete list of new Victor Records for October will be found in the October number of Munsey's, Scribner's, McClure's, Century and Everybody's; and November Cosmopolitan.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

present season it has been interesting to note how many men, occupying almost every avenue and walk of life, have shown, as they took off their coats to enjoy as much coolness as possible, that they were wearers of "President Suspenders."

On a recent visit it was very interesting to hear Mr. C. F. Edgarton, president of the C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co., tell the wonderful demand which has come for "President Suspenders" during the last few years.

A tin-soldier man, who carries both shoulders on an equal plane and has no apparent articulation to his backbone, might never appreciate fully the comfort and advantage of "President Suspenders." But the young athlete, the workman, the postman with his letter bag or any man who finds comfort and rest in a continual change of pose and position, can never say too much in praise of "President Suspenders"; because no matter how he sits, or walks, or lies, in reclining posture the tension and strain is always uniform upon the shoulders. To the bachelor man who is obliged to sew on his own buttons that are incidentally torn off by unequal strain of old style suspenders, the advice that can be given is to discard the "Button Pullers" for the "President."

* * *

BUYING A FALL SUIT

THE other day I had occasion to deck myself in new raiment. What could be more natural than to look up the name and address of some NATIONAL MAGAZINE advertiser who could supply this need? A Broadway car took me to the New York Tailors, and I talked with Mr. Martin B. Lippman, who is the manager of this pro-

gressive business, and no ordinary tailor, having reduced the suit-making business to an exact science, particularly the Mail Order end of it. With a twinkle in his eye he declared:

"I can write your measurements for a suit as a doctor does a prescription."

"Without a tape measure?" I demanded.

"Yes, just from looking at you, and furthermore I'll correct your faults."

"Faults? I didn't know I had any."

"It might be dangerous to argue that point, without a finished product to prove my contention," he said good-naturedly.

In a shorter time than it takes to cut a silhouette at Coney Island he had finished figuring in units, halves and quarters, and, ringing for his head designer, told him to take my measurements carefully with a tape that we might compare the figures. They did not vary in any respect.

"How on earth do you do it?" I exclaimed.

"It's the result of eighteen years of wide experience."

"But the price?" I said.

"It will cost you \$22.50. We have them anywhere from \$12.50 to \$25."

"But I usually pay more!"

"That's anybody's privilege, but if the suit I make for you at \$22.50 is not more satisfactory than the one you have on, you don't need to take it."

"Why, I paid \$40 for this suit!"

"I thought so: you were helping to pay the rent of a 'swell' store, the debts of delinquent customers, and the jobber's profits on woolens, trimmings, etc., whereas we have our own Mills and buy and sell for cash only."

The cloth selected, I asked, "When shall I call back for a try on?"



THE LARGEST MAIL-ORDER CUSTOM TAILORS TO MEN IN THE WORLD
ESTABLISHED 18 YEARS



The Safety Razor Improved to Perfection

One of the exclusive features of the Keen Kutter Safety Razor, wherein it excels all others, is its angle. It is set at just the right slope for a comfortable, velvety shave. It can't scrape—it can't slip over the beard—every stroke cuts clean and close without the slightest discomfort to the most tender skin.

The angle at which you will naturally hold it is the angle at which it will give you a perfect shave.

The blades are of finest Norwegian steel, tempered and ground with Keen Kutter accuracy and perfection. Sufficiently thick to allow a smooth, durable edge, and rigid enough to prevent any spring or vibration of the blade while shaving.

KEEN KUTTER

Safety Razor

like all tools and cutlery bearing this famous name and trademark, is absolutely guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or your money will be refunded without question.

Every razor in a genuine leather case with a dozen blades ready for shaving without honing or stropping.

Made to verify the motto which for nearly 40 years has described all Keen Kutter Tools and Cutlery:

***"The Recollection of Quality Remains
Long After the Price is Forgotten."***

Trademark Registered.

—E. C. Simmons,

If not at your dealer's, write us.

**SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.),
St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.**



No. K-1—Silver Plated in genuine
Black Leather Case, \$3.50

No. K-3—Gold Plated in genuine
English Pigskin Case, \$5.00

LET'S TALK IT OVER

"No need. I positively guarantee that suit will fit you, or it will not leave this house."

The suit was promised within the week, and on arrival was criticized by a curious group to whom I had told my experience. It was a perfect fit, and calling Mr. Lippman up on the telephone I told him so and said:

"Make another suit up for me; use your own judgment, only have a different cloth and a little different style: I want an extra pair of trousers for each suit, as it will save purchasing two suits later on."

Through his Mail Order business Mr. Lippman makes clothing for men in Switzerland, Canada, London, Cuba, Mexico and Panama; he showed me a suit just completed for a gentleman living in Vienna, Austria. By means of an exceedingly simple system he is able to instruct the customer through the mail, showing him how to take his own measure correctly, from which he guarantees a perfect fit or refunds his money.

The New York Tailors also have an exceptionally large clientage in their home city which proves that they are up-to-date and understand their business, and the wonderful volume of business done by them is no surprise to those who have seen their work and understand their methods.

* * *

THE SAUCE OF ALL NATIONS

An old English custom which is growing more and more into favor each year in this country is the use of sauce to add zest to meats. The Englishman does love his meal and the reason for this is the fact that he knows how to make it appetizing, and to him meat without sauce is like bread without butter. For over seventy years Lea & Perrins famous Worcestershire Sauce has been following the English people into every portion of the globe. The demand in America has been steadily on the increase for three generations, and whether it is hereditary or not, I must say that in any case a meal without Lea & Perrins Sauce always leaves a little something to be desired. Housewives generally are learning more and more the many uses to which this famous sauce can be put in the preparation of appetizing dishes for the table. If it is soup, she adds a little to set it right, and to meat or fish in any form — whether in the chafing dish or in the kitchen —

she adds this sauce to make the piquant flavor so indispensable to good cooking.

The success of Lea & Perrins Sauce has caused many unscrupulous manufacturers to put out imitations, and in a few instances they have gone so far as to refill the Lea & Perrins Sauce bottles. Great care should be used to get the original and genuine Lea & Perrins Worcestershire.

* * *

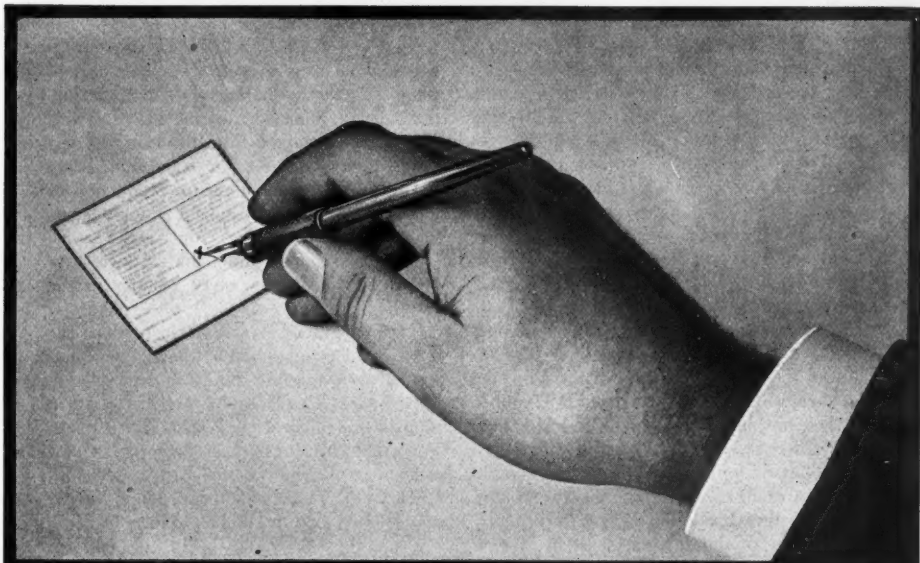
THE RECORDS OF THE MONTH

THIRD from the top, on the advance sheet of the October list of Victor records, is number 5569, known as the "Morning-Cy" barn dance. The swing of Father Time's pendulum has brought this old-fashioned dance back into popular favor, and it is now used on every possible occasion. Harmlessly merry and jolly, it "beats everything else a mile," both for participants and onlookers. As I sat and listened to this record, I found myself unconsciously following the movements of the lithe and care-free dancers — one, two, three, hop — one, two, three, hop — one, hop — one, hop — one, two, three, hop. I concluded that this record would immediately "hop" into popular favor on those occasions when the Victor furnishes the music at a dancing party.

In the same list are three numbers by Harry Lauder, the famous Scotch artist. Not content with his great success, the amusing song, "Stop Your Tickling, Jock," he continues to "tickle" the Victor public with new creations of his fertile fancy. "Tobermory," "Killiecrankie," and "The Wedding of Sandy McNab" better express — if that could be — the genial, entertaining personality of the diminutive Scotch comedian than even the three selections he contributed last year. This list of forty records includes eight Red Seal, one of the best of which is the "Prize Song" from the Meistersinger, by Evan Williams, who came into favor last year through his rendition of "A Dream" and the "Stabat Mater."

* * *

With characteristic enterprise, the National Phonograph Company have prepared a series of Edison record talks made by the presidential candidates of the two great political parties of the United States. This method of serving the homes of the country with



Will You Do This for a Bigger Salary?

There's no sentiment attached to a question like this—it's a matter of dollars and cents—of earning more—of being able to *command* a bigger salary.

This same question has led thousands of men to write and ask how their positions could be bettered and their salaries increased through the help of the International Correspondence Schools. *The result has been that in the last two years 7,300 of the men who have advanced through the help of the I. C. S. have voluntarily reported salary increases aggregating \$4,905,600. During July the number was 310.*

These men were no better off than you when they first marked the coupon. Most of them were poorly paid; some lived thousands of miles away; many of them could only read and write. Yet, without leaving home or work they were quickly enabled to become experts at *their chosen occupations*.

Won't *you* mark the coupon for more money? The I. C. S. has a way that fits *your* case exactly. It costs nothing to learn about it. Mark and mail the coupon now.

**The Business of This Place
is to Raise Salaries.**

International Correspondence Schools,

Box 811, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for employment or advancement in the position before which I have marked **X**

Bookkeeper
Stenographer
Advertisement Writer
Show Card Writer
Window Trimmer
Commercial Law
Illustrator
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
Electrician
Elec. Engineer

Mechanical Draftsman
Telephone Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mechan. Engineer
Plumber & Steam Fitter
Stationary Engineer
Civil Engineer
Building Contractor
Architect's Draftsman
Architect
Structural Engineer
Banking
Mining Engineer

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____

State _____

LET'S TALK IT OVER

campaign oratory is unusual and new. To hear the cadences of the voice, to recognize its peculiarities, to feel that the candidates' message comes direct to you, creates a distinctly personal interest in the man himself. No matter how much a presidential nominee may have traveled in the past; no matter how many thousands of electors he may have addressed from hall platform or rear of train, he has spoken in person to only a very small percentage of the people he would reach. The great dailies and weeklies of the country have, of course, carried his message for him to the farthestmost ends of the land, but even when his utterances have not been robbed of their meaning by a prejudiced press, their personal character has of necessity been lost by failure to reproduce those idiosyncrasies which are the real strength of any orator. On the other hand, the Edison record preserves the candidate's message in its entirety, and give it a far better interpretation than is possible in halls crowded oftentimes with a noisy audience. Every owner of an Edison phonograph—and there are thousands of them in the United States—will have an opportunity to hear the messages of William Howard Taft and William Jennings Bryan personally delivered. Without question, these records will play an important part in the campaign of 1908.

* * *

THE WORLD'S GREATEST CANNERS

IT may not be generally known that the stock yard is a place where the farmer may dispose not only of his cattle, but of his other products. The great flocks of the patriarch Abraham were as nothing in comparison with the immense numbers of cattle, sheep, swine and chickens that pass in endless procession from the farm to the stock yard, insuring large returns to the farmers of the republic. The stock yards in Chicago are a veritable clearing house for the agriculturists of the country, and this industry represents the largest proportion of the income of the American farmer. The money is received direct; on the bulletin boards of these yards are the rates on live stock in every large market and packing house in the world.

The variety of farm products handled in the stock yards gives them an added and more romantic interest than would attach to cattle only. The Libby-McNeill packing

house alone cans over 325 varieties, and of those sent to the markets 210 have distinctive labels. Some idea of the extent of this trade may be gained from the fact that this firm put up 4,320 tons of sauerkraut, being but one item of the immense production of this yard. The establishment supplies goods for the Japanese, Russian, American, Spanish and English navies, and their products may be found in almost every country in the world.

The pure food law and inspection has made American packing house products standards of absolute purity and excellence. Just outside the Chicago stock yards are a number of smaller plants, that are not subject to government supervision, which seems a singular oversight on the part of watchful Uncle Sam. This will in time doubtless be so regulated as to make all products of packing houses, large and small, of uniform wholesomeness, if not of excellence. Then the magic words, "Made in America," as is now the case with the products of the larger houses, will be an ample guarantee of a quality and purity not surpassed in any market in the world.

* * *

"MERRY WIDOW"

EVERYBODY had been to see it, and so, of course, I had to go too. If anything "becomes the rage" in New York it rageth greatly. Planning a month ahead, I secured tickets to witness one of the greatest popular successes ever attained in comic opera,—the inimitable, the inexplicably fascinating, the despair of competing managers—"The Merry Widow." There is something about that "Merry Widow" title that has a "merry-go-round" whirl about it, and indeed it seems as if everything that Henry W. Savage stages, has a sort of "go" about it. If it does not "go," no man is quicker to see it—and to get rid of it.

Staged magnificently, with a cast that exquisitely characterizes each part, yet fits together as harmoniously as a Japanese ivory carving, it is no wonder that the taking, popular summer theatrical production in New York today is the "Merry Widow" at the New Amsterdam. The opera gives delicious glimpses of Paris and the courteous evasions and plottings of diplomatic intrigue, and fairly bubbles over with fun. No one

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before he was
a mattress."**

**"Perhaps you
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handsome and unique book, we will send you the name of your nearest Ostermoor dealer.

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LET'S TALK IT OVER

has ever yet been able to furnish the exact reason why the "Merry Widow" has proven such a splendid success. There is much that charms in that word "merry," and there has always been something especially suggestive in that word "widow," ever since the Elder Weller, from the depths of an exasperating personal experience, advised Sam Weller, the irrepressible, to "Beware of vidders."

When anything begins to invade the millinery realm and takes hold, there is no telling where it will stop; and so out of this was evolved the name given to the great hats, whose circumference and persistent occupation of limited sidewalk space suggests nothing

but "Merry Widow" has characters, genuine human beings, with rational emotions, who act logically and develop a story of love and intrigue that is quite within the range of possibility. But the great big strong feature of the piece is the wonderful music of which "The Merry Widow Waltz" is probably the best known number—that bewitching sensuous waltz that, like a string of pearls, runs through the whole maze of beauty and mirth. It is not even sung—it is waltzed. The splendid orchestra plays it with every possible effect of wailing string, deep trombone and liquid flute; the players seem to move to its entrancing measure; and the waving hands and tripping feet,



THE NEW "MERRY WIDOW" HATS AND COSTUMES
Henry W. Savage just returned from Paris with a new furbishment for his production

ing short of a bicycle wheel. Of course the newspaper paragrapher has been having his fun to the fill. For a time it looked as if everything was going to be the "Merry Widow" idea, and the advertising man has worked the idea to the bone. "Merry Widow" hats, "Merry Widow" ties, "Merry Widow" shoes, "Merry Widow" ices, etc., etc., succeed each other endlessly, until we may look forward to see a Pullman car named the "Merry Widow," and then its glory will have to seek expansion in another incarnation.

* * *

Oh, about the plot of the play—I forgot! Well, it is much unlike most other comic operas, because it has a plot,—a real plot—with situations and scenes that possess strong dramatic value. Then, too, "The Merry

bewitching eyes and silvery tones of the actresses and chorus seem a part of its magical refrain. Of course, the waltz is played everywhere and has a most fascinating charm for the dancing public, for the music seems to just go "around, around and around" and sings itself. "Silly," you say, of course. It will be worn threadbare like a host of predecessors; but before it goes into the limbo of departed popular melodies many thousands of people will have been entertained and delighted with those simple strains, to whose entrancing rhythm and melody the gay young prince and the "Merry Widow" make love,

"With arms entwined glide over the floor,
While their fond eyes gleam with lovelight;
And of all else, naught know they more—
Lost in a dream of pure delight."

Of course, as in all story-books and many



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LET'S TALK IT OVER

comic operas, there must be a prince and this prince proves to be "a pretty gay boy." It may be some years hence before the "Merry Widow" craze entirely subsides, for it has yet to go like a wave all over the country before it entirely exhausts its witching charm.

* * *

"PRAIRIE CHICKEN TIME"

WITH October comes "prairie chicken time." The bustle of the city streets and the rush of fall business cannot drive away the "transplanted" farmer boy's longing for the cool, crisp stubble of a harvest field, the companionship of a knowing dog, and a good gun to bag his game. The greatest pleasures of farm life come in these autumnal days, when the harvest has been gathered in and play time has come. Out in the bracing, health-restoring air, with a well-proved gun across the shoulder or "at the trail," and eyes eagerly scanning earth, water and sky, one plunges through the meadows to the deep woods, where fat, gray squirrels flick their tails saucily around the limbs of the great hickories; one skirts shaded rivers and lakes where the mallard feed with teal and wheeling plover, and darting snipe fly along the shoreline. Later in the year the soft track of the rabbit in the snow, the trail of the marauding fox or stately deer add greater interest to the chase.

The affection of a true sportsman for a good gun has become axiomatic. There is an almost human comradeship between the two, which grows with every jaunt in which the twain are associated. Often the collection of curious and fine guns and rifles amounts to a veritable hobby, and men of means have been known to lay out thousands of dollars in making and arranging large private museums of ancient and modern firearms.

To the gun-lover a visit to the Philadelphia factory where the "finest gun in the world" is made, and a chat with Mr. Ansley H. Fox, of the A. H. Fox Gun Company, are both delights to be long remembered. Mr. Fox is a typical Southerner, open-hearted, hospitable and entertaining. He is known as the holder of world-championships in marksmanship. When asked if it was not unusual, although appropriate, for a professional marksman to become the head of a great gun manufactory, he answered that it

was, and added that his reason for taking up this business was largely due to his desire to make the "finest gun in the world."

His wide experience began when, as a boy, he trod the hills of Georgia in quest of game. Later he used his phenomenal skill as a professional marksman in the service of large gun-manufacturers, whereby he acquired a most intimate and practical knowledge of firearms, which made him an expert whose opinion was highly valued. With him it became a passion to possess the finest gun in the world. He saw where improvements could be made on the guns then in use; where weak parts could be made strong and complicated mechanism simplified and where weight could be eliminated so as to preserve a perfect balance. By constant thought and study he finally perfected what his experience told him was the "finest gun in the world," and three years ago organized the A. H. Fox Gun Company for the manufacture of this chef-d'oeuvre in firearms.

The growth of this company's business has been truly phenomenal, the output having doubled itself each year. On Mr. Fox's desk may be seen piles of the strongest kind of testimonials from the trade, as well as from hunters and crack shots who had purchased and used the Fox guns; a mass of evidence that proves that the "finest gun in the world" is no misnomer, but merely expresses the verdicts of a host of satisfied customers and gratified sportsmen. Mr. Fox takes his success as a matter of course, declaring that if he were not positive that he could make and is making "the finest gun in the world" he would shut up his factory. No middle ground for him—the best or none at all.

Every gun that leaves the factory is absolutely guaranteed, though no guarantee is needed with a gun that has come successfully through the test of Mr. Fox's rigid inspection. After signing his correspondence each day he goes into the shipping room, which looks like an arsenal, and takes down each gun from the rack and thoroughly examines it, not alone as to finish but as to "balance," that inapparent something that only a professional can "feel," but which every user of a gun sooner or later appreciates. This system of double inspection insures perfection in all those points which are so essential to the success of a gun, even in the hands of a skilled sportsman.

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LET'S TALK IT OVER

The barrels used on all A. H. Fox guns are made of genuine Krupp Fluid Steel, of good quality, but varied according to grade and cost of gun. Krupp barrels are recognized all over the world as a standard of excellence, and their strength and shooting qualities have never been surpassed. Genuine imported Circassian and English walnut is used exclusively for the gun stocks and each stock is carefully selected for beauty and quality of wood.

All working parts are made of hardened steel drop forgings, finely finished and polished. All parts are interchangeable, being made accurately to gauges, and parts of a dozen guns may be piled together and the several parts be drawn at random and put together, with the result of a new gun. The barrels are securely locked to the frame by a heavy rotary bolt through the extension rib, the bolt being so tapered as to automatically take up all wear and keep the gun tight for all time. The top lever is operated by a coil top-lever spring, which is an exclusive feature of the A. H. Fox gun, and is absolutely guaranteed against breakage. The cocking mechanism is especially strong and a very marvel of simplicity and ease in operation. The cocking slide carried by the barrel lug engages directly with both hammers and lifts them to full cock as the gun is opened. The powerful leverage of the barrels lifting directly on the hammers, without loss of power through complicated mechanisms, causes the gun to open and cock much easier than any other gun in the world. Coil mainsprings have proven their superiority over flat or any other form of spring, beyond any possible doubt. Applied under compression, as they are in the A. H. Fox gun, they are absolutely unbreakable and it can do no harm to snap these guns as much as the user may desire, for the parts are so big and strong that they cannot break.

The A. H. Fox gun is composed of so few parts that the frame containing the mechanism can be made about a half pound lighter than any other gun, and yet remain much stronger than guns having complicated mechanism, which requires a large, heavy

frame to hold the numerous parts. The weight saved in the Fox frame can be put into the barrels, strengthening them and helping to make a perfectly balanced and well-proportioned gun—both which good points are impossible of achievement in a gun with complicated mechanism and heavy frame.

The factory of the A. H. Fox Gun Company is a model of its kind. System and organization dominate everywhere. No expense or labor is spared to make the product perfect, and the latest and best principles in gun-making are combined with the finest workmanship, to secure perfection. The wages of the Fox workmen are figured on a higher scale than those of the employes at any other gun factory, but every operator is held responsible for what he undertakes; if the higher grade of work expected of him is slighted, he is charged with the loss of the material. Every part of the work is tested and retested by gauges that show "to a hair-line" the slightest deviation from perfection.

The barrels come in single tubes from the Krupp mill in Germany and are brazed together by intense heat. The shells used in testing the barrels for strength contain tremendous over-charges and are made so long that they look like Roman candles; the employe who makes the tests by firing the gun protects his shoulder by means of a small bag filled with sand and fires the gun under the protection of a heavy wooden screen.

The temper of the various parts of the A. H. Fox gun is given special attention, and here as in all other parts of the manufacture nothing is left to guesswork. Each piece is heated to the exact temperature required and cooled in oil, in order to impart the special hardness that withstands wear.

No industry shows greater strides in mechanical genius than does gun manufacture. It is indeed a far cry from the old style, double-barrelled shot gun to the new A. H. Fox, an object lesson in perfect gun-making which assuredly deserves the title, "the finest gun in the world."

The A. H. Fox Gun Company have just published a beautiful art catalogue which describes and illustrates the Fox gun.